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MAIL BAG.

JANUARY, 1878.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED ONCE A MONTH, WITH

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Page.

A new Whea - 71
Augustine to - 97
Avery's Bool - 34
At Last - - 53
A corner in - 66
A Woman's - 98
Always in O - 8
A nasty Disb - 31
An eminent - 38
A Leader of - 94
A Princess o. - 101
Arizona Mines - - - - - - 36
A Rhythmical Sensation - - - - - 39
American Protection - - - - - 48
A Prayer for Rain (Poetry) - - - 52
A Scientific Man (Poetry) - - - - 53
A Woman's Remonstrance - - - - 69
An American Official estimate of the British War Fleet - - - - - - 75
A chance for splendid Sport - - - 78
A California Christmas, (Poetry) - - 80
American Finance - - - - - - 88
An Australian Banquet - - - - - 99
Before the Mirror, (Poetry) - - - 75
Boy's Letter - - - - - - - 94
Comstock Knaves and their Stool Pigeons 19
Coin's Doings - - - - - - - 30
California's varied Industries - - - 38
California News Notes - - - - - 63
Classification of Criminals - - - - 64
Direct Answers - - - - - - - 29
Dr. Tyndall on Intellectual Progresses - 47
Dreaming at Fourscore, (Poetry) - - 66
Divorce in Turkey - - - - - - 116
Foreign Affairs - - - - - - - 35
Free trade in Labor - - - - - 72
French Literature - - - - - - 74
Forty $1,080,000 Dividends in two Years 110
Good bye Old Year, (Poetry) - - - 105
Grant in Europe - - - - - - 105
How corrupt Agents fare in England - 21
Highly Interesting and Scientific - - 29
Hail to the Chief - - - - - - 37
Hanged for Rape - - - - - - 43
Hurrah for the next that Dies - - - 86
Hang up Baby's Stocking, (Poetry) - 103
In memoriam, News Letter Jack, (Poetry) 62
Inquire within for Everything - - - 83
In a Tight Place - - - - - - 114
Last night's Lecture on Virginia City Mining District - - - - - - - 3
Love's Prayer (Poetry) - - - - - 15
Life Phrases - - - - - - - 24
London Figaro and Ciprico - - - 25
Mexico and the United States - - - 5
My Sweetheart, (Verses) - - - - - 12
"Mayfair" Sketches - - - - - 41
Men We Know, (Mark McDonald) - - 49
do (Alexander Austin) - 58
do (Hon. James T. Farley) - 84
do (Claus Speckles) - - 113
Marah, (Poetry) - - - - - - 57
My Pets, (Poetry) - - - - - - 71
New Books - - - - - - - 12
New Scientific Nomenclature - - 47
Reputation making - - - - - - 11
Russian Finances - - - - - - 46
Ridiculous - - - - - - - - 61
Reclamation of swamped lands - - 65
Reform Nihilism - - - - - - 74
State Board of Equalization - - - 7
Ship Building on the Pacific Coast - 46
The Australian Mail - - - - - 8
Thanksgiving Day (Poetry) - - - - 9
The Silver Bill - - - - - - - 10
The resources of California - - - 14
The World, the Flesh, the Devil - 17, 44
The Aztec Mining syndicate - - - 18
The Turkey's protest in view of the recent procession, (Poetry) - - - 19
Twenty five years Married - - - - 22
Town Crier - - - 26, 51, 87, 95, 106
The Future of Politics - - - - - 30
Trade Frauds - - - - - - - 32
The Cheek of the fellow - - - - - 32
The Lucca Fair - - - - - - - 39
There is a Land that is fairer, &c (Poetry) 40
True Love's time of day, (Poetry) - - 43
The Silver agitation - - - - - 45
The best Gift, (Poetry) - - - - - 46
The Prince of Choshin on the Death of his wife, (Poetry) - - - - - - 48
The Law of Equivalence - - - - - 57
The Gentleman Farmer - - - - - 60
The American Nose, its use and abuse - 68
The right kind of a war - - - - - 73
The Automelle Lumbertin Law suit - 73
The coming Man, (Poetry) - - - - 76
The Park - - - - - - - - 77
The Tea Trade - - - - - - - 78
Trashy Presents- - - - - - - 79
The Monarch Mining Company - - 79
Telephone Anticipations - - - - 80
The non hunting Lady in hunting quarters 81
The Commercial Steam Printing House - 85
Theory and Practice - - - - - - 86
The Dandy Fifth, (Poetry) - - - - 89
The Queen and Mrs Staunton - - - 103
The London Economist on American finance 104
The Barrel Organ (Poetry) - - - - 109
The land of Midian, the Biblical California 112
Under the Holly Bough, (Poetry) - - 114
Welcome and Go (Verses) - - - - 6
Who is he to be - - - - - - - 24
What of that (Poetry - - - - - 37
Why they do n't go into the country - - 40
What are we coming to - - - - - 65
Where the Chinese are much wanted - 70

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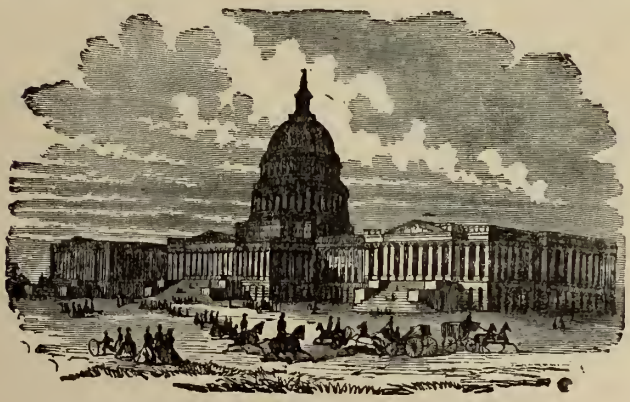

MAIL BAG.

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CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

LAST NIGHT'S LECTURE ON VIRGINIA CITY MINING DISTRICT.

BY W. ROSE.

For the past fifteen years the belief of a great part of the general public has been that there is only one lode or one bearing vein (the Comstock Lode) in the Virginia City Mining District, and this belief has rather too often been nourished by paid or confused scientific men, who came to the place, looked around for a day or so, probably only from the windows of the Frederick House; never undertook the trouble to stay for months or years to investigate the country. They would return to San Francisco and make the most unreliable reports, mostly in the favor of a few selfish people. The Sutro Tunnel only enables people to judge of the extension of many lodes that run through Virginia City Mining District, besides the Comstock Lode. By the ore of the five different lodes encountered during the prosecution of the tunnel, and the assays thereof, the probability of the working of the different lodes has been put beyond all doubts. The working of these, as we may say, newly discovered lodes, also the new discovered ore body at the 1,900 level, at the Ophir mine, will open a field beyond all expectation and insure the future of the district for a long time to come. Take, in addition, the completion of the Sutro Tunnel, which will add 1,600 feet to the workable deposits of the mining ground, any one will perceive the brilliant future of the workings of these newly ascertained lodes, and what the completion of the Sutro Tunnel to the line of the Comstock Lode will insure for the Virginia Mining District.

The mines of the Virginia Mining District has been known since 1853, at which time the Grosch brothers, as is well known, made the first mining location, and in the Summer of 1859, after several changes of name by the present owners, Comstock & Co., that of the Comstock Lode was finally fixed upon, which this wonderfully rich mineral deposit still bears, and will, in all probability, remain unchanged. The character of the rock in which this most extraordinarily rich silver deposit is located is evidently of volcanic origin, exhibiting all the evidences of one of the most wonderful and gigantic convulsions of nature that has ever occurred on the face of the earth. The rocks of Mount Davidson are the oldest eruption formations of this region; the rock is commonly called sienite, but is in reality diorite—a white soda feldspar, a greenish hornblende and a black titanic iron. At some time, hidden from the knowledge of man, and entirely unknown to the human race, the gigantic mountain changed his base beneath the waters to the freer air above, before any of the other mountains in this region, now visible, had upreared their snow-capped heads, and he stood alone, an island in a boundless sea. While ages upon ages have rolled away, as year trod upon the heels of succeeding year, a succession of volcanic eruptions has been building this monument, in which nature overtops all the work of art, from the summit of which man, the pigmy, may look down from a hight of 7,941 feet above the level of the sea. There are evidences which plainly prove that 800 feet below the summit of Mount Davidson are dippings, in the form of dikes, where the sedimentary rock changed to the propolyte surrounding this mountain. This striking change is exhibited more especially in Ophir ravine. The inference from these indications is that at one time Mount Davidson once stood out isolated and alone, a solitary island in the center of a molten sea, which gradually cooled into propolyte. As there are no sudden changes made by nature, who does her work quietly, the transformations of matter constantly, slowly, it is true, but surely going on in her wonderful laboratory, and as volcanoes

do not always maintain the same degree of heat and explosive force, we are enabled, from this cause, to find in the different sections of this district five different groups of eruptive rock: first, diorite; second, propylite; third, quartz propylite; fourth, trachyte, and fifth, basalt.

CEDAR HILL is located 7,500 feet from the highest point of Mount Davidson, in a northeasterly direction, at a hight of 6,875 feet above the level of the sea. On the surface, or top, is found a compact mass of dolorite, rising with volcanic force through the propolyte, and overflowing the same. This rock has flowed upward along the foot of Mount Davidson, forming the foot wall of the Mount Davidson lode, well known as the original Comstock, and forms what miners call the black dike. A few feet below the surface the whole body of the Cedar Hill classifies itself as a mass of gold rock, which, at the present prices of milling, do not pay. Parties, however, frequently find narrow strata from one to three feet wide, which assay very rich, and show pieces of native gold.

MOUNT BUTLER, which is about 1250 feet from the highest point of Mount Davidson in a southwesterly direction, at a hight of 7,250 feet above the level of the sea, exhibits the most remarkable eruptive croppings, and also has some of the most wonderful bowlders, which, every one states, do not legitimately belong to this region, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the wonderful powers of reconstruction which are possessed by nature, unknown to and hidden from the knowledge of man, showing a transfer from the farthest point of the cold and hyperborean regions of the north to this temperate latitude. Mount Butler bears in his colossal form the same order of rock which is found classified in Mount Davidson. Between these two is located Bullion ravine, which is well known to comprise within its limits a combination of quartz propolyte, which is sent abroad over the world as rich and curious cabinet specimens.

THE SUGAR LOAF is located 12,400 feet in an easterly direction from Mount Davidson, at a hight of 4,865 feet above the level of the sea, its peaks being in the form of a sugar loaf, from which it takes its name. The rock of this mountain exhibits an entirely different and distinct formation from that of the two preceding, being composed of what is known as trachyte, which has overflowed the propolyte, in portions of which dolorite is also found. The base of this rock is a glassy feldspar called sanidin. The rock, which is a reddish gray, presents a rough and uneven surface, from whence it takes its name of trachyte. On the slope of Sugar Loaf Mr. Clarence King, the well known geologist and writer, found rounded bowlders of granite imbedded in this trachyte, which fact would indicate the overflow of the rock after the glacial epoch. The Sugar Loaf, which is a location between the Monte Cristo and the great Flowery lode, demonstrates that even this formation has not been erected at the same time as Mt. Davidson. The quartz of the Monte Cristo is not near as rich as that of the great Flowery lode, but being more soft in its character is much more easily and cheaply worked. The quartz of the great Flowery, although much richer, being much harder, is more expensive in its reduction.

MOUNT DENNIS.—From the aforementioned peak (the Sugar Loaf), in a due southerly direction of about 3,000 feet, we find Mount Dennis rising to a hight of 6,430 feet above the level of the sea. The surface of this formation shows in a westerly direction, with the exception of a few quartz croppings assaying very little, for which reason little work has been done here for years. Some enterprising parties, however, have made locations of claims.

MOUNT EMMA.—From Mount Dennis, in a southerly direction at a distance of 4,800 feet, we find Mount Emma rising to a hight of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea. The principal rock formation of this mountain, judging from the surface indications, is prophylite, or "East Country Rock." A few feet below the surface, however, I have found some of the richest specimens of quartz prophylite.

MOUNT ROSE is located in a distinct southwesterly direction 7,500 feet from Mount Emma. This is the most perpendicular of all the mountains of the Sierra Nevadas, no human being able to travel over his face, the croppings of which, bristling out from the same, resembling the beard of the gigantic Titans of old, or rather resembling, with their sharp points, immense needles, placed as if to guard the rich treasures hidden in the Flowery Lode, which he holds securely in his lap.

THE GREAT COMSTOCK LODE—before described, and which was first indicated by the croppings of the Ophir, Gould & Curry and Chollar-Potosi mines—commences in Bullion Ravine, running in two different directions, which are indicated and defined by true and reliable outcroppings. The first of these runs to the northeast for about 5,000 feet, at which point the croppings diverge, extending in two arms, one of which runs due north, and the other east by north, showing the extraordinarily rich croppings known as the "Scorpion." The second, running in a southwesterly direction, is indicated by the croppings from Mount Butler, at Bullion Ravine, this arm taking a southeasterly direction for about 6,000 feet, showing a heavy eruption of the elements at this point, which is known as the "Homestead," a deep crack or well defined chasm in the mass of rock running in all directions, with croppings of immense weight, diverging for a short distance in every direction, clearly indicating an instantaneous check in the forces of Nature, and a sudden standstill in the powers of the volcanic eruption. Following the devious ways indicated by these croppings, we find, plainly designated, the Eastern Lode, which, by the force of the volcanic action, crosses the Comstock Lode at this point, running from a southwesterly

in a northeast direction. The bearings of the Comstock Lode are composed mostly of iron, lead, antimony, with a large preponderance of silver, accompanied by pockets rich in gold, which are found in the Best & Belcher, the Belcher, Caledonia, California, Consolidated Virginia, Bullion, Chollar Potosi, Overman, Gould & Curry, Ophir, Mexican, Sierra Nevada, Savage, Yellow Jacket, and other well-known mines.

THE CROPPINGS, which are known as the "Ophir Croppings, 8423, Gould & Curry Croppings," are those which first gave to man, that they were located on the richest mineral ground the world has ever known, these croppings assaying up to $236 nett to their owners. The Chollar Potosi croppings, which assayed up to $150, but as a general rule the croppings of the entire district, with these and some other exceptions, do not assay to any great value, and only indicate the evidence of the mineral lode beneath the surface. Even the croppings of the "Great Bonanza" mines did not assay to any remarkable standard. The "Consolidated Virginia" claim for a long time lay idle, as nobody suspected the existence of paying ore in this mine, and it was only after reaching the depth of 1,100 feet that the richest ore ever discovered was found, creating an unheard of excitement in mining circles, and sending stocks booming upward.

At the outset I stated that science teaches us that Mount Davidson was not builded in one year's time, and also that this elevation, and those in its immediate vicinity, were not thrown up at one and the same time. This is the key which unlocks the secrets of Nature's handiwork, exhibiting, at the same time, that the locks to her vast treasure box consist of more than one, most probably far more than we are at this time aware of. The following are the principal lodes which mineral science has developed up to the present time: First Washoe Lode, Burnside Lode, both located to the west of Mount Davidson, the Cole Lode, Comstock Lode, Joe Scates Lode, Reno Lode, Solferino Lode, Sutro's Coal Lode, Monte Cristo Lode, Bella Union Lode, Great Flowery Lode.

THE BURNSIDE LODE, which runs from south to north on the west side of Mount Davidson, extending all the way to Carson Valley, American Flat, to an unknown distance in a northerly direction, the mineral bearing rock showing a preponderance of silver, and in some places gold in pockets, with some copper and iron ores.

THE COLE LODE runs from south to north about 500 feet in an easterly direction on Mount Davidson, the indications being mostly silver combined with some gold.

The Monte Cristo and the great Flowery are so plainly designated on the chart, projected and published by W. Rose, that no further explanation is deemed necessary.

MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

The relations existing at present between Mexico and the United States are of a very delicate and peculiar character. The Washington Cabinet has recognized, *de facto* but not *de jure*, the Government of President Diaz, by the reception of General Mata as Minister Plenipotentiary. This gentleman having resigned his trust, the position was tendered to and accepted by Don Manuel Zamacona, the noted orator and lawyer. Morally and intellectually, Zamacona is of the highest type of the Spanish-American character, and his presence in Washington will give prestige to the cause he advocates. Why our Government does not fully recognize the authority of Diaz is something that puzzles the most astute diplomats. Although he ascended to power through revolutionary means, the people and Congress immediately, by popular vote, confirmed him in his position. Diaz has now no rival for the Presidency, except Lerdo, the Executive whom he dethroned. The followers of Lerdo are in small force along the Rio Grande, and are plotting in his behalf, but with little hope of success, as they are closely watched by the American authorities. Yglesias, another of the rival Presidents, has accepted the situation, and is peacefully sojourning in his native country. It is evident, then, that President Hayes and his advisers must have some very powerful reasons for not recognizing Diaz. We do not ourselves believe that the Washington Cabinet desires to precipitate a war with Mexico, and we hope, in the interests of commerce, the peace and welfare of humanity, that both Governments will ere long come to a better understanding, and enter into complete and harmonious diplomatic relations.

The old Ten Commandments were so personal that modern reformers have been obliged to set up new rules on a different alley.

WE COME AND GO.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead,
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
And Summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded church-yard cold!

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead,
A day or more,
The Winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

The Russian remedy for hydrophobia is the rose beetle (*Cetonia aurata*). This fearful disease is very common in the Governorship of Saratou, and no end of poor people get bitten by mad dogs. Consequently, various preparations have been from time to time tried as a remedy, but the only one really known to have been attended with good effects is present, and surely it is worth trying. The *Cetonia* larva are chiefly found in the wood-ant's nest. So the inhabitants of Saratou search carefully in the Spring for these white grubs, which they place, together with the earth in which they are found, in an earthen pot, and watch for their change or metamorphosis. This takes place in May, when they kill the beetles and dry them. The powder must be kept in hermetically-sealed bottles, so that the strong odor of the insect, which it exhales most powerfully in the Spring-time of the year, may not escape, as this peculiar scent seems in some way or other a necessary condition of the remedy proving efficient. Some keep the beetles intact in sealed pots, and only reduce to powder when wanted. Three beetles powdered and spread on bread-and-butter is the dose for an adult, given immediately after the bite; one for a child, but five to a person in whom the disease has declared itself. The effect is usually to produce a long sleep, which sometimes lasts 36 hours, and which must not on any account be interrupted. The patient on walking is pronounced cured, but the bite is always treated surgically, as well. Beetles caught on flowers are not so beneficial; they must be secured in the larva stage, and killed directly they attain the imago. The Russians, in several of the governorships toward the south, always give their dogs from time to time half a rose beetle on a little bread as a preventative.

This business of marrying Fannie Davenport to everybody in the directory has got to cease sooner or later, so why not sooner? We never knew any reliably solvent person who wanted to marry Fanny, though we have seen misery and recrimination carried into the families of many an innocent man by these absurd announcements. One of these days, in going through the list of eminent Americans, the Davenport advertising man will hit upon us. When that time comes—— But we anticipate.

STATE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

We are indebted to the courtesy of State Controller W. B. C. Brown for an official copy of the bi-ennial report of the State Board of Equalization for the years 1876 and 1877. The facts relating to the assessed value of property in San Francisco cannot fail to be of interest to all concerned in the progress of our city. The report says:

"The real estate in San Francisco, exclusive of the improvements on it, was assessed in 1872 at one hundred and forty-two million ninety-two thousand eight hundred and sixty dollars; it was assessed this year at one hundred and forty-one million four hundred and twenty-two thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars, thus showing a decline in value during the five years of six hundred and seventy thousand and forty dollars, or a little less than the half of one per cent.

"The improvements on real estate in San Francisco were assessed in 1872 and thirty-seven million five hundred and ninety thousand one hundred and fifty-five dollars; the current year at forty-nine million five hundred and fifty-five thousand and sixty dollars, thus showing an increase in the value of this kind of property of eleven million nine hundred and fifty-nine thousand nine hundred and five dollars, or a little over six per cent. per annum.

"The personal property (exclusive of mortgages and solvent debts) in San Francisco was assessed in 1872 at thirty-nine million six hundred and fifty-two thousand three hundred and seventy-eight dollars; the current year at sixty-three million seven hundred and eighty thousand and eighty dollars, thus showing an increase in this kind of property of twenty-four million seventy-seven thousand seven hundred and two dollars; a little over sixty per cent. in five years, or an increase of over twelve per cent. per annum."

The report recommends that section three thousand six hundred and seventeen, Political Code, as enacted at the session of 1875-6, be repealed, and that section three thousand six hundred and seventeen of said Code, as amended March 30, 1874, be re-enacted; and that section three thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven of the Political Code he so amended as to allow the State Board of Equalization to order a sale by the County Treasurer of the State's interest of any property purchased for delinquent taxes without being compelled to bring suit for the possession of such property.

A dispatch from the Comstock says: "Mackay and Fair visited the 1900-foot level of Ophir to-day. They say nothing." It is by a rigid observance of this line of conduct that these gentlemen have made their fortunes. To any citizen, however, who determines to act upon this hint, and seeks to accumulate wondrous wealth by maintaining solemn and unbroken silence, it would be well to observe that he must first have something to say, and then not say it. This involves his visiting the various levels. In order to caper about them at his own sweet will, it is also necessary to own the better part of the mine. After he owns a mine or two, he will discover that it is wonderfully easy to "say nothing." Copyright secured for this patent of the "short and easy road to wealth."

An extraordinary death from the medical administration of ether, is reported from Lincoln. Miss Annie Elizabeth Steele, daughter of the late Captain Steele, 10th Lancers, was about to undergo an operation for cancer in the breast. Half an ounce of ether was applied in an inhaler by Dr. Mitchinson, and after drawing three or four inspirations the unfortunate lady expired, notwithstanding that every effort was made by the three medical men present to restore consciousness by cold water and lubricants. A post-mortem showed that death resulted from failure of the heart's action and the diseased condition of the lungs and diaphragm. —*London Echo.*

A lady of sixty-four emptied a music hall at Sacramento the other day by singing "Kiss Me Again."

THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL.

By extraordinary exertion, the Australian Mail, via San Francisco, was recently landed in England in less than the usual time. It will be remembered that a special train, carrying the mail, was sent out from San Francisco to overtake the overland express, and that on the other side of the continent Tom Scott, by telegraph, brought in the train carrying this mail matter three hours ahead of time, in order to get it upon the Saturday's steamer for Liverpool. Mr. Forster, in an open letter published in the London *Times*, thanks the various parties facilitating this rapid movement, stating that this mail from New South Wales and New Zealand had come to hand in 43 and 48 days from Sydney and Auckland respectively, being five days under advertised time. While these efforts to maintain the San Francisco route are praiseworthy, they are far below the requirements, and newspaper gush or official flattery will not in the least alter the result. John Bull has a habit of looking figures and facts square in the face. The *Lusitania* has made the trip direct, through the Suez Canal, in time that beats by nearly a week the quickest by the San Francisco route. Another steamer is to follow the *Lusitania*, and more have received instructions to return by that route. The homeward passage by the Canal can be accomplished in forty days, or a little less than the outward journey by the Cape. The quickest homeward passage has hitherto been by the boats plying between Australia and Galli, a transhipment of cargo being made there into the Eastern steamers using the Canal, but that route is circuitous, and the direct journey, through the Canal, saves eleven (11) days or more. The London *Economist*, of the 27th, speaking of this new departure, says: "Of importance, too, at certain times, such as the present, will be the expedition thus rendered possible in shipments of gold from Australia. Wool merchants in turn will find the saving of time valuable, should they be anxious to get their shipments catalogued at an earlier, instead of a later one, of the London series of wool sales. The steamers thus using the Canal, we understand, have special machinery adapted for the passage, and there does not appear to be any reason why they should not continue to use it; for apart from the saving of time, which means a saving of coal, of wages, of wear and tear, and other expenses, the coaling stations are comparatively frequent on this route, thus allowing of lighter loads of fuel, while at Port Said, for instance, coals are about half the price charged at the Cape. It is true the Canal tolls are heavy, but the process of reducing them is likely to continue, especially should the use of that wonderful highway indefinitely spread as it has hitherto, and still apparently tends to do.

PACIFIC COAST PATENTS.

The following patents to inventors of the Pacific Coast were issued by the United States Patent Office, on the 13th of November, 1877, and each bearing that date, reported C. W. M. Smith, patent solictor, San Francisco: Ives Scoville, of Oakland, California, sash-holders; John H. Mackie, of Oakland, California, sewer traps; Irwin Macy and John C. Watkins, of Harrisburg, Oregon, wheel cultivators; Leonard E. Clawson, of San Francisco, California, sectional chimneys; Horatio N. Cook, of San Francisco. California, leather-splitting machines; John M. Crear, of Los Angeles, California, devices for perforating artesian well tubes; William Dale, of San Lorenzo, California, tinners' machine stands; Byron Jackson, of Woodland, California, horse hayforks; Guido Kustel and Ottokar Hofman, of San Francisco, California, amalgamating pans; Charles Mowrey, of Stockton, California, gang plows. TRADE MARKS: Balfour, Guthrie & Co., of San Francisco, California, salt; Andrew S. Hallidie, of San Francisco, California, manufactured wire in the coil.

A Japanese Maiden, who has been deceived by her lover, makes a straw effigy of him, nails it to a sacred tree, and then prays for the death of the traitor. When the case is reversed, we suppose the lover gets as full as a goat, and hangs on to a lamp-post until he is "run in."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

For the merciful gifts of the season,
For the crops that are dried in the ground,
For the murder and arson and treason
That ravaged the country around,
For the hundreds of lives, and the treasure
Last Summer so lavishly poured
In blood-stained and liberal measure,
We thank Thee, good Lord.

For the thousands still wandering workless,
For the scourge that diptheria raised
To harrass our family circles,
Thy name be eternally praised.
For our disregarded memorials
'Gainst every official award,
For the *Call* and its crisp editorials,
We thank Thee, good Lord.

For the sheep that have died in the valleys
Worn out by the tortures of drought,
For the workingmen's meetings and rallies,
The workingmen's bombast and spout,
For their terrible Thanksgiving journey,
The triumph that nobody scored,
For Day and for Knight and for Kearny,
We thank Thee, good Lord.

For the failure of Banks of Deposit,
So deftly tied up with red tape,
For their Presidents' safety—how was it
They always contrived to escape?—
For the loss of the laboring classes,
Deprived of the pittance they'd stored,
For the wrongs of the suffering masses,
We thank Thee, good Lord.

For the general lull and depression
Existing in circles of trade,
For the acts of the forthcoming session,
The good laws they'll never have made,
For a future all doubtful and murky,
A past that could nothing afford,
We sacrifice gladly a turkey
And thank Thee, good Lord.

G. H. Jessop.

A NEW WHEAT PRODUCER.

For many years to come the Pacific Coast will have to look to Great Britain for a market for the surplus wheat. Indeed, it is impossible to define the period when population west of the Rocky Mountains shall overtake production of this important cereal. While it is true that in the Atlantic States the wheat belt fell back rapidly, and that immense districts which, fifty years ago, had a large surplus to dispose of, are now dependent for bread upon the Western States, and there is every reason to prognosticate a very rapid multiplication in the population of California and Oregon, there are reasons why wheat culture will be more permanent here. It is well known that, under ordinary circumstances, wheat rapidly exhausts the soil, and renders absolutely essential a resort to commercial fertilizers—an expense quite too heavy to be borne on this side of the Atlantic. The valleys of California are so extremely fertile that even this exhausting cereal makes but little impression upon it. There are wheat fields that have for two decades past yielded year after year their bounteous crops, and are now as pregnant with fruitful harvests as the day they were first touched by the plow. There are millions of acres that, with any thing like judicious culture, will yield large crops of wheat for centuries to come.

As Great Britain is the most prominent and promising market for this staple, anything bearing upon the subject of her probable future requirements will be of interest to our wheat growers. Englishmen now admit that, while it may be possible to produce at home the requisite supply of breadstuffs, it is vastly cheaper to purchase a large proportion of it abroad, but British statesmen, ever mindful of that future, while encouraging the cultivation of surplus wheat for the English market by foreign countries, are preparing to repeat their experiment in the cotton trade. The American civil war, cutting off the supplies of raw cotton in Manchester, struck a serious blow at her cotton manufactures. She immediately began the encouragement of cotton culture in India and Egypt, and to-day about forty per cent. of the raw cotton used by her mills is produced outside the United States. The success of this policy has induced a similar effort to make her dependencies supply her deficiencies in breadstuffs. It is only five or six years since the culture of wheat for export was begun in India. The Northwestern provinces have been selected as the field for the cultivation of this cereal. The country is a gently sloping plateau, extending along the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. The soil is composed of debris from this colossal range, and differs but little in character from the valleys of California. The mighty glaziers which hang upon the lofty summits, supply never-failing streams for irrigation in times of

need, and the lay of the country is such that the waters can be conveyed in ordinary canals and ditches along the surface. British capital and skill have been liberally used in developing the irrigation facilities of this section, and large works are in contemplation. Two of the great rivers have been diverted from their beds. Two large canals water the country on each side of the River Jumna. These works, which are but a restoration of the works constructed before the British era, have been very successful and profitable. The great Ganges Canal, the largest ever constructed, has a length, if its different branches are included, of 800 miles. In the Punjab there are five great rivers, the waters of only one having been utilized, though another canal is under construction from the Sutley. In this district alone it is claimed that ten million stirling can be profitably invested in irrigation works. The people are of the highest type of Hindoos, and it is from among them that the brave and manly native troops for the British army are recruited. That these efforts have not been fruitless appears from the results already achieved. Three years ago, India exported 9,000 tons of wheat, the year following 150,000 tons, and the present year a surplus of no less than 300,000 tons is expected. This rapid increase has taken place, notwithstanding the commodity has to bear a land transportation of 1,500 miles, it being now mainly shipped from Calcutta, because there is no direct line to the seaboard. The railway line down the valley of the Indus is approaching completion, and the Punjab will soon be placed in communication with Kurrachee, its natural harbor, when the trade will doubtless develop to such an extent as to have an important influence on the European markets.

THE SILVER BILL.

The amendment to the Silver Bill in the United States Senate, giving to Government the profit upon silver coinage, and limiting the extent of the coinage to not more than four nor less than two millions of dollars monthly, removes the most objectionable feature of the measure, and the indications are favorable for its final passage and approval by the Executive. With this limitation, there is no reason to fear any serious derangement of business, and the effects of the introduction of this addition to the currency of the country will be so gradual, as to avert all fears of the inflation which the moneyed interests East have so much feared. The legal tender character of silver is extended to all cases, except where otherwise provided by contract. This limitation may render the bill almost inoperative, if it be strictly construed. All contracts by implication are based upon the legal tender at the time they are entered into, though no monetary unit is expressed. A contract to-day in California to pay so many dollars, would be construed to mean gold dollars, and in New York such a contract would be held to mean greenback dollars. The law, therefore, may not be retroactive, but apply only to future contracts. Whether this be the case or not, the national bonds will be clearly not included among the debts which can be paid in silver, as recent acts of Congress, which are part of the contract with the bondholders, declare that these obligations, and the interest upon them, are payable only in gold coin. This contract would seem to afford, also, a means of escape from receiving silver for import duties, inasmuch as it is understood that those are paid in gold solely for the benefit of the bondholders, and it may be claimed that the obligations to pay gold restricts the Treasury to the reception of that metal for import duties. In its present shape, the measure is likely to receive general support, and the advocates of silver remonetization feel confident that if this initial measure is successful, amendments, modifications, and additions, can be easily accomplished by future legislation.

Another Benedictine Atrocity.—A young husband says that when his wife wants trinkets, she brooches the matter in his 'earing, as she is de-pendent on him for the cash. Although he takes care to lock-it up, her persuasion is so great that he generally, with a fond em-brace, lets her have it. He is a jewel of a husband.—*Melbourne Punch.*

REPUTATION MAKING.

How reputations are sown, raised, and spread, is sometimes an amusing, and always an instructive subject of study. Like fame, they gather strength in going, and not unfrequently truth and fiction are inextricably jumbled together. "Credit is undone in whispers," and a man's reputation may be made or unmade by some idle rumor or industriously circulated bit of spicy gossip which, passing uncontradicted from mouth to mouth, becomes at length part of the popular belief. Some men's love of notoriety, or their desire to have their hand in the management of what concerns others as well as themselves, or their craving to have themselves constantly before the eyes of the public, in however humble or exalted a position, often causes them to attain a certain repute. Its extent depends greatly on the frequency with which they can get themselves read or talked about, and they may be thus printed and puffed into prominence while but little admired inwardly by those who know them best and assist them most in the process of inflation. Complaisant newspaper editors and easy-natured friends have a good deal to answer for in the way of unintentional deception of the public as well as the persons they wish to assist. It is to be observed, moreover, in various matters of moment, and especially in the working of popular representation, that many of those who are best fitted for office are least prone to compete, and when they do offer themselves the electors are not always willing to acknowledge the superiority of their claims. The acceptance of the shibboleth of some narrow sect, imperturbable assurance, or profuse promise-making, seem a surer road to success at an election now-a-days than the possession of the will and the power to promote the public interest, even when joined to very superior popular gifts like those of the "Man you Know."—*The Bailie.*

A Novelty in Lanterns.—Electricity in a hand-lamp is the most recent fruit of inventive enterprise. Messrs Voisin & Drouier, of Paris, have just patented a new scheme for obtaining light from an electric current. The apparatus consists of a single cell enclosed in a light mahogony case, in the top of which is a small central hole, through which projects a brass rod, or "plunger," having a spiral spring, and communicating with the zinc-plate of the battery within the case. The battery is brought into play by pressing down the plunger, so as to cause the immersion of the zinc-plate in the usual bichromate of potass contained within the cell, and the chemical action thus set up instantly produces sufficient electricity to raise to a read heat a fine spiral of platinum, which connects at the outer edge two small brass tubes projecting about a quarter of an inch under the cover of the case in front. This spiral is again acted upon by the evaporation from a benzoline-lamp about an inch in diameter, the narrow neck of which is held in position under the platinum wire by means of a brass arm. The effect of the evaporation of benzoline is to raise the platinum to a white heat, and the wick with which the lamp is furnished at once bursts into flame. The whole operation is performed so quickly that it may be said to be almost simultaneous with the pressing of the finger upon the plunger. The principle of the invention is, of course, well known, but the mode of applying it is altogether novel. The apparatus is very simple, and it is noiseless in its working.

Heavy Fine on a Mischievous Boy.—At Kingston County Bench, Eng., a short time since, Gerald Peart, aged nine, of Lime Grove, New Maldon, was fined £5 and 16s. costs, or two months' imprisonment in default, for maliciously damaging certain letters, the property of the Postmaster-General, by putting lighted paper into a pillar-box and setting fire to the contents. Mr. Wilkinson, Town Clerk, appeared to prosecute, and Mr. Sherrard, ex-Mayor, for the defense.

The Miss-Leading Journal.—The *Matrimonial News.*—*Funny Folks.*

MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?
She has fled and gone away.
I've lost my love: pray tell to me
Have you seen her pass to-day?

Dewey bluebells are her eyes;
Golden corn her waving hair;
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush roses
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;
And her breath the eglantine:
Her rosy lips the red carnations:
Such is she, this maiden mine.

The light wind is her laughter;
The murmuring brooks her song;
Her tears, so full of tender pity,
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles;
The leaves her footsteps light;
To kiss each coy flower into life
Is my true love's delight.

I will tell you who she is,
And how all things become her.
Bend down, that I may whisper,
My sweetheart's name is—'Summer.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

NEW BOOKS.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ALFRED DE MUSSET. Translated from the French of Paul de Musset, by Harriet W. Preston. A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This memoir of the eminent French poet, Alfred de Musset, is by his devoted brother Paul, and it is in many respects a model of what a biography ought not to be; and yet it is, on that very account, of especial interest. It is the ardent and tearful defense of a loving brother of a brother's failings. It is anything but a sober and truthful piece of portraiture, and for that reason it more strongly enchains one's attention when we are reading it. The intimate relations once existing between Madame Dudevant (George Sand) and the poet, which provoked such a *piquante* controversy twenty years ago, must still be fresh in the memory of many of our readers. We recommend this work as a brother's memorial of a poet's life, impassioned, brief and troubled; the affectionate record of a nature in many ways so sensitive and so winning, and yet withal so richly endowed.

ON HORSEBACK THROUGH ASIA MINOR. By Capt. F. Burnaby. Sampson, Low & Co.

This work is instructive, though it gives us a number of descriptions of scenery which are tolerably familiar to most students of Asiatic geography. Since the journeys of Barr, Mitchell, and others, we can now safely say that we know much more about the topography of Asia Minor than about the Balkan passes. It can no longer be alleged that the Asiatic provinces of Turkey are sealed books to us. Captain Burnaby is a keen observer of human character, and his work teems with accounts of amusing conversations he had with the Turks, which, as they were carried on directly, without the medium of a dragoman, reflect a good deal of their actual thoughts. We regret that we can only cite one of these. The method of courtship in Aleppo is peculiar, and Captain Burnaby gives a good example:

> The young men of that city have a curious way of showing their affection to the lady of their choice. "A girl has, say, three lovers—a small allowance for a lady in that part of the world—she does not know which to select; each one of the suitors is eager to display his gallantry."
>
> "What does she do?" asked one of the party. "Accept them all?"
>
> "No, she takes three bits of live charcoal from out of the fire; giving each of her lovers a piece, she tells them to place it in the palms of their hands. The fire burns through the skin, the tendons are laid bare! Sometimes the amorous gentlemen will resist till the flesh has been burnt to the bone. Here one or two of them generally succumb to the torture; the man who resists the longest wins the lady."
>
> "But if they are all equally indifferent to pain, and the charcoal burns out, what happens then?" I inquired.
>
> "The lady takes three more pieces of charcoal, and begins with the other hand," replied the Bey. "The more they resist, the better the girl likes them, because it is a proof to her mind that they value her more than their own torture."
>
> "Did you ever try it?"
>
> "No," said the Bey, laughing. "I can get a wife without any trouble, so I do not care about burning my fingers. We burn our fingers quite soon enough after marriage, as it is."

On the whole, his ideas of the condition of the Turks in Asia Minor are very favorable, though their laziness and superstition are unveiled by him in forcible language. Altogether, this work, although it may not

be as interesting as the author's celebrated "Ride to Khiva," will be considered as one of the leading books of travels of the season.

"That Wife of Mine," by the Author of "That Husband of Mine."

A pretty little domestic story of the nature so abounding at present. Lissa is a little German wife, whom Charlie had picked up in his travels, and with her foreign accent and not willful errors, blunders lovingly along with an adopted daughter, who dies, and her brother, the blue-spectacled Professor, who falls in love with a pupil, who, of course, has an obdurate father, all on account of that foundling, to whom the Professor has attributed the paternity; but the sky clears, that wife makes one final blunder, weeps in broken English, is forgiven, and all is well.

Doctor Tom. A Novel. By Edward Payson. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a very readable book, pleasantly describes a country village, its people and surroundings, into which is dropped an educated and accomplished traveled man of the world. The hero, of course, falls in love with the pretty girl of the village, and the result of it all is happiness to an unlimited extent.

Adrift in the Ice Fields. By Capt. Chas. W. Hall. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

This is a story of adventure in the ice fields of Nova Scotia, and the colder regions of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Prince Edward's Island. It is a book that will prove interesting to boy readers, and instructs in addition to entertaining them.

Reims, November 3d, 1877.

Editor San Francisco News Letter.--Dear Sir: Our vintage in Champagne being now concluded, a few remarks thereon may be of interest to your readers, and, in this belief, we now beg to send you our report on this subject. We are, sir, very respectfully yours,

per Barnett & Fils, Ca Comagny.

Vintage Report for 1877.

The Champagne Districts this year have, so to speak, passed safely through the annual risks to give us but very uncertain results; we were nearly exempt from frosts, the flowering passed satisfactorily, and the beginning of July promised a really fine vintage; but our then apparent good fortune was hardly to be realized, the latter part of July, and succeeding month of August, with part of September, being *most* variable, cold nights and mornings being very prevalent. At last a change came, though certainly late, and we were favored during the whole of the vintage, one day or two only excepted, with very fine and seasonable weather: thus the gathering was effected under very favorable circumstances, and this certainly must count to the credit side of the present Champagne Vintage, whatever the actual result of quality may be.

The Crop was short in quantity, being about a third of that of last year in red grapes, that of white being still less!

As usual, in uncertain years, the first growths almost alone attracted attention, and prices here ranged certainly higher than did the same crûs in 1876; second and third growths were not in demand, and, no doubt, a goodly proportion of red wine will be made this year in these districts.

A Wedding Innovation.--In Paris, on the day of the fiançailles, the bridegroom-elect sends to his fiancé a prayer-book bound in blue velvet. As one can neither place upon the book the initials of the name she is about to change, or that of the one she is going to assume, the cypher is exchanged for a silver lily. In Spring the book is accompanied by a bouquet of white violets or of lilies of the valley; in Summer by a cluster of white roses; in Winter by a fancy basket containing every variety of white flowers a hot-house can furnish. Flowers have ever played an important part in courtship in France. The fiancé is in duty bound to send to his betrothed a white bouquet every day from the day of the betrothal to that of marriage.

THE RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA.

Below we present some very interesting statistics, taken from the biennial report of the Surveyor-General of the State, showing the condition of the leading industries of California up to the beginning of the present year. While the variety of products grown within the State is a matter of congratulation, it is evident from an inspection of the data that the rural districts are not making the progress which is desirable.

The area under cultivation is limited to 3,576,366 acres, or scarcely one-fifth the amount of the choice valley lands, the increase being only 6½ per cent. in three years. Several branches of industry, which were considered promising, are giving place to others. Flax, sugar beets, cotton and tobacco have dwindled to very small proportions. The acres devoted to Wheat have not increased more than ten per cent. in four years, while within two years the increase in the other cereals has been nearly fifty per cent. The returns relative to the fruit interest are incomplete, but as far as they go, indicate a steady enlargement of the orchards. In the line of stock raising and wool growing, the past seasons have been disastrous. There are now fewer neat cattle, and perhaps less sheep, than there were four years ago, but the number of Cashmere and Angora goats steadily increases. The lumber and quartz mining interests are fairly prosperous, the ore crushed showing an increase of nearly fifty per cent. The omission to ascertain the value of the ores, and also the neglect of all statistics relative to gravel and placer mining, should be remedied. In the two following tables we give the acreage donated to the leading articles, and the gross product, etc., compared with 1874 :

CALIFORNIA'S PRODUCTS.

	No. Acres Cultivated—1876.	*Total Product*—1876.	*Total Product*—1874.
Area cultivated	3,576,366	.....	.....
Wheat	2,352,213	35,385,579 bush.	30,248,341
Barley	678,957	13,224,060 bush.	9,261,940
Oats	125,442	1,958,737 bush.	1,683,150
Rye	12,517	204,638 bush.	75,731
Corn	78,511	1,620,743 bush.	1,449,000
Buckwheat	1,629	45,010 bush.	15,078
Peas	4,667	252,337 bush.	106,628
Beans	6,708	142,333 bush.	169,155
Castor Bus.	255	255,000 lbs.	123,400
Potatoes, Irish	36,499	160,024 tons.	131,321
Potatoes, Sweet	1,859	11,129 tons.	4,998
Onions	1,047	71,745 bush.	110,385
Hay	726,088	1,432,593 tons.	752,214
Hops	1,573	2,666,648 lbs.	1,346,894
Tobacco	301	201,300 lbs.	1,243,734
Cotton	50	12,800 lbs.	151,920
Sugar Beets	1,681	14,152 tons.	16,302
Flax	270	308,070 lbs.	2,239,800
Grapevines, acres	82,661	6,194,292 gals.	3,892,785

	1876.	1874.		1876.	1874.
Pounds Butter	10,188,818	6,926,140	F't Lumber sawed	492,263,136	446,371,490
Pounds Cheese	3,199,420	3,412,642	No. Shingles made	116,222,700	98,995,116
Pounds Wool	24,031,047	21,340,482	Quartz Mills	261	290
Pounds Honey	1,036,490	897,000	Tons Ore Crushed	631,095	327,130
Value Fruit Crop	$4,454,914	....	No. Mining Ditches	1,053	673
No. Horses	232,539	230,622	Length do. Miles	5,549	5,179
No. Neat Cattle	679,268	844,685	Irrigating Ditches	772	519
No. Sheep	6,171,644	5,464,711	Acres Irrigated	199,680	201,185
No. C. & A. Goats	64,720	44,426	No. Woolen Mills	11	8
No. Hogs	363,842	242,819	P'ds Wool used	3,003,000	3,875,995
Bbls. Flour	1,961,880	2,015,803	Tons Coal mined	137,268	151,000
No. Grist Mills	155	144	Length R. R. miles	1,857	1,326
No. Saw Mills	335	323			

Mrs. Mary B. G. Tanner, a direct descendant of King Henry VIII., died at Pierrepont, N. Y., a few days ago, at the age of 101 years and 11 months.—*Springfield Republican.*

LOVE'S PRAYER.

Didst thou know how sad the case
To love and see no loved one nigh,
Sometimes before my dwelling-place
Thou wouldst pass by.

Couldst thou but guess how Hope's bright rays
Take birth from out one lovelit glance,
Up at my window thou mayst gaze
As if by chance.

And didst thou dream the blessed balm
Heart brings to heart in sympathy,
Thou'dst at my portal rest, all calm
And sisterly.

Then, when thou heardst no love vows breathe
And all my loving secret tell,
Thou'dst pass, mayhap, my roof beneath,
And with me dwell.

AVERY'S BOOK.

California Pictures, in Prose and Verse; by Benjamin Parke Avery. New York, Hurd & Houghton. For sale at Bancroft's.

What Californian does not remember with affection the kindly face, generous heart and charmingly facile pen of Benjamin Parke Avery? As a writer for the press and as editor of a popular magazine, his talents commanded the respect and admiration of all, but especially in the latter capacity his mature and cultivated mind so freely imparted its influence and teachings to the literary fledglings with which it naturally came in contact at that period, that he came to be regarded by one and all of that class as a persoual friend and literary father. It is therefore with the greatest pride and satisfaction that we see in the present volume the very cream of Mr. Avery's writings presented to the public in a form such as his own exquisite taste would assuredly have desired. For these "California Pictures are the cream of his writings, becanse in a power of description lay his highest and noblest ability. His genius, it is true, was universal; he wrote on all manner of topics, and he never failed to write well; but the, gentle loving nature of the man was more at home among the woods, fields and mountains of his adopted country than on the stormy sea of politics, and it may be doubted whether the Ambassador was more elated when he received his credentials than the Author would have been had he been spared to see such a monument to his fame as this book is.

To those who wish to send to friends abroad a worthy account of the scenery the Golden State affords, we say buy the "California Pictures," for the type, paper and binding are beautiful, and, above all, the illustrations are worthy of the text. And this is the highest praise we can give to any artist's work, for so admirably, with such a tender love and sure knowledge is this prose-poety mosaic achieved, that no book like it has ever done justice to our State before. There is a richness of language and a profusion of word-color in every page, exceeding anything we have seenin print for a long time, and withal a truthfulness of description, which becomes as near akin to imagination as truth can come.

The man, the author, the ambassador is dead now. In this "free Republic" the loved ones he leaves behind are not heirs to the country's gratitude; but we who knew and loved him, may perhaps show valuable appreciation of his merits by buying his book.

Scarcity of Lithographic Stone.—The falling-off in the supply of lithographic stone from the Bavarian quarries, and its consequent advance in price, is stimulating the search for this precious mineral. The annual value of the stone already consumed is estimated at £2,000,000. It is said to be sold at a profit of 800 per cent. on the cost of quarrying.

AT LAST.

Recent Eastern exchanges inform us of the trial and conviction of one Robert L. Case, lately the President of the Security Life Insurance and Annuity Company, of the city of New York, for perjury, in certifying to false returns in connection with the company under his management, and the investigation into the affairs of the Company have developed a series of most glaring and astonishing frauds, which call loudly for public exposure and comment. When we consider and realize fully the many hard earned dollars that are invested in the life insurance policy for the benefit of the widow and the orphan, any defection in the management of a Company, implicitly trusted, becomes a crime, heinous in its every bearing. Now, with these facts fully proven against the President of a leading company (?) which, through mismanagement and corruption, has been forced into bankruptcy, with a deficit of upwards of two millions of dollars, we may well say, at *last* the eternal ends of Justice are receiving an encouraging support. We happen to know something of this Security Company and of its internal composition and establishment. Robert L. Case, Sr., the President, some years ago, failed in business. Seeking support without money, but having a circle of business friends, he organized the Security Company, with nominally a large capital. Isaac H. Allen and William F. Waring, two other broken-down merchants, were appointed Treasurer and Secretary, respectively. Comfortable offices were engaged, and a corps of clerks employed, selected generally from the sons or nephews of the officers. In fact, like Duncan's bank, the Security was, to a great extent, a family concern. Agencies were established in the leading business centers of the country, and with its high sounding name, and located in a decent neighborhood, the "Security" succeeded in securing a fair share of public support.

The very limited capital of the company was gradually enhanced by premiums collected, the officers budded out as respectable conservative members of society, and in due time invested more or less of the money obtained from trusting policy-holders in country places, at Newburgh and West Chester, in city residences, elegant equipages, dogs, horses, and all the concomitants necessary to aristocratic style. Eventually a State Inspector of Insurance Companies was deemed necessary, and to meet this emergency an actuary had to be chosen. Robert L. Case, Jr., son of the President, was naturally selected to fill the responsible position. This young man was called by all his friends a model; in form and feature he was an Adonis. An eye like—well, we cannot describe it; no matter, his *personel* was sufficieutly elegaut to make his suit successful with the Secretary's daughter, and the marriage cemented still more the "royal arch" of the company management, and, until the discovery of these stupendous frauds, he and his bride lived elegautly in a villa, situate twelve miles from New York, on Long Island Sound. The ascertained duties of the actuary, under consideration, were to complicate the accounts and confuse the mind of the State Inspector. During the Tweed dynasty this was a matter of easy accomplishment for Boh Case, Jr., hut in these later days, strange as it may appear, people are beginning to believe that "honesty is the best (life insurance) policy" anyhow, hence the incarceration of the elder Case at Sing Sing Penitentiary, and the hasty flight of Case Junior to parts unknown, with the brand of *felon* registered against his name and his native land. Rumor says that he has carried away a large amount of the actual assets of the company, and some of these days we may again hear of him, either as a railway magnate in some South American republic, or, possibly, as a bank President in San Francisco. It is a matter of regret that the innocent must suffer from the acts of the guilty, still the many victims of the worthless Security life policies will, doubtless, take a grain of comfort in knowing that the convict President and the absconding actuary leave families behind them, disgraced and overwhelmed by the discovery and puuishment of their crimes. May we not hope that the publication of this very prominent and distressing record of official malfeasance will have the effect of placing the unwary upon their guard against other insurance companies, whose assets, like those of the defunct Security, are of chaff, cheek and straw?

"**That's a dinner I can never frog-eat,**" remarked Grant after the French banquet.

"The World," the Flesh, and the Devil.

[By a Truthful Penman.]

There is a very interesting article in the current *Quarterly Review* on "Carriages, Roads, and Coaches," but the author does not evince much practical knowledge of coaching. "Cracknell"—he thinks it worth while to chronicle in a note—"executes every day the feat of unskidding the St. Alban's coach without stopping." Why, more than one of the guards on the old racing coaches could skid the coach, run round it, and unskid it again, when the horses were doing good twelve miles an hour! He speaks of the 'excellent professionals Selby and the older hand Fownes.' I have no word to say against either, and desire no greater pleasure in its way than to sit beside the former when he hands an awkward team over that cramped pitch at the Sevenoaks end of Bromley; but why omit mention of Warde, who has the best hands and is the best schoolmaster in England? In his remarks on the hight of the box-seat he commends "Lord L—'s" driving; but asks, "Why perch himself so high?" Why, because "Lord L.," like most amateur, and indeed most professional, coachmen, cannot trust his delicacy of hands sufficiently to do without the strong leverage that the high box affords. The nearer approach to a right angle which the reins between the horses' mouths and the driver's hands are made to describe in passing through the terrets, the greater is the purchase on the horses, and the less call is there for that delicate handling of horses' which constitutes the perfection of coachmanship. The best four-in-hand driving in the world is now to be seen on the road between Buda-Pesth and the Rakos Mezos race-course, where the Hungarian nobles drive teams of fiery *juckers* in light four-wheeled dog-carts, whose driving-seats are so low that the reins touch the croups of the wheelers.——"A Man without a Stick" writes to the *World:* "I have noticed for some little time, and I daresay you have as well, that the correct "*form*" of any one who aspires to be in the fashion is to carry with him to the theater a cane, either dark or clouded, with a gold or silver top. The appearance of a number of young meu, all dressed in evening dress, hat on head, coat on arm, toothpick in mouth, and cane in hand, has always struck me with admiration as they walk, in Indian file, into the stalls. Last night I determined to be no longer out of the fashion; and accompanying two friends to the theater, each of us provided with an appropriate cane, we applied for three stalls. Alas, sir, there were but two, and I was relegated to the dress-circle, where my stick was at once pounced on by a greedy attendant and conveyed to the cloak-room. In vain I expostulated; I pointed out my two frieuds, as they entered the stalls, displaying their sticks. The attendant was obdurate, adding that what was *de rigeur* in the stalls was inappropriate in the dress-circle. Can you, sir, explain this anomaly—why that artistic finish which a cane or stick invariably gives to a man, in a place where you never expect to see it, should be denied me because I paid five shillings, instead of ten and sixpence for a seat?"——The King of Holland has, we hear, determined upon contracting a morganatic marriage with a dramatic star of small magnitude, known on the boards by the name of Mademoiselle Emilie d'Ambre, for whom the King has obtained from a neighboring serenity the title of Comtesse d'Amboise. It is to enjoy a life of domestic happiness with his beautiful young wife that his Majesty has acquired an hotel in Paris, to which he is sending his art-collections and other treasures. The marriage is expected to take place very shortly, and brilliant receptions are already spoken of for the coming winter.——In the list of ennobled actresses, the name of Miss Foote, afterward Countess of Harrington, holds a conspicuous place. She was the heroine of the old epigram:

"Had I the land that's in the Strand
(Nobles, I crave your pardon),
I'd give each *foot*, and more to boot
For one of Covent Garden."

And her carriage, with its long-tailed horses and long-coated servants, must have been familiar to many of the present generation. Another theatrical alliance has just been concluded by a member of the same family, the Hon. Wyndham Stanhope having married Miss Camille Du-

bois. Mr. Stanhope, who is somewhat ont of health, sailed recently for Anstralia, of course accompanied by his wife.——Legitimate enterprise will ever receive fitting acknowledgement at our hands; and we have much pleasure in announcing that the veteran *entrepreneur* who, beginning life as a policeman, erstwhile swayed the destinies of Drury Lane and the Alhambra, and ruled over the chaste domain of Cremorne, has succeeded in engaging the services of that justly celebrated lady, Miss Alice Rhodes, as *dame du comptoir* of his wine-vaults in the heart—or shall we say under the heart?—of London.——The trial of the Russian revolutionists was commenced on the 1st inst. There are 198 accused—160 men (less two who have died) and 38 women. There are 600 witnesses. The act of accusation forms a volume of 300 *printed pages*. The depositions of the witnesses are contained in 200 *thick volumes*. Amongst the prisoners are five foreigners.——We understand that an eminent firm of publishers have asked Mr. Frederick Villiers, the artist of the *Graphic*, who was, till lately, with tha Russians in Bulgaria, to write the story of his experiences, illustrated by his own sketches: and that Mr. Villiers has consented to do so. Mr. Villiers had many strange and varied marching, campaigning, and fighting experiences; and if he is as good with his pen as he is with his pencil, his volume will be both entertaining and valuable.—*World.*——It is somewhat singular that Dr. Baxter Langley, now imprisoned for fraud committed, first made his mark when he was sub-editor of the old *Morning Star* by hunting down a swindler named Tucker, who was preying on the public. Mr. Baxter Langley, writing as "A Man in the Street," went for Tucker, and got him.—*Atlas in the World.*——The *World* says: War correspondents are not the only representatives of newspapers who perforce carry their lives in their hands. We have received a letter from Mr. Henry Vizetelly, the writer of those excellent articles on wine and wine-producing districts, appearing from time to time in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which he says: 'The roads in the Upper Douro are execrable. Those leading up to the Quintas are simply narrow watercourses dried up, excepting in winter, and strewn with lumps of rock of all shapes and sizes. If a Nimrod takes a five-barred gate in the Midlands and gets thrown, the chances are he will fall in a furrow; but here you plump down on rocks hard as iron. I escaped with two falls, and on the last occasion my hat, combined with the thickness of my skull, saved me; for a sharp piece of rock cut the former through for four inches as cleanly as if done with a knife.'

THE AZTEC MINING SYNDICATE.

A good deal has been said of late about the Aztec Syndicate of Arizona, of which one of the best known mining men on this coast, Col. Wm. S. Boyle, is at the head. The mining property of the Aztec Syndicate is located in the famous Santa Rita Mountains, near the Valley of the Santa Cruz, south of Tucson, Arizona, and within 18 miles of the Sonora line. It is within 1100 miles of this city, the staging being less than 400 miles. Col. Boyle has done better than deserve success—he has commanded it. The country in which he and his associates are operating is one of historical importance, and as a mining region possesses a remarkable history. The Apaches have destroyed, until within a year past, for the last forty years, all enterprises. The only exception was a period of five or six years following the annexation of the Primeria-Alta region (Gadsden purchase), when the very location and mines, now under control of Col. Boyle, were worked by such men as Wrightson, Gilbert, Hopkins, Pumpelley, Henman, Ehrenberg, Guido Kustel, Fred'k Bruce, Kor, and others—all men of repntation and skill. They were driven out when the civil war began, and Cachise and his marauding savages kept the key. For the past four years Boyle has been at work in Arizona, waiting with strong moneyed influences at his back, the occasion to "occupy the land." We are glad to learn that he is now on his way to Arizona with a party of capitalists from the East, and we feel sure that our neighboring Territory will have to recognize the advent of Col. Boyle as the favorable turning point in its coming prosperity.

Love, the toothache and tight boots are things which can't be kept secret.

THE TURKEY'S PROTEST, IN VIEW OF THE RECENT PROCESSION.

I am the sweet and savory fowl,
Sent by a kindly Heaven,
The cares and pains of twelve long months,
With one square meal to leaven;
I am the martyr—tender, fat,
And never known to falter
When called upon by man to smoke
On his domestic altar.

But I protest—I say that I,
The Turkey of Thanksgiving,
The symbol of a joyous day,
The type of all high living—
Protest this year against the vile,
The useless desecration
My day has met from those who made
Complaint their sole ovation.

Great God! it makes my gravy boil,
My stuffing lose its season,
To think of that long-visaged mob,
Which, wholly without reason,
Marched forth to waste its holiday
In tramping through the city,
Declaring it would win respect,
Yet only earning pity.

My ancestors have died with pride
To make mankind feel jolly—
The steam from *my* poor corpse became
A cloud of melancholy.
But this is why I blame the mob—
The cobble-tramping sinners!—
They kept their betters under arms,
And—*kept them from their dinners!*

Rise, Dressing, rise in all their throats,
Distress them in their slumber!
Rise, pungent onion, bitter sage!
And thou, O dread cucumber!
Perchance in all thy venomed strength,
Thou wast upon the table;
Then rack them with the stomach-ache,
As thou alone art able.
"Hot Coppers," hear'st the Turkey's curse?
They desecrated *my* day—
I trust that thou, O potent friend,
Dids't deal with them on Friday.

COMSTOCK KNAVES AND THEIR STOOL-PIGEONS.

Considerable time and money have been spent in unearthing some of the gigantic swindling operations in vogue by a ring of knaves on the Comstock lode.

Although we are in possession of facts that will astonish the world when made public, yet we are not ready to dilate, at present, upon any but the "capping" system, which has been so successfully carried on of late years. It is claimed that the "ring" employ, duriug a "big deal" in stocks, about 500 missionaries, or "cappers," as they are commonly called. The tracks of these sweet-scented scoundrels have been exceedingly well covered up, making it extremely laborious to get at the bottom facts. Notwithstanding innumerable difficulties, we have succeeded in getting fully fifty names. These worthies have special meeting places, such as the Palace Hotel, Nevada Block, and in due time will meet no doubt in the "sweet by and by," or—where Lazarus saw the rich man.

The dutics heaped upon the shoulders of these "innocent men" are arduous. There was a time when this class of beings were in great demand, at high wages, in procuring and maintaining a "perfect title" to certain mining properties on the Comstock. But, of late years, they are being used to better advantage in "bulliug" and "bearing" the stock market. When stocks aredown they advance their masters' interests by circulating discouraging reports, thereby aiding them in loading up at low prices. When stocks are selling at inflated prices, they are used again in aiding their masters to unload. There are, however, a greater number used for the purpose of "*bulling*" the market than for "bearing" it; for the simple reason that manipulators claim to be in a "tight fix," and were entirely mistaken about the "brilliant prospect." After such explanations, by the inside ring, the community begin to sell, the swindling manipulators stand from under, and a panic comes "o'er the spirit of the dream" of the stock market. When the knaves have loaded up again prices mysteriously advance, and the same confidential swindle is successfully resorted to again and agaiu. The men employed in this business are generally taken from the mines, and are paid as miners, from the company's funds, for "walking" California street, while some of the self-styled "experts" are frequently known to make a "brilliant" report. It will no doubt surprise some of them to know how we have kept such an accurate account of their movements. The following letter, written in Virginia City, and

addressed to a gentleman of high literary standing in this city, partially explains itself:

VIRGINIA CITY, Nev., Thursday, March 8, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR: Enclosed I send you an item from the *Enterprise*. Every one named therein visited the lower levels for the first time Wednesday except the McDonalds who did not Join. Some of them leave for San Franc. to-night and if you could get the item published in Some of the dailies *Post* or *Alta* it is very probable that they will be interviewed by those who desire to make truthful Statements We are unanimous in our opinion; the lower levels are all the most Sanguine Can expect; the ore is as wide as on the crosscut directly above it; there may be a difference of 20 feet at the fartbest, between the 1,550 and 1,650, the ore on the 1,550 being wider than on the 1,500 in Crosscut no 1. but on the 1,650 it is wider than on the 1,500. so that settles the question as to the finding of the ore body on the lower levels. there is no telling how far it will go down; the ore is rich running as high as $2,000, & lots of it averaging $500 There are no two opinions about it We believe the lower level will yield as much as all the levels above Please see *News letter*—No change in Overman—Very truly yours,

The item referred to is the following:

IN THE BONANZA.—We noticed on the streets yesterday several of the leading stock men of San Francisco, and particularly the following: J. T. Goodman, George D. Roberts, R. N. Graves, Dan. Cook, Archie Borland, A. Maitland, M. C. Hillyer, Mr. Gillett, *D. L. McDonald* and *J. M. McDonald, Jr.* Most of these gentlemen yesterday, in company with W. H. Smith, of the Belcher, D. E. McCarthy, of the *Chronicle*, and others, visited the Con. Virginia and California mines, and took a ramble through the big bonanza. They all expressed themselves as delighted with what they saw, and their verdict will fully sustain the favorable reports made of the lower levels of this great ore deposit. If the San Francisco *Chronicle* can find any of these gentlemen on their return to San Francisco, it is greatly to be hoped that it will get its pod-augur, inquisitorial gimlet into them and take their statements and give them to the public. If Frank Pixley can find in the lot one worthy of his confidence (and who will tolerate his presence), and will interview him and not distort his words and conceal his meaning in giving them to the public, he may possibly find occasion to make retractions in some of his sayings and changes in his views. Dorsey may correct his false map by their reports, and Dewey, possibly, learn something from somebody, if not too mulish. We believe them to be honorable gentlemen all, and as such we rely confidently on the results of their judgments as likely to shut the mouths of some of the foolish ones in San Francisco, and give confidence to the public.

The writer of the above letter is a man used by members of the bonanza firm in the capacity of a missionary—a good and dutiful Deacon—saving people's money from rusting in savings banks and homesteads, by placing it into a "good thing," where the owner can make a "quick turn" by purchasing the "best thing on the Comstock"—thereby changing the invested capital which took many years to accumulate into a more secure place—the Nevada Bank vault. Ever since he left the profession of music-teacher to become a "mining expert"—which he fulfilled admirably considering his previous avocations—he has been a continual cat's-paw for a den of knaves—plundering his friends by giving them "confidential" points. He answers, of late years, to the name of A. Maitland, but, in days gone by, is said to have recognized a name pronounced quite differently. Even now, a very excellent change in that "*good name*" could be wrought about by simply substituting a "B" for the letter "M," making it "*B-a-i-t*-land. Which would be far more expressive of the *true inwardness* of the man. Possibly Jim Flood, John Mackay, Geo. Daly, or some other man, could tell him whether it had better be made or not. A great many letters similar to the above are in our possession, and will be published from time to time. Especially those emanating from a "Freuch Scholar"—a gentleman who remained in John Mackay's family for about three months. It is quite probable that those who took such a liking to his movements in Virginia City, paid his board-bill, his extra private dinner, his parlor rent at the Occidental Hotel, and other things which we will hereafter mention.

The report of the West Coast of America Telegraph Company (Limited) shows a net balance for the half-year ended June 30 of £11,587, out of which the ten per cent. per annum preference dividend absorbs £6,507; and an ordinary dividend at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum is declared, leaving £187 to be added to the director's remuneration, and £1,142 to be carried forward.

HOW CORRUPT AGENTS FARE IN ENGLAND.

A very interesting case has just been tried in the Central Criminal Court, London. The Artisans' Dwellings Company is analogous to our Real Estate Associations for the purchase and sale of houses to the members on the installment plan. Dr. Baxter Langley, Chairman of the Company, and Mr. Swindlehurst, Secretary and Manager, and Saffery, an Estate agent, were indicted for embezzlement and conspiracy to defraud this Company. These parties had purchased several pieces of real estate, and turned them over to the Company at a higher price. The "Queen's Park Estate," for example, was purchased for £35,000, and turned over to the Company at £46,000, the difference, £11,000, having been divided among the three. Other similar transactions were proven, from which some $150,000 were traced into the pockets of the defendants. This the jury held to be a conspiracy between the defendants and the vendor from whom the purchases were made. Defendants' counsel urged that, though this conduct was dishonorable in the highest degree, it did not amount to a legal offense, as the money appropriated did not belong to the Company. In relation to the conspiracy, no such defense was open, and the previous good services and high character of the accused were put forward as a set-off, and the fact was urged that there was no proof of an express bargain. The jury found that there was a bargain, or an understanding which amounted to a bargain, and the three defendants were found guilty of conspiracy, and promptly sentenced by the Court to imprisonment, with hard labor, for the term of eighteen months. Though these men were unquestionably rogues, in a moral point of view, the general impression seemed to be that the law could not touch them, and that they had only public opinion to reckon with—a very inferior force when not backed up by the law. It is understood that this decision preaches to every class of commission and corrupt profits from dealings on behalf of the principal, and implicates the person dealt with. The real estate dealer in this case was placed upon the same footing as the officers of the Company, and received the same punishment. The tone of the British press, in its comments upon this case, is remarkable. The *Times* says:

The result of the late trial at the Central Criminal Court has, we rejoice to think, thrown a tremendous bombshell into the camp of the rogues. The range of the fire has proved to be beyond all expectation, and there must be a good deal of trembling just now as to who may be next hit.

The *Globe* remarks:

Among the many frauds that have been committed during recent years, none worse in character, and in its general bearings on society, has yet come to light. When we consider the past career of these lately honored men, the long years during which they have borne unblemished reputations in the full glare of public life, and the fearful punishment they will have to bear for the remainder of their existences, we feel that justice has been done and public morality vindicated without any undue straining either of mercy or severity.

The *Morning Advertiser* says:

One Judge has gone so far as to declare that "commission," in whatever form, spells nothing but "fraud." The law has in the present case vindicated itself severely.

The Liverpool *Daily Post* says:

That such a prosecution should ever have been needful, we unfeignedly deplore; but we cannot profess to regret the fate of the offenders. Some careers deviate so fatally and so far from the straight path of honor and integrity that they can fitly end only in obscurity and penitence.

The London *Mercury:*

Let us hope that the result of this trial will be the destruction of that pernicious system which has already done so much to undermine the honesty of Englishmen.

The *Echo:*

It is now known to be the law that any banker, trustee, attorney, broker, or other agent who accepts a profit out of a transaction in which his employer has to pay for all, is guilty of fraud, and is liable to pass some years in penal servitude. This sentence applies to commissions of a sovereign as well as of twenty thousand pounds.

The *Saturday Review:*

The importation of Sir Henry James into the case was artfully conceived to give a sort of foreign loan flavor to the business; but this subtle construction found no favor in the eyes of a matter of fact jury, and, so far as in them lay, they vindicated the credit of the mercantile world by convicting the defendants.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS MARRIED.

For weeks Society has beeu in a state of fermentation preparatory to the celebration of the Silver Wedding of Mr. aud Mrs. Cbarles Crocker. The invitations, printed in silver, had been sent weeks ago, and the cards were in one respect notably different from those usually issued on similar occasions. It is the custom for the guests at a paper, tin, wooden or silver wedding to make presents suitable to the anniversary; but the fair missives wbich announced that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker were "At Home," after a quarter of a century of wedded happiness, also bore the laconic request, "No Presents." If the idea was originated by Mrs. Charles Crocker, as, with a woman's delicacy, we presume it was, there was at least one man bold enough to disobey the injunction, and that was her husband, who presented her with a most superb dinner and tea service. The other gifts were entirely floral, and so thoroughly was the market ransacked to obtain these excessively perisbable gifts, that Sacramento, San Jose, Stockton, and all our suburban gardens, were depleted in order to meet the demand.

Tbe invitations were for 9 P. M., but it was half-past 10 before the guests commenced to arrive iu any numbers. It was generally known tbat five hundred invitations had been issued, and the magnificeuce of the toilets, and the time required for their perfection, together with fears of a crush, probably accouuts for the fashionable tardiuess above alluded to. Tbe superb mansion of Mr. Crocker has before been described in tbese columns. Italians would call it a palace, although they have no such palaces in Italy. It is not for us to trace Mr. Charles Crocker's career, step by step, from the date of his arrival here up to the present time. Suffice it to say, that *ab initio usque ad finem*, or, rather, np to date—for we hope that tbe end is far off—his is a record of nntiring energy, honorable industry, and indefatigable work. In 1849 he was a lowly worker, and to-day he is the same. Only, in 1849, his wealth was his weekly wage, and to-day it is counted by millions.

The guests were received by colored waiters, in full evening dress, at the head of the broad marble steps leading up to the main entrance of the mansion. The interior of the bouse, as before stated, was one mass of flowers. The magnificeutly frescoed walls, the bannisters and corridors, were hidden by miriads of lilies, camellias, tuberoses, and rare exotics. Only the mirrors were spared, and they served to reflect the indescribable glory of the flowers at every turn. Notable among the floral gifts was a dome containing a silver bell, from Mr. D. W. Henry; a most superb basket, from Mrs. Leland Stanford; and a hundred other equally choice souvenirs, from old and dear friends. At midnight that happy custom of going through the form of re-marrying the bride and groom was consummated by Dr. Benton, who improved the occasion by reciting a very felicitous poem in honor of the host and hostess.

Then came a lesson which the discontented workingman will do well to lay to heart. Mr. Crocker simply, and in the plainest terms, alluded to his advent in California. He told his guests how his wife had sbared bis hardships, lived with him on scanty and poor food, and lain by his side when the rain drops were dripping on them through the rough plank roof. Of course, it is only the old story of self-denial leading to success, and self-indulgence paving the road to ruin; but it was most bappily told, and none who listened to the story will ever forget it.

Ballenberg's full band was in attendance, and discoursed delightful music all through the evening, and carried out a programme of sixteen dances. In spite of the large nnmber of guests, there was no crowding, the magnificent suites affording all the room that the most fastidious could desire. In the reception parlor there was a charming floral design, representing the following letters and figures: "1852, C. C., 1877." In point of elegance there has never been a reception held in San Francisco compared to the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker. The toilettes of the guests are beyond description, and we shall only attempt to refer to a few which call for special mention where all were beyond criticism, and invited attention by their richness and nnsurpassable beauty.

The hostess was attired in au exquisite dress of heavy white satin, brocaded with silver, a la Princesse. The skirt was Vandyke, beautifully trimmed with silver tissne knife plaitings, overlaid with silver uet work and white satin. The lace throughout was Duchesse.

Miss Crocker wore a silk tissue *ecru* color, cut with demi-train and Oriental sashes of the same material; jewels, turquoises.

Miss Jennie Crocker was attired in plaited silk, with canary silk trimmings and pendants of silk; basque high and cut close; jewelry of gold.

Mrs. Mark Hopkins wore perhaps the most magnificent toilet of the evening. A court dress of heavy gros grain silk of the new color, primrose, en traine, draped in the back with point lace; Medici's tunic of Van Dyck velvet, ornamented with a profusion of garnets, and trimmed on the inside with ancient laces. The tunic falls apart in front, disclosing the primrose underskirt, softened by point applique lace.

Mrs. D. D. Cotton—An elegant white gros grain Princesse dress, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; draperies of gauze satin, strips and Valenciennes. Front corsage, Louis XVI style. Black currants arranged in diagonal rows across the front of the skirt. Hair ornamented with golden jewels

Mrs. ex-Senator Stewart—Pink silk dress en train, elaborately trimmed with point lace. Hair a la Marie Antoinette, powdered. Jewelry diamonds.

Mrs. Robert Tobin—A gros de Tours Court dress, Louis XV style, adorned with Duchesse lace and white crushed roses. Under dress of white satin, very elaborately trimmed with Duchesse lace and beautiful French white wild flowers and herbs, the whole sprinkled with diamond dust. Head dressed in the style of Louis XV.

Mrs. Col. J. Stuart—Dress in the style of the First French Empire, of white satin, profusely ornamented in front with crystal beads; square train, elegantly trimmed with puffs and ruffles; ornaments, diamond coronet, cross, bracelets and earrings.

Mrs. Richard Tobin—Underdress of heavy pink and silver grey silk, adorned with applique lace; magnificent black velvet court train, trimmed with point de Flanders lace.

Mrs. Stanford was superbly attired in a brocaded white silk, richly embroidered with real pearls trimmed with Duchesse lace. Her jewels were above price—a set of diamonds, including a necklace of brilliants of rare beauty.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the remaining four hundred and ninety-nine toilettes. Suffice it to say, they were all that money and milliners could make them.

The wee hours of the morning found the guests in full enjoyment of the Crocker Silver Wedding, and its many reminiscences will long be a source of pleasant gossip to our local upper ten thousand.

Interesting Topographical Discovery.—At the last sitting of the Société Nationale des Antiquaries de France, M. Clermont-Ganneau communicated a recent discovery of interest, bearing on the topography of the neighborhood of Jerusalem at the time of the Crusades. An Arab peasant discovered in a field between the Mount of Olives and the ancient village of Bethany a large piece of rock covered on five faces visible with fresco paintings and Latin inscriptions of the characters of the twelfth century. On the four vertical faces are depicted with remarkable ability the like number of Gospel scenes, of which two are well preserved. They represent the resurrection of Lazarus at Bethany and the arrival of the Disciples at Bethphage to seek the colt and the ass on which Jesus was to ride in triumph into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. According to M. Clermont-Ganneau the block is the same which was shown during the time of the Crusades as that on which the Savior placed himself at the time of mounting the animal. Contemporary chroniclers stated that the rock in question was placed in the midst of the chapel at Bethphage, and thus the site which the Crusaders regarded as that of the neighboring village to the country of Lazarus can now be determined.

New Material for Bottles.—It has been proved by actual experiment that good bottles can be made from blast furnace slag, and extensive works are now in process of erection at Finedon, in Northamptonshire, where in a few months "Britten's Patent Glass Company" will be producing large quantities of glass bottles from that unpromising and hitherto useless material.

LIFE PHASES.

A writer in the N. Y. Graphic probably speaks from experience when he describes four of the phases of life:

FIRST PHASE.
A mustache—a vine—
A miss—
A whisper—'Mine?'—'Thine!'
A kiss.

SECOND PHASE.
Cooing dove's eggs
On toast—
Canary bird's legs
'En roast.'

THIRD PHASE.
Orange flowers—a veil—
And fears—
Cake—presents—by rail—
And tears.

LAST PHASE.
A broomstick—some hair—
A curse—
Mother-in-law there—
Divorce!

WHO IS HE TO BE?

The coming United States Senator—who is he to be? That is what we are all becoming anxious to know. Everybody is desirous of saluting the rising sun. But in order to make obeisance in the right direction, it is essential to know at which point of the political horizon he will arise. To make a mistake and turn your back where your face ought to be, would be an unpardonable blunder. Members of the Legislature realize that fact, and that is why so many of them remain noncommittal. The daily papers realize it, and that is why they, for the present, pronounce *all* the candidates good men. The *News Letter*, with more prescience than is given to any of them, sees its way. On Monday the Legislature meets. Two or three days will be occupied in effecting an organization. There will be an effort made on the part of one or two candidates to get the Democratic members to go into an early caucus for the purpose of determining the Senatorial question. That effort will not succeed. The caucus will be delayed as long as possible. The members have not made up their minds. Much connubiating remains to be done. The struggle will continue and grow warm. In the end the fight will be narrowed down to one between Farley and McDonald. The pace will be too great for the other horses to endure to the end, and they will drop out of the running one by one until the two stayers we have named will alone be left to contend on the homestretch for the prize. Which of the two will win? That's the question. Farley has inspired his strong backers with confidence in his staying powers. To our thinking he has been too long in training, looks overworked and jaded. He certainly is falling off in condition, and does not make as good time as he did a few weeks ago, which are bad signs; but he is game, and may possibly pick up strength between now and the final contest. McDonald is fresh and vigorous and looks every inch a winner. He takes his oats with evident appetite and relish, and goes through his training as if it were mere pastime to him. His speed improves with every canter, and if he remains sound in wind, limb and water, his youthful vigor, stamina and go ought to enable him to beat off his somewhat jaded and weakened rival. It will be a grand struggle at the finish, that will delight all old sports. At present the chances are pretty equally divided, but McDonald is training better than Farley, and if he keeps up his lick to the end ought to win. That's our judgment.

A particularly pretty wedding took place at Penge the other day. The bride, a pretty, fair girl, wore the inevitable white satin and Honiton, and her eight bridesmaids were dressed in white silk, with scarves of white damassé across the front of the skirts, looped back with leaves in every tint of Autumn shading; large white felt hats, with long white feathers fastened in with a bunch of similar leaves, and white satin fans with wreaths of Autumn leaves painted upon them. What a refreshing contrast to the sixteen rose-red bridesmaids, whose garish brilliancy dazzled the daylight in our grand old St. Paul's, a few months ago. But, then, one wedding was arranged for comfort and the other for show, and so the difference was as great as that between the houses in which one is asked to dine, and those where you merely are invited to dinner.

LONDON "FIGARO" AND CIPRICO.

Some kind friend has taken the trouble to forward us a copy of that obscure sheet, the London *Figaro*, containing an article reflecting on a laudatory notice of Ciprico, the actor, which appeared in this paper. The article in question was communicated to us, and in no sense the expression of our dramatic critic's opinions, which may always be found in their usual and allotted place. As a specimen of feeble hog-wash, we take great pleasure in reprinting the slush in question. Young dramatic critics in this country will do well to study it, in order to avoid the innumerable faults of style into which broken-down collegians and hibulous writers so constantly fall. Being so far away from the scene of Mr. Ciprico's present triumphs, it is, of course, impossible for us to know what blarsted aitchless tragedian lined the pocket of the susceptible *Figaro* censor of the drama. The venal little wretch says:

Cispontine managers need not trouble to disorganize their scented locks over Mr. W. Holland's engagement of "the Great American Actor," Ciprico. There is no risk of their houses being left unto them desolate, by reason of a systematic rush of playgoers across Blackfriers' Bridge to do homage to colossal genius at the Surry Theater. It might have been otherwise. When last Saturday night came, those of us to whom the postman had brought mysterious copies of the *San Francisco News Letter*, of the 15th ult., were quite prepared to fall down and worship the "brilliant young American tragedian." We had read how "Ciprico's antecedents, on his father's side, enjoy a history of the most startling and romantic character"—how "General Count Johannes di Ciprico was Ciprico's grandfather, who fought with Napoleon Bonaparte, and after Waterloo came to America to settle"—how, when employed at a "large salary," by an American hardware firm, "the fever of dramatic fire burned within" Ciprico—how his "genius for the stage would not down" —how "in 1867 Ciprico, then a lad of 20, made his public *debut*" in the unambitious character of "Hamlet"—how "he then went to work with great earnestness, commencing" (with the aforesaid small part of the Prince of Denmark?) "at the foot of the ladder and climbing by merit, aided by extraordinary industry, to the proud and exalted position which he now occupies"—how subsequently, the scoffing *New York Herald* was "obliged to admit that while other theaters present staring rows of empty benches, Ciprico is drawing crowded houses nightly"—and how, without any such reluctance, "the entire Baltimore daily press, without a single exception, placed young Ciprico at once among the foremost rank of American tragedians."

But not once for the evening did our emotions get the better of our knees. There was nothing to kneel to. Ciprico, of whom the syren *News Letter* had sung as being "physically endowed with commanding presence," appeared to us to be merely a short, substantial person, with a taste for tight and therefore tumid clothes. It would probably be unfair to put him into the category of second-rate tragedians, since his acting, for the most part qualmish—as if his genius didn't agree with him—occasionally rose to the level of first-rate performance. But first-rate he never showed himself for more than an instant at a time. His pathos was ponderous, his passion artificial, his "business" meagre, and enunciation trans-Atlantic, his carriage stilted and stagey. Once or twice the violence of his pectoral oscillations led us to think that a safety-valve would prove a valuable addition to his dramatic machinery; and we sincerely trust that he did himself no harm when he fell unusually senseless before the portico of St. Hedwig's Church, Berlin. *Apropos* of which epileptic situation it may also be observed that although Ciproco could not reasonably be expected to exhibit the emaciation naturally consequent on six months vagabondage in a strange city, he might at least spare us the contemplation of his exceedingly prosperous and well-fed arms.

One of the *largest cargoes* ever carried across the Atlantic was brought into the port of Liverpool on the 11th ult., per Inman steamer *City of Montreal*, from New York. It consisted of no less than 71,000 bushels of grain, besides a large quantity of cotton, cheese, provisions, etc.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

Since our last, we have been handed, by a well-known lawyer friend, letters written by the forlorn Julia to a friend of hers here, entreating him to assist her to return, in order that she may start at once that tunnel we spoke of through Clay street, and be herself both Superintendent and Mining Engineer. She promises to repay her friend ten-fold any little advances made her, as the rock, though very hard and stubborn to treat, has plenty of metal. She'll use giant powder, she says, if gentler measures fail to get the ore out. Her reduction works will deal with the refractory material on the most improved methods. Our Romeo will not be likely to sop this poor lady to sleep (when she arrives) by generously giving HER points just fresh from Flood & O'Brien, on say Sierra Nevada, by which she may drop, as did his bijou and her too confiding friends, a few thousands! He has cheek enough to try it on, however, and then claim further favors for the valuable and disinterested information. Ah, Romeo, too much foolee, no good! You'll have to face the music before long, old boy, for this lady is clearly in dead earnest, and won't "scare worth a cent," if you were to send her fifty anonymous letters. Just do quickly the right thing, Romeo, before it is too late. You may have the whole pack yelping after you, if one brave gal leads the way. By the by, we have Julia's photo, and we see no good reason why it should not hang, side by side, on our subscribers' walls, with those of "Men Whom We Know." A bit of advice to you, Romeo, gratis: When you get clear of your present scrape, don't have such a hankering after the "lower levels." As a miner, you should know that they have too much fire and water to be safe. A young man might take some risks, but then a family man, you know, ought to look out sharper. One should not pay too dearly for his bonanza.

One of the most promising Salt Lake murderers has just been sentenced to death. The accommodating Judge begged him to say how he would like to be obliterated, as is the usual custom in that section of the country, where they will oblige a man with a whisky cocktail or sixteen wives just for the asking. "Wilkinson," said the Judge, "you've got to die. Now, how would you like to light out? I have a good assortment of ropes, and some excellent rifles, or I can accommodate you with strychnine, and the local chloroform is an excellent article. If you prefer being asphyxiated with charcoal, Wilkinson, you have only to say the word; while, if you would sooner be let down into Salt Lake, fastened to a first-class anchor, Wilkinson, it shall be done." But Wilkinson had lots of grit, so he helped himself to a chew of the Judge's tobacco, and remarked very emphatically: "Jedge, I guess you're mos' too kyind. You bewilders me with the magnitude of your liberal offers, and puzzles me with the various and beautiful things as you offers. But as I object to pizen, have a horror of water and suffocation, and am not partial to a sore throat caused by a soapy rope, I elects to be shot, and you will add to your many favors by fixing the date of the shooting-match as far off as possible, so as to give the boys a chance to git ready and come and see the fun. Jedge, please order me roast chicken for dinner during the few moments I have to live, and give me another chew." His Honor was deeply affected, and fixed the festival for the 14th December.

The only drawback to the entire success of the silver reception was the scarcity of young men. The young man is a staple article, whose demand is largely in excess of the supply; also, the produce is of a most inferior quality, but he is an absolute necessity. It is a lamentable truth that, while smilax, according to Jenkins, a very popular article at receptions, champagne *frappe*, young women, diamonds, toilets, and bad grammar are as absurdly abundant as orphan asylums, office seekers and Chinese, the young man is as rare as a dividend-paying silver mine. It is true he is as difficult to raise as asparagus; that when he is raised, he is like that esculent, very little of him good for much. Also, there isn't enough raised. In such an emergency there is nothing for millionaires to do but import a choice assortment of manikins for the party season. While the belles of society are disporting in their wiry arms, which take all the harm out of the Dance of Death, the Lucullus of the evening may stand around in corners, brooding on the solemn thought that the terrible time has come when a millionaire cannot buy a young man.

Now that the Workingmen's parade is a success, we deem it just to the *T. C.* to state that he is entitled to the credit of originating and carrying out the entire movement. It was from this active brain that emanated the idea of getting rid of the Chinamen and organizing the defenders of white labor. Of course, Kearney and those other fellows will say this is not true, but we assure the public that we did the entire thing, and would like a little of the credit. The boys in the Eighth ward gave Bates twenty-five dollars last Monday, but up to date nobody has sent the *T. C.* even a pound of sugar to encourage him in his holy crusade. It is, however, never too late to mend, and persons desirous of subscribing to a testimonial can hear of something to their advantage by enclosing two-and-a-half to the *Town Crier*, care of this office. We would prefer their sending greenbacks to silver or gold, and putting "Personal" on the envelope, because the proprietor of this paper might notice the half-dollars or hear them rattle, and—well perhaps it is better policy not to say what he might do, as situations are scarce and his appreciation of humor is confined to remarks about other persons.

The Rev. Mr. McKalloch is eminently desirous of knowing whether the "Indurated stoicism of the Chinese character will ever be melted by the warm breath of the gospel." We candidly fear not. When a Chinaman gets indurated stoicism he has it bad. It seems to get all through him thoroughly. In fact, every Chinaman we have ever seen with indurated stoicism would have been no more affected by a warm breath of the gospel than a retiring Supervisor by a newspaper article. It will, perhaps, be as well to keep on devoting the warm breath of the gospel solely to revivifying the shootless emotions of old women, and to scaring young children into fits. John will scramble along very well with his indurated stoicism and his old brass joss. Mr. McKalloch, meantime, may take for a new lecture subject, "What shall we do with our Irish?" How would the warm breath work on them?

Mr. Zeehandelaar does not meet with the unqualified indorsement of the workingmen. The polite aversion which they entertain, and which they make known to him with an assiduity which calls into play all the surplus energy of the unemployed, is easily accounted for. He persistently finds something for them to do. As an offset to such business, they persistently don't do it. It is always more agreeable to praise a man than to abuse him. The workingmen should never allow themselves to forget that Mr. Zeehandelaar is a most invaluable citizen, in that he is possessed of a name which permits to alphabetical lists a completion and finish not always easy to make. A man whose name begins with an X or Z is entitled to greater consideration from his fellows than the father of triplets, the inventor of the bell punch, or the compiler of the *Morning Call* circulation list.

The annual examination and award of premiums having taken place on board the *Jamestown*, it is now in order for the good boy who has not been in training to put on his thinking cap. A pretty bad boy may ultimately attain to the possession of a silver watch, presented by a Supervisor, out of what fund is not known. A bad boy may get a medal. A very bad boy may fall upon the singular good fortune of getting a sextant. It is true he doesn't know what to do with it when he gets it, and it is hardly available for the pocket collection, but it enables him to look down with haughty superciliousness upon the unhappy wretch of a good boy, who, never, by any chance, earns anything better than a pound of taffy or a prize chromo. In short, it pays any one but a newspaper man to be very bad indeed.

Mr. Bee—what keen irony bestowed this patronymic?—was engaged by the Six Companies to furnish turkeys for the Thanksgiving delectation of the Mongolian State prisoners. As a well-regulated Chinaman does not look upon the turkey as half so edible an animal as the rat, the circumstance is only interesting in that this little commission will account for several days, at least, for the prolonged existence of this champion idler. It also suggests that, perhaps, the workingmen's prejudice against the Chinese is not such a bad thing after all, since the prompt expulsion of the Chinese would undoubtedly be followed by the prompt extinction of Mr. Bee.

The best patronized faro bank on Kearny street.—It has all the modern conveniences. It is right over a pawn shop.

The Smith Family are in a Flurry. Seventy-six of them have written to inquire, and a baker's dozen have called to ask if they were meant. In short, every Smith boldly "wants to know," except the right one, who knows, but doesn't want to. Who is the Smith, and what are his initials, who has told the most lies, deceived, married, buried or abandoned the most women, owns the most unprovided-for children at both sides of the continent, has written the most publicly exposed and silly love letters, has been the most often fooled, and, withal, has made a stir in the world—yes, a stir that smells—who is he? Who is he that has twice abandoned his legitimate offspring? Stand up, you member of the Smith family and answer. Who, we ask is he? Echo answers, nobody. Then Echo lies, as you well know you—well—you Smith.

The busted Collateral Bank is very anxious that all persons who have pledged their valuables there should at once call and redeem them, by paying principal and interest. Here we fancy that we have that bank where the wool is short, so to speak. If they imagine that we propose to redeem that oroide gold chain and pinchbeck watch, on which they guilelessly lent us $30, they are mistaken. We bought the whole turnout for $8 50, and our only regret at the bank busting is, that we are thereby prevented from wringing in some elegant imitation pearls on them, by which we had fondly hoped to raise about three times their original cost.

Mr. Bonnet was arrested some mornings since upon the charge of threatening to kill his wife. The case was dismissed upon the prisoner's promise that he would behave in a more husbandlike manner in the future. It is possible that Mr. B. did not stop to think that in consonance with the popular custom of husbands this will involve his quietly exterminating Mrs. B. without the preface of a threat.

A gentleman, whose head seems to be forcing its way up through his hair, called yesterday to ask us to point the finger of public scorn at a man named J. J. Arnold, who sells a preparation "warranted to make the hair come out." Our visitor bought a bottle and applied it to his hair. It came out—all of it.

May the curses of the fatherless, and the revilings of the widow—as Tom Keene says to the heavy villain—rest upon the person who calls on a newspaper man before ten o'clock A. M., especially when the latter has been writing editorials—playing draw poker, or something—until 4 P. M. the same morning.

Who is David K. Pollock of Belmont?—His signature is at the foot of some verses printed in last Wednesday's *Alta*, but which originated with *Public Opinion*, and appeared in the *News Letter* three weeks ago. Unless the *Alta* has attached Mr. Pollock's name to the verses by mistake, he is a literary thief.

Some one suggests that the crying want of San Francisco is an Aquarium. There are enough sardines and codfish floating round Kearney street to start half a dozen first-class ones.

It is a base fabrication to say that Dr. Hammond always preaches dry sermons. A few Sundays ago he got caught in the rain after starting for church, and his manuscript got soaked through.

The son of toil, who volunteered to throw vitriol upon Governor Stanford, is what our weekly contemporaries would call a "biting saturist."

Mrs. Secretary Evarts has nine daughters, all living. She will give some fine entertainments in Washington this Winter. She needs to.

The proprietor of the Mason Dorée differs from Polonius, inasmuch as he indulges in most strong hams and a plentiful lack of fresh butter.

Lizzie Wise (a balloonatic) has just made her fiftieth ascension. But the balloon is getting gradually out of repair, and—there are hopes.

Mademoiselle Bridget McGinn, of San Francisco, is registered at Paris. What a cosmopolitan community we are to be sure.

When you are sending your lover a lock of hair, don't "switch" him off with a tress from your "braid."

The Baldwin is one of those inns that have latterly been out.

A CORNER IN KISSES.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite,
To a pretty little tune,
Holding up her dainty mouth,
Sweet as roses horn in June.
Will was ten years old that day,
And he pulled her golden curls
Teasingly, and answer made—
"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass, and Marguerite
Smiles as Will kneels at her feet,
Gazing fondly in her eyes,
Praying, 'Won't you kiss me, sweet?'
'Rite is seventeen to-day;
With the birthday ring she toys
For a moment, then replies—
"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

HIGHLY INTERESTING AND SCIENTIFIC.

Dr. Eugene Dupuy, lately of Paris, but now at present a resident of our city, is delivering, by iuvitation of the Medical Society, a most interesting course of lectures at Dashaway Hall. The first of the series was giveu on Tuesday evening, to a large audience, composed mainly of members of the medical profession, and students, who, one and all, speak in the highest terms of the undoubted ability of the lecturer, and claim him as a valuable additiou to the faculty of San Francisco. The subject of the lecture was "*Epilepsy and Paralysis.*" Dr. R. Beverly Cole presided, and in iutroducing the lecturer, stated that Dr. Dupuy had come to this city recommended by the leading physicicians of Paris, London, and the Medical Department of Harvard University, and by the medical men of New York and Philadelphia. On his arrival here he was invited to deliver a course of lectures by the San Francisco County Medical Society, which invitation he had kindly accepted. He stated that the course of lectures would be on pathology and treatment of epilepsy and paralysis, illustrated with experiments and vivisections. Dr. Dupuy was greeted with applause. After a few preliminary remarks, he said that Marshal Hall's discovery of reflex action showed that epilepsy was nothing more than a hightened action of the cerebro-spinal system. Brown-Sequard, by operations on the nerves of animals, produced the diseases in these animals. Dr. Brown-Sequard traces the disease to an exalted state of the reflex faculty of the spinal cord, and to the base of the brain. There is increased vascularity and stoppage of effete materials in parts of the body. Chief among the effete materials is carbonic acid gas, which irritates most the nervous system, so that the nervous system, cerebro-spinal, is not only exhausted by the presence of carbonic acid gas which remains in the tissues, but as the disease progresses it ascends higher and higher, for the teudency of the disease of the spinal cord is to ascend. Epilepsy is also developed hy irritation of the system from drugs, as sulphate of quinine, and by absinthe and vermouth, taken for long periods.

DIRECT ANSWERS.

Sherman is replying promptly, and somewhat smartly, to numerous Senatorial inquiries. He has just submitted a statement of the amount of coin and bullion in the Treasury on October 31st. The gold coin amounted to $101,486,964; the gold and silver bullion, silver coin, etc., amounted to about $34,000,000 additional, or a total of $135,565,580. The net amount of available gold coin, bars and bullion (estimated) was $57,436,071. In reply to still another resolution, calling for copies of the contracts made with the Syndicate for the funding of the four per cent. bouds, the Secretary gives the history of the transaction, and does not omit to mention the check which the funding received from the public's "fears of the effect of the proposed legislation by Congress remonetizing silver," by which 90 cents worth of silver is intended to liquidate 100 cents worth of indebtedness. In reply to Conkling's sensitive inquiries, as to the reasons for changes in the New York Custom House, he says that a reform of certain abuses had become necessary, and as such reform did not meet the views of the Collector and other officers, the only way to have them certainly carried out appeared to be to put in new officers, in sympathy with these reforms. That was about as good a reason as need be given.

THE FUTURE OF POLITICS.

The future of politics in the United States is a study which thoughtful minds are just now engaged upon. It looks as if old party lines are soon to pass away. Disintegration is going on. The question is as to what is to come next. Lately, a caucus of Republican Senators sent a deputation to interview the President, and obtained from him a suggestive expression of opinions. Senator Edmunds, on the occasion, proceeded to tell the President that the Republican party of the Senate had met in caucus and deliberated upon better means to place the President and his party more in accord than it had been. The President said afterward that it reminded him of the story told him of a rough old farmer on the Maumee, who, being earnestly urged by a revivalist to make his peace with his Savior, responded, in some amazement: "Why, I didn't know we'd been quarrelin'." Mr. Hayes expresssed himself to the visiting Senators with great confidence on the subject of his civil service and Southern policies. Of the former, he said it was his belief that it would stimulate, vitalize, energize and unite the Republican party. He did not expect it to bear its full fruits at once, but be believed that in 1880 it would insure the success of the Republican party, or at least of anti-Democratic organization in several of the Southern States, which would be in alliance with the Republican party of the North. Among the States in which he thinks be already discovers signs of the disintegration of the Democratic party are North Carolina, Florida, Tennessee and Alabama. Some signs of the breaking up of parties have appeared in Mississippi. Is the wish father to the thought in these cases? If there is really to be a new party, and a successful one, it is certain that there will be a great rush to get into it. But the evidences of its success are not yet apparent.

COIN'S DOINGS.

Time was when a seat in the United States Senate was the highest position in the land, next to that of the Presidential office. Recent events, however, are calculated to sadly detract from the honor of that position. That a seat in the Senate has often, since the war, been purchased for coin is what everybody believes, but we venture to think few persons were prepared for such evidence of shameless and wholesale corruption as that which has just come to light in South Carolina. Smalls, a member of the Legislature, has been convicted of accepting a bribe, and sent to States Prison. About twenty other members testified that they were bribed personally by Patterson or his agent, Worthington, receiving amounts ranging from $106 to $2,500. About twenty more testified that offers of bribes were made to them and refused. Elliott (colored), ex-member of Congress, who was Patterson's most formidable opponent, was offered $15,000 to withdraw from the contest, which he refused. The offer was made by J. B. Dennis, in the name of Pattersou, to Major Martin. R. Delaney (colored) was present and corroborated Elliott's statement. Governor Moses afterward appointed J. B. Dennis a Jury Commissioner to draw juries for the protection of Patterson when he was indicted in 1873 for procuring his election by bribery, and the arraignment was successfully completed. Every witness testified that it was generally known among members that Patterson was purchasing his election. The evidence shows that votes were bought while the election was in progress. Maxwell (colored), Senator, was paid to change his vote to Patterson, which gave him a majority of the Senate, and avoided the necessity of a joint assembly the next day. Yet the Senator, who thus purchased his seat, at present virtually controls the United States Senate by his single vote.

New Substitute for Mill-stones.—Instead of the time-honored mill-stones chilled iron rolls are beginning to be used in this country for the purpose of reducing wheat and other kinds of grain. Messrs. Guest & Silvester, of West Bromwich, have made several pairs for this kind of work, and are entirely confident that the rolls will endure longer and perform the work far better than anything else.

ALWAYS IN ORDER.

Investigations into the management of mining companies may be truly said to be always in order. Too much light, in the interest of the public, cannot possibly be thrown upon the ways of mining managers, which, it must be confessed, are often ways that are dark. There is much difficulty in making such investigations thoroughly effective. Stockholders may be convinced that things are wrong, that they are being excessively assessed, and that there is little or nothing to show for their money; but unless they are experts in the art of conducting a mine investigation, they are likely to fail in bringing the crookedness to light. For this reason we are glad to observe that men who know how it is themselves have undertaken the business. What they don't know about the thing is not worth learning. We hope they really mean it. Of course we are referring to the meeting of Justice stockholders called for to-day. The call is signed by E. J. Baldwin, Archie Borland and John T. Hill, who are well known as magnates in the mining stock business. The object of the meeting is stated to be an examination into the conduct of affairs by the present management, and embraces particularly the charges that the mine is being run in the interest of the managers, and that the management have sold to the Alta Mining Company, for the sum of one dollar, all the right, title and interest of the Justice mine to its ledge that may be found within certain lines claimed by the Alta, but to which the Justice is said to have had the best title. There are loud rumors of a bribe of $50,000 in this connection. The enormous assessments levied during the past year, in the face of a large bullion product, certainly call for a rigorous investigation.

PIOUS SAVAGES.

The Converted Indians up in Ottowa, have recently shown their appreciation of the Pope by sending him a canoe thirty feet long, and a large calumet, or pipe of peace. It was thoughtful of the "Indiani Ottawenses" to send their spiritual father these beautiful gifts, but "Lo" is trecherous, and we cannot help thinking that they may have put up a job on the Pope, and hoped he would get capsized while paddling his own canoe, or that the new pipe would make him sick. We may be doing the Indians an injustice, but it looks very much as if they were fond of joking when they included a lot of murderous clubs among their presents and attached a card to them bearing the inscription, "Lord save us or we perish." One Indian chief, named Nadowekessa, sent the Holy Father a lot of scalping knives, with full directions how to use them. His idea is that instead of shaving the monks the hair could be lifted more accurately by his native process, and would never require any more attention from the barber. As his plan has the merit of throwing in a little self-denial and causing some meritorious suffering to the members of the religious orders, it will doubtless be adopted, and we suggest to the authorities at Rome that it would be only fair to appoint Mr. Nadowekessa as "Scalper in Ordinary to his Holiness," with a good fat salary and house rent free."

A collection of $5 85 was taken up at the Workingmen's meeting the other night to assist in defraying the expenses of the parade. It will thus be seen that capital is slowly and insidiously becoming a weapon in the hand of the workingman, and the nobs will find themselves beaten at their own game. The munificence of this contribution would have been considerably augmented by the fifteen cents necessary to make it a good round number, but it was not considered wise to draw too heavily at one time. In view of the unparalleled splendor of the preparations, would it not have been well for the retiring Supervisors to make one last paying job and rent out the sidewalks to spectators at so much per head or foot? A spectacle in which $5 85 is recklessly invested, should not be passed over with contemptuous indifference.

The Denver girl whose lover shot himself rather than marry her as per agreement, said the felo de se-ved her.

TRADE FRAUDS.

Are they not trade frauds within the meaning of the law, and therefore punishable? We are referring to the fraudulent practice of imitating trade labels, and palming them off as original. I. Morris, on Sacramento street, imitates the "Vanity Fair" labels covering packages of cigarettes in every particular, save a difference in the signature, which would surely escape observation. He admits that he could not sell his cigarettes, until he conceived the successful idea of imitating the well-known and popular brand of others. He perfumed his cigarettes, and had them done up in fancy boxes, but all to no purpose. As they were made of inferior tobacco, they would not sell until the public were deceived by their make up. The imitation is so good that the public are necessarily deceived. The Vanity Fair brand has an enormous sale. Another firm, called J. Bollman & Co., also imitate the Vanity Fair labels. We should like to see these cases taken into court and tested. There are, we are sorry to say, too many such wrongs being perpetrated. The originator of a good article is defranded of a trade that he merits, whilst the public is cheated into buying an inferior article. The Vanity Fair cigarettes are made in the East, and Messrs. L. & E. Wirtheimer, of this city, are the agents.

THE CHEEK OF THE FELLOW.

Mr. Joe Nouges—it may be well to premise that there really is such a person—has assumed a place as defender of the riparian rights of the dwellers along the line of the Blue Lake outlets. With the characteristic modesty which appertains to the briefless attorney, he appointed himself to the arduous position. This was exceedingly thoughtful on his part, as it certainly would never have occurred to any one else to have appointed him. Fortunately the gentleman, if he will permit the irony, has more experience with riparian rights than anybody else, having endeavored with a worthy persistancy to foist Feather River and Puta Creek upon the city, together with all the riparian rights pertaining thereto. If Mr. Nouges will now consent to present the Academy of Sciences with a sample section of his cheek, he may be considered to have made himself sufficiently obnoxious for the present. The gas business will be reserved for his future and more appropriate consideration.

A NASTY DISH.

Mr. Benjamin S. Sutton made a great mistake, this week, by putting fifteen buckshot into the body of a school-teacher, named Brackett, who had seduced his child, a maiden about sixteen years of age. Filling a man up with bullets is not the proper way to treat individuals who blast the happiness of a family in this way. The proper mode of treatment is to skin the animal alive and rub salt in to keep him fresh. Then gently gouge out the eyes, and pull all the teeth out separately. The tongue should next be delicately removed, care being taken to get all the roots ont with it, after which break the legs, skewer, spit, and roast slowly over a wood fire. If these culinary operations are strictly carried out, the animal is bound to be served right, but it's a nasty dish at the best.

Yesterday afternoon, Mr. Friedlander sent a letter of reply to the Mayor, stating that on account of sickness he had not been able to discharge the duties assigned to him as Water Rate Commissioner, but he was joined by Mr. Williams in saying that the work before them would be accomplished next month. It is understood that Mayor Bryant and his colleagues will, during next week, complete all the necessary arrangements with the Blue Lakes Company, preliminary to the matter being finally reported to the Board of Supervisors.

Spurgeon says there will be very many more women in Heaven than men. There is some consolation, therefore, even for the damned.

A LEADER OF FASHION.

A propos of Worth, Ella, we took a letter to him the other day, and were cordially received. He has a large establishment in the Rue de la Paix, where 400 young women stitch, stitch, stitch, not at all in poverty, hunger, and rags. His employés number 1,200 in all, and during the Commune, Ella, when nobody ordered dresses, or anything else, Worth provided for seventy of his employés, though he, too, suffered for want of decent food. Wasn't it good of him? And isn't it queer that this leader of fashion should come from the country that is accused of having no taste? Worth is English, Ella, born fifty-two years ago in Lincolnshire. Once upon a time he was a clerk in Marshall & Snelgrove's, and at twenty-five years of age, set out for Paris, with a few pounds in his pocket. Brains were his only capital. That the man is a genius in his profession is as evident as the multiplication table. He inherited his ability from his mother, who possessed exquisite taste. You must not judge Worth by all the dresses made by him, as I used to do. If a woman insists upon having a fussy, furbelowed costume, Worth is obliged to make it, however disgusted he may be. "My life is anything but a bed of roses," he said, the other day. "What I have to endure from some women is simply incredible, when it is remembered that they call themselves 'ladies.' One person sailed in lately, and gave an order, saying, 'I don't like your taste at all, Mr. Worth; I want so-and-so.' 'Madame,' I replied, 'you can have what you want, but I am quite sure that if I had *your* taste I shouldn't have any customers.' She didn't mind the sarcasm. She didn't understand it. What do women come to me for, if they don't like my style? That's what they pay for. Why don't they make their own dresses, if they know so much about it? Another lady said recently, 'You make my cousin's dresses, and I don't approve of them, Mr. Worth. "Neither do I, madame,' I answered; 'if your cousin likes colors mixed up, *I* cant help it. If you have a more cultivated eye than your cousin, I congratulate you?'" Yes, Ella, that's the way Worth talks to people. It doesn't make the least difference who they are. He says exactly what he thinks, consequently he is very original, and very amusing. What would be extraordinary in anyone else seems to be perfectly natural in him. A grand dame once went up to Worth to show him the new costume she wore for the first time. Glancing at her, Worth exclaimed, "Your dress is spoiled by your gloves. Take them off." And off they came.

Worth is a tallish man, with a big, clever head, and very prominent forehead. His brown eyes are singularly shrewd in expression, and their seizure of detail is surprising—that is, for a man. As a rule, men have no more eye for detail than owls have for the sun. Worth takes you in at a glance, and knows what your style ought to be, which is such a comfort. When I go to a dressmaker, I don't care to "work my passage," as Bob would say. I want to order a harmony in one or two colors, and to encounter brains equal to the occasion. Worth's taste, when allowed full play, is irreproachable. "I prefer simplicity to everything else," he says, "but there are women who don't believe in the value of a dress unless it is loaded with trimming. They drive me mad, for they won't take advice. Now, what is becoming to one person is hideous when worn by another. I study to make the best out of the subject given me, as, unfortunately, we can't have people made to order, can we? If I had my way all women should be slight, graceful, and pretty. Then dressing them would be an artistic pleasure. A dress should never overpower the wearer. It should merely be an appropriate frame for a charming picture, bringing out the beauties of the picture, but never distracting attention from it. So few women understand this. Why, when I find I can make a costume for less money than has been agreed upon, I actually annoy clients by telling them so. They think that it cannot be as handsome as it ought to be, and they would rather have more material added, however much the design may be marred, than pay less. I assure you, this is a fact. Consequently, when I meet ladies who know that dressing is an art, I take very great satisfaction in having them as patrons. It isn't every woman who knows how to wear a dress. When I have done *my* best, I try to make my client do *her* best, by seeing her walk and sit down. To walk with style is rare enough, but when it comes to being able to sit down in a dress properly—well, there are not many equal to

that, I can tell you. Then, women think they ought to have a number of dresses, however hideous, than wear one dress, however becoming. There never was a greater mistake. If your frame is appropriate, stick to it. Don't be getting out of it, and trying experiments. I have just made a dress for Madame Nilsson, in which she looks better than I ever saw her before, and I have begged her to wear that dress constantly in Russia, if she wants to produce a most charming effect. As she is sensible, I think she will take my advice, which, you perceive, is against my interest, but, good gracious me, money is not my only object. Art is intended to beautify nature, not to deform it."

You'd appreciate how fine an artist Worth is, Ella, by going to his villa at Suresne. It is one of the marvels of Parisian suburbs. I never saw such harmony of *ensemble;* every bit fitting into every other bit as though it were a mosaic. Worth has been his own architect, gardener, designer, upholsterer. There's not a carpet nor a curtain that he did not invent. Stuffs and chairs have been made for him, and for him only. The hangings in his library are works of art in the way of embroidery. The rare old China, which is Worth's particular frenzy, and with which many of the walls are inlaid, would drive Mr. Gladstone mad with delight. The eye is perpetually gratified, and when you step into the garden, the view of Paris, the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, and the country for miles round, is a dream of beauty.

This villa lies directly beneath Mont Valerien, the finest site in the neighborhood of Paris. Then there are ruins in the garden, made out of stones; pillars and statuary, brought from the Tuileries, and bought by Worth after the Commune had done its worst. Seated on a lovely terrace made out of Imperial wreck, listening to an Æolian harp, gazing at the city of splendor at my feet, and breathing air steeped in glorious sunshine, I passed one of the most charming afternoons of my life. Worth, in a quaint, flowing gown, and skull cap, that made him look tremendously like Hogarth, entertained the Duchesse de —— and ourselves with stories of the Commune, and when Bob and I left, we came to the conclusion that one of the cleverest men England had produced in this century is Worth, the Dressmaker.

Worth makes the woman; the want of him, the dowdy!—*Truth.*

OPENINGS FOR NEW ENTERPRISES.

We believe there are two branches of manufacture which if opened in this city would pay splendid profits. One of these the lamented, big-hearted and enterprising Ralston was much interested in, and would undoubtedly have inangurated had he lived, namely, the construction of a large cotton mill. This would open up an avenue of labor to hundreds of honest people, and would stimulate the growth of cotton in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico. The neighboring State of Sinaloa, Mexico, has some splendid cotton lands, and from this source a good supply could be procured. The Marquesas and the Society Island groups, with which we have intimate commercial relations, grow a quality of cotton not inferior to the famous Sea Island cotton of the Southern States. The quantity now grown on the Pacific islands could be immensely increased if San Francisco had a factory for the manufacture of cotton goods. The sources from whence a plentiful supply of the raw material could be procured are never failing.

Another necessary enterprise is the construction of a factory for the manufacture of cocoanut oil. Cocoanuts in the greatest abundance can be shipped from the islands already mentioned, from the Samoan group and elsewhere. Mexico could also supply great quantities, and the oil nut of that country would likewise find a market. Certainly, capital in the hands of enterprising men could be profitably invested in these practical speculations. And what an immense benefit to the welfare and prosperity of San Francisco such enterprises would be. Not to say anything of the profits, what honor would not the inauguration of such works reflect upon the public-spirited capitalists who gave them life. They would live gratefully in the hearts of the people, for they would be public benefactors.

The Indian ponies of the plains are dying of the epi-Sioux-tic.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

"**To anybody,**" says M. Ahout, "who knows a little about centralization,—that formidable machine with its driving straps and hands, its sharp thickly-set angry teeth and cogs,—the French people will seem like a workman caught hy his blouse, whirled up, shaken, dashed round to every corner of the huilding, and saved hy miracle after one eternal minute of agony. He finds himself standing upright on his feet, intact in every limb, and as sound as ever he was. The accident which ninety times out of a hundred would have killed him or at least torn and crushed him, has only taken, God knows why, a small piece out of his breeches. That is what we are to-day." Meanwhile Europe has heen looking on the spectacle with an interest only less intense than that with which it followed the events of the terrible autumn of seven years ago. There is something curious in the ahsolute unanimity with which Englishmen of all parties and newspapers of all shades, save the Catholic, regard the result of the French elections and the proceedings of the defeated party since the 16th of May. The ordinary English conservative is as iudignant as the Liheral against the policy of official terrorism, reckless displacement of functionaries, press prosecutions, and nefarious moral coercion. The disinterested judgment of England only goes with the judgment of countries so keenly interested as Germany and Italy. We can perceive that the policy of the Marshal and his cahiuet means disorder, oppression, misgovernment, and instahility for France. The neighbors of France on east and southeast helieve that this policy for them means the cherishing of their domestic enemies, and the certainty sooner or later of violent diplomatic disturhanoe ending in war. But it is the peculiarity of the true French reactionist that he is uuteachable. People used to say the same of his adversaries, hut that story will be told no longer. The gravity, moderation, and firmness of the Repuhlicans, hoth leaders and rank and file, have heen the despair of their enemies and the admiration of Europe. Among the candidates recommended hy the Marshal there were people of every color and every opinion, except Repuhlicans; there were Royalists, Bonapartists, Orleanists, pseudo-constitutionalists, hut they were all clericals, and that is the only common hond among them. *Ve victis* is a had cry in ordinary politics, and it is to the credit of the Left that they have hitherto resisted the temptation to preach a policy of retaliation.

The light of a great success has at length shone upon the Russian arms, though not in the scenes where our interest has of late heen most keenly on the watch. Armenia had almost heen forgotten, and expectation of great events in that quarter had grown very slack. Our respectahle contempory, the *Edinburgh Review*, for instance, in a new article, assured us that what makes the Turk such a dangerous antagonist is that "it never occurs to him to surrender," and again that "as the season for campaigning in their elevated regions is already over, we may pronounce the invasion of Asiatic Turkey to be a failure for this year at least." On the very day when this sage oracle was given, news came that the Turkish army under Mukhter had been cut in two (Oct. 15th) hy a most skillful and determined movement; an immense number of prisoners gave themselves up, along with guns and ammunition; one of the two wings was completely crushed; and the Turkish commander, with so many as could he saved of the other wing, retreated on Kars. What the more or the less of this victory may prove to he, we cannot yet measure. Its ultimate value depends on the extent to which the generals who won it are ahle to follow it up, hut its present importance is its demonstration of what was heginning to seem douhtful, namely, that the Russians are not wholly incapahle of a far-sighted, deliherate, and scientific military comhination. Of this decisive quality the Bulgarian campaign had given no evidence, though perhaps now that generals who are not courtiers but soldiers, like Todlehen, Skoheleff, and Miriatinski, have heen placed in posts of real command, success in Bulgaria may follow success in Armenia.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Irish repartee is proverhial. Recently, an Irish professional man addressed an artisan rather hrusquely, who was waiting in his hall, "Hallo, you fellow, do you want me?" The answer was neat: "No, yer honner, I am waiting for a gentleman!"—*Truth.*

ARIZONA MINES.

Three days ago Col. Wm. G. Boyle arrived here with a large party of gentlemen of financial standing in several of the leading Eastern cities, on their way to Arizona, to inspect a series of mines in the Aztec district. They had made their arrangements to spend a few days in our city, visiting our orange groves and vineyards, and will start on the train tomorrow for Yuma. The party consists of Col. Wm. G. Boyle, of Arizona; Dr. R. H. Allen, of Indianapolis; John K. Wallace, of Philadelphia; F. H. Steel, of Oil City, Pa.; Alex. Whildin, of Philadelphia; Col. Chas. W. Tozer, San Francisco; E. Conklin, of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated News;* Col. R. J. Hinton and John R. Graham, San Francisco. The particular mines which these gentlemen are on their way to examine are the Aztec, the Inca, the Iturbide and the Almoner. They are not new mines. The vein was worked 100 years ago by the Jesuits with great success. The Apaches, however, have up to a very recent period held possession of the territory, excepting during a short interval about twenty years ago, when the mines were re-opened and paid handsomely. Such authorities in mines as Professor Pumelly, J. Ross Browne, and Professors Ehrenberg, Hopkins, Wrightson and Grosvenor have, at different times, examined this vein, and reported very favorably upon it. Professor Wm. T. Rickard, F. C. S., is now there in charge of the metallurgical department of the Company, who purpose to put up mills and smelting works immediately. The Company have one of the best water power easements on the coast, near the mines, on the Sonoita river, and turbine wheels are now on their way there to be put up to utilize the water power to run their mills. The party will proceed from Yuma to Tucson, and thence to the mines in their own conveyances, Col. Boyle having sent forward by yesterday's train eight fine Kentucky mules and four large traveling wagons. We look upon this as the most important party from abroad which has yet taken an interest in the development of mining property in Arizona. They represent a large amount of capital, and will report for parties who are able and willing to make very extensive investments in the mines of that Territory, if the facts come up to their expectations. A variety of circumstances are in progress which induce us to believe that we are on the eve of witnessing a great mining revival in Arizona. Eastern capitalists are beginning to take a lively interest in the mines of that Territory, and the splendid developments made recently at various points in Arizona, have attracted an attention to its metal resources which must necessarily, in our opinion, result in testing thoroughly the capacity of the leads already opened. If we should greatly discount our present anticipations, and realize but a very small proportion of the hopes we now have in reference to that Territory, it would still become a very prosperous mining country. We are aware that the men who pioneer the way to new settlements are always sanguine, but we have had proofs in reference to the rich mineral character of Arizona which we cannot brush aside. When the mines of that territory are properly developed by capital and energy, we feel assured that a new El Dorado will be opened which will eclipse Nevada.—*Los Angeles Evening Express.*

Quick Passages to Quebec.—The past Summer has witnessed some remarkably quick passages by the Atlantic steamers. The *Sarmatian*, which sailed from Londonderry at 6:50 P.M. on September 14th, embarking the mails which left London at eight o'clock the previous evening, arrived at Quebec at five A.M. on the 22d, and the Montreal merchants had their letters upon the same morning at 9 A.M., the mails being landed from the *Sarmatian* at Rimouski, and forwarded on by the recently opened Inter-colonial Railway.

New Use of Carrier Pigeons.—The Aberdeen food-preserving firm of Moir & Son have a number of carrier pigeons pretty regularly employed for the purpose of bringing early intelligence of the results of the herring fishery, and the experiment has been very successful. Among the advantages of this novel intelligence system are that, when the curers are apprised of the quantity of herrings they may expect, they can make preparations for expediting the delivery and curing of the fish.

WHAT OF THAT?

Tired? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered hy the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day,
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that?
Some must be lonely! 'Tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own.
Work may be done in lonelinesss. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die;
It must be learned! Learn it then patiently.

No help! Nay, 'tis not so!
Though human help be far, thy God is nigh,
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry,
He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam;
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

—*Phrenological Journal.*

HAIL TO THE CHIEF!

We are glad to observe that Chief of Police Kilpatrick has heen installed into office with fitting honors. In response to an invitation issued by members of the Caledonia Club and a Committee of the Police force, there was a numerous gathering at Centennial Hall, Hayes street, last night, to witness the presentation of a handsome gold badge and police whistle to the new Chief, Mr. Kirkpatrick. Among those present were Judge Louderback, ex-Chiefs Burke, Cockrill and Ellis; Captain Lees, Counselor Clarke, Tax-Collector Mitchell, John Curran, Superintendent of the Fire Alarm Telegraph, and a large numher of the Police force. D. W. White, of the Caledonian Club, acted as Master of Ceremonies. The presentation speech was made by Judge L. E. Pratt. He said that the Chief took charge at a time when there was a civil, social and political convulsion, under circumstances most unfavorahle, hut he knew that he would fill the office creditably. Mr. Kilpatrick, in reply, said that he appreciated the responsibility of his position and would endeavor to fill the office worthily. He promised to follow the dictates of his own conscience in the disposition of the force. He had considered no changes as yet, and would wait to see whether any would be desirable.

Counselor Clarke announced that he had been requested hy the force to present the outgoing Chief with a testimonial of their esteem, and called on the new Chief to make the presentation speech. The present proved to be a handsome gold watch and chain. Chief Ellis made a brief response. He said that two years ago he had pledged his word to wage war on hoodlums, and he thought he had kept it. The force should be 500 strong; the present small force did three times as much as any other police force in the Union. It was a common idea that long service as a police officer hardened his finer feelings, hut his experience of twenty-five years proved otherwise. Judge Louderback was called on. He said that he thought the police force of this city was the hest in the world, and that they would do everything in their power to make the coming administration a success. The popping of champagne corks ensued, and toasts were drunk to the old and new Chiefs.

A Philadelphia girl has one eye that is light blue and one that is deep black.

CALIFORNIA'S VARIED INDUSTRIES.

No other State in the Union derives its wealth from such a variety of pursuits as does California. Agriculture, manufactures, vineculture, live stock raising, horticulture, the fisheries, lumbering, wool growing and dairying, have been added to miuing, and when the annual product of these divers industries is taken into consideration, it is not an easy matter to account for the depression which has existed since the failure of the Bank of California.

The manufacturing interests of San Francisco have made rapid strides of late, owing largely to the reduction in the price of coal, which has amounted to about forty per cent. in five years, and the decline in the rate of wages. The assessor's returns show that there are now 851 manufacturing establishments in this city, whose aggregate products amount to $62,338,000, and employing over 26,000 persons. The rate of increase has been about 25 per cent. per annum since 1870. The value of manufactures outside the city may be roughly estimated at $25,000,000.

The agricultural products for 1876 amounted at San Francisco prices to $66,558,000, of which wheat amounted to $36,491,245, hay to $14,325,000, barley to $7,537,680, and potatoes to $5,000,000. About half of the valuation was marketed by the farmers. The fruit crop yielded $4,500,000; the dairy, $3,500,000; the wiue and brandy product amounts to $4,500,000; the wool clip sold for $9,000,000; the lumber and shingles turned out at cost about $10,000,000.

The yearly sales of live stock, amounting to say 3,000,000 sheep, 500,000 hogs, 200,000 beef cattle, and 50,000 horses and mules, reach $16,000,000, and the hides, tallow and pelts form a not unimportant element in our commerce, and afford material for local manufactures. The fisheries, yet in their infaucy, give employment to a considerable number of persons, and yield an income of about $1,000,000 annually.

The mining industry has entered upon a new era of prosperity. The various hydraulic companies are expeuding large sums, and while the profits are not excessive, a fair return for the capital invested is being obtained. The certainty of fair returns and the improbability of rich strikes will tend to keep this branch of mining clear from the speculative influences so deleterious to legitimate industry, and as the field of operations is so large as to preclude the possibility of exhaustion in a century, we may look for increased prosperity in this line of business. The quartz mills in the State last year crushed 637,000 tons of ore, aud the drift mines yielded some $2,000,000. To this has to be added the quicksilver production, amounting to 75,000 flasks, worth $3,000,000, and the coal product, valued at $1,000,000, also the lead, antimony, marble, lime, etc., worth say $2,500,000 more. The aggregate yield of the mines may therefore be set down at $20,000,000.

Assuming that the sum of $35,000,000 was added to the value of manufactured products of the State, which is about the usual percentage in the large manufacturing centers, the total productive power of the State may be stated as $175,000,000 per annum, of which 37½ per cent. is derived from farming, 14 per cent. from live stock and wool growing, 17 per cent. from mining and 20 per cent. from manufactures.

PRELIMINARY READING.

Archbishop Usher, at twenty, began to read the Fathers, Greek and Latin, with the resolution to read them through. The task was achieved in nineteen years. Hammond, at Oxford, read thirteen hours a day. The Poet Milton's industrious and select reading, in preparation for his great work to which he dedicated a whole life, long choosing, and late beginning, are as well known as the thirty years spent by the historian Gibbon in preparing for and in composing his noble work, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Dr. Halley used to recommend reading on medical grounds. He said close study prolonged life by keeping a man out of harm's way. The longevity of students is noteworthy.

Brown says he has been so often deceived in the chicken he gets at his boarding-house that he now calls it the mocking-bird.

THE LUCCA FAIR.

On the eighth of September last, a magnificent Artistic, Industrial, and Agricultural Exhibition was inaugurated in the old Italian city of Lucca. It was held at the Palazzo Provinciale, which is a fine building, with a broad marble staircase of grand dimensions, leading to the suite of rooms containing the exhibits. At the end of this suite, one entered the largest hall, at the extremities of which were two great Fra Bartolommeos, almost the finest pictures in Lucca—a city world-renowned for its many valuable works of art by the best masters. There were there, also, two small "Holy Families," attributed to Raphael. The objects were arranged in the most artistic manner, to show off the beauty of each to the fullest extent. They were of all kinds, and dated from the eleventh to the sixteenth century. Among the thousand objects of interest was a medieval Mitre, entirely embroidered with small pictures; so exquisite was the work, and the stitches so minute, as to be almost invisible. Another wonderful piece of embroidery was a dress of the sixteenth century. The skirt of pale blue brocade, and a bodice of creamy white satin, almost wholly covered with raised embroidery in delicate pale blue and ivory color. One of the rooms was entirely devoted to the exhibition of lace. The walls were covered with lace of all countries, all times, and all kinds. Every sort of every size and design, from the richest point to the most elaborate linen cutwork. Beds with real lace curtains. The whole was like some marvelous room in a fairy palace, and enough to make a lover of old lace go quite mad with envy. In the room representative of the eighteenth century was an exhibit really unique. It consisted of four lay figures sitting round a card table. They were a lady and three gentlemen dressed in the most beautiful costumes of that time. The lady held a large fan, one gentleman a snuff-box, and another a slender gold-headed cane. The table was old, the cards and counters scattered about were of the same epoch. Everything was in perfect keeping, and the costumes were gorgeous. One gentleman had a long white satin waistcoat with ruffles of the most delicate lace, and a coat of dark velvet, embroidered in the most elaborate fashion. Excepting the National Exhibitions at Rome, Naples, and Florence, it is admitted that that lately at Lucca far surpassed, in quality and quantity of its varied contents, every previous provincial display in Italy. It is much to be regretted that such a wonderful collection could not be made permanent! But it is already closed, and these wonderful works of art, and remarkable antiquarian relics are again scattered abroad.

[We have extracted this notice from the full description of a young lady, who visited the Lucca Exhibition.—*Ed. News Letter.*]

A RHYTHMICAL SENSATION.

It is curious that a senseless little ditty should influence a grave Congressional debate upon an important financial subject. But such is the fact. Little things please little minds, as is illustrated by the reception given to Mr. Ewing's poetical quotation. He had a great deal to say against resumption, most of it that prolonged begging the question with which the public is now so familiar, and which consists in ascribing all the prevalent business depression to the preparation to resume, but nothing seems to have produced such a profound impression as the lines

"Alas! that bread should be so dear
And flesh and blood so cheap."

The deep "sensation" caused by this among the assembled financiers found vent in great applause, and it seemed to leave no doubt in many minds that we ought not to redeem in gold in January, 1879. If, however, the lines contain a business statement it is totally untrue. "Bread" was never, or at least never since 1860, cheaper than it is now, and "flesh and blood" bring as much in gold and more in silver than they have done any time within the present century. If, on the other hand, these sloppy verses were introduced into the debate as poetry simply, why should financial discussions not be aided by the kindred art of music? Why, for instance, should not some member support the remonetization of silver by playing "Auld Lang Syne" on his sainted father's old fiddle?

THERE'S A LAND THAT IS FARO AND SO FORTH.

[G. Douglas, of *The Capital*, D. C., sends us the following, dedicated (by permission) to our boys at Sacramento City, California:]

There's a land that is Faro than day,
And by night we can see it alone;
For the dealer sits over the way
And slips out the cards one by one.
On the ace, on the tray, put your chips where you may;
On the queen, on the king, your coppers may fling,
In that land that is Faro than day.

They play in that beautiful land,
Wines and cigars frescoing the scene;
The appointments and buffet are grand,
And the angels all gamble on the green.
In that sweet buy and buy they purchase their chips as they may;
Business man, senataire, cosmopolite and gambolaire,
In that land that is Faro than day.

And the marker he smiles a quiet smile
As he gazes on the festive throng;
"All ready?" and the dealer takes the pile,
And this is the burden of their song:
On the ace, on the tray, your chips you may play;
On the king, on the queen, but the bank will skoop them in,
For the land is much Faro than day.

—*G. Douglas.*

WHY THEY DON'T GO INTO THE COUNTRY.

It is said, with some force, that idle laborers should go into the country. Just now there is very little to do on the farms. Yet it is true that men ought to go into the country more than they do, and that they have a disinclination to go is illustrative of the fact that work on a farm is more or less repulsive to all men, from its severity and exposure to the weather. There is hardly anybody engaged in it who would not like to exchange it, if he could, for occupation needing less muscle, and capable of being pursued under cover, and with greater neatness and cleanliness, and with more company, and greater opportunities for amusement. The young farmer, therefore, generally longs to "clerk it" in the nearest town, and having "clerked it" awbile, and become used to clean hands, warm rooms, the theater, and the concert-room, he will submit to almost any privation rather than go back to the hoe and the plow and the windy field. Even the day-laborer is apt to prefer working even in city drains, with the prospect of a sociable evening and sociable Sundays, to lighter but more solitary and monotonous labor on the farm. In fact, a man who has even for a year led a city life in any calling is apt to be spoilt for agriculture, and will try all sorts of dodges rather than go back to it. On the other hand, the passage from the farm to the city is easy, and it is the dream of most farm youths to make it. They hear of the fortunes won in the cities by "poor boys" like themselves from their own neighborhood, and they are impressed by the well cut clothes, and white hands, and wonderful stories of city gaiety of their friends who sell dry goods or hardware in the nearest great town. Our system of popular education, too, and our popular literature, have much to do with creating a distaste for farm-life and small gains. They sharpen the wits just enough to make solitude very irksome and fill the head with vague ambition.

A mode of producing tissues printed in relief, imitating gold, silver, and silk embroidery, has been patented by M. Coffin, in France. The pattern is printed on satin by means of engraved plates and with gilders' fatty mordant, and, afterward, the fine parts of the design are printed with the same vehicle with the addition of gold or silver in powder.

SKETCHES FROM "MAYFAIR"

After all, America preserves its supremacy in its original and national art of "rooting around" Celebrities at Home. A young lady, who has made some success by a novel, visited Europe on the strength of it, and, among other people, called upon Liszt. She found him "tall and thin, with long white hair." He wore "a long black robe-like coat," "being," as she parenthetically remarks, an "abbe." He has "long white, sensitive hands, a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy," though why it should be rare she does not say. He was very polite to his interviewers, ladies who hunted in couples. He conversed with them "amiably," and then "suddenly he rose and went to his writing-table, and with one of his long, sweet smiles, he took

a bunch of roses from a glass on the table, and presented them" to the ladies. "And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing-table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him famous are already pressing and will be kept among our Penates, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshiping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests." Then he played. "How he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illumining his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caressed while they mastered the keys."

It is not often that France borrows dress from England, but we understand that the latest importations for winter wear include a variation of the Ulster as adapted to the Paris model. Of course it is for ladies' wear, and so admits of ingenuity and amplification. Lapels, buttons, button flaps, and button-holes run up the back. The belt buttons behind.

The collar buttons behind. The pockets are behind, and a watch-pocket is stitched over the wearer's shoulder-blade. The result is novel, and necessarily fascinating. For the last two years we have seen ladies' scarves tied, not under their chins, but under their back hair. Fashion, like everything else, advances in an age of progress. It has long turned ladies' heads, which would be empty without it. It seems now bent on turning their bodies.

Masonic Intolerance.—According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Grand Lodge of Freemasons in Ireland has resolved that it cannot continue to recognize the Grand Orient of France as a Masonic body, because it has altered the first article of its constitution, and omitted a declaration of belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, thus rendering Atheists and Materialists eligible as members.

TRUE LOVE'S TIME OF DAY.

[BY BAYARD TAYLOR.]

When shall I find you, sweetheart,
That shall be and must be mine?
I seek, though the world divides us,
And I send you the secret sign.

There's blood in the veins of the morning,
So fresh it may well deceive,
When man goes forth as Adam,
And woman awaits him as Eve.

There's an elfish spell in twilight
When the bats of Fancy fly,
And sense is bound by a question,
And Fate by the quick reply.

And the moon is an old enchantress,
With her snares of glimmer and shade,
That have ever been false and fatal
To the dreams of man and maid.

But I'll meet you at noonday, sweetheart,
In the billowy fields of grain,
When the sun is hot for harvest,
And the roses athirst for rain.

With the daylight's truth on your forehead,
And the daylight's love in your eye,
I'll kiss you without a question,
Aud you'll kiss me without reply.

HANGED FOR RAPE.

The Capitol, D. C., says: A negro hanged for rape in an adjoining State—Maryland—went to glory last week. His death and its incidents present a queer study to philosophical minds disposed to christianity. In Rome once, and in every land that reflects the sunshine of God's diurnal lamp, have men and women died whom we call martyrs. With a smile on their faces and songs from their lips have they embraced death, and laughed gleefully in worship of the power that demanded from them such a sacrifice. Here in Maryland, last week, we had an example of a lean-faced negro going to death in such a manner. He went to the scaffold with a full assurance that Jesus waited for him anxiously on the other shore; he sung hymns of his certain glorification. He was so assured of heaven and of all the royal happiness therein contained as is the day-star that the night will develop it by contrast into glorious splendor. And so he died. But mark you, this man was hanged for a crime to which he confessed of; seizing a poor white orphan girl, spitting tobacco juice in her eyes and outraging her. And yet he goes to glory with a smile on his lips, a hymn beaten out by his tongue and with the *sang froid* of a martyr. A careful study of this incident will induce an argumentative thought with oneself that will induce the fact that there are more things on earth—under heaven maybe—than we dream of in our philosophy. A man condemned and self-convicted of the foulest crime in the calendar, goes to death with a perfect assurance of salvation, a song in praise of God's words on his lips and Christian advice to his friends! And had he been acquitted, ten chances to one in less than forty-eight hours, opportunity presenting itself, he would have reacted the crime; and yet his ministers send him to heaven. Send us to hell, good God! if such things are thy hymnals and cherubs and seraphs and so forth in the land that is fairer than day and so forth.

The London Times.—One number of the *Times*, a double sheet with sixteen pages, or ninety-six columns (retailed for six cents) contains a quantity of printing equal to three hundred and eighty-four pages octavo, or an average sized 8vo volume.—*Mark Pattison, "Books and Critics," in the November number of the Fortnightly Review.*

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

The United States Commission sent out by the Government to find and treat for peace and good-will with the Sioux chief, Sitting Bull, have utterly failed in their mission. They found the object of their search at Fort Walsh, forty-five miles north of the Canadian boundary, where Major Walsh, of the Dominion police, who appears to have a special genius for managing wild Indians, had arranged an interview between the Commission and the redoubtable Indian chieftain. The meeting took place on the 17th of October. Sitting Bull, supported by Spotted Eagle and a train of Indians, with his pipe in his mouth, listened in solemn silence to an address from General Terry urging him and the Sioux to return to the United States territory, to give up their arms, ammunition, and horses, to receive compensation in the shape of cows, and to retire to some military post in a submissive spirit. When General Terry had concluded, Sitting Bull, removing his pipe from his mouth, returned the following reply to the Commissioners' proposals:

For sixty-four years (he said) you have kept me and my people and treated me bad. What have we done that you should want us? We have done nothing. It is the people on your side that have started us to do all these depredations. We could not go anywhere else, so we took refuge in this country of the British. It was on this side of the country that we learned to shoot; and that is the reason why I came back to it again. I would like to know why you came here in the first place. I did not give you the country, but you followed me from one place to another; so I had to leave and come over to this country. I did not give you any country, but you took it away from us. I was born and raised in this country with the Red River half-breeds, and I intend to stop with them. I was raised hand in hand with the Red River half-breeds, and we are going to that part of the country; and that is the reason why I have come over here, shaking hands with the English officers. That is the way I was raised in the hands of these people, and that is the way I intend to be with them. You have got ears to hear, you have got eyes to see, and you see how I live with these people. You see me here. I am, if you think I am, a fool. You are bigger fools than I am. This house is a medicine house. You come here to tell us lies, but we don't wan't to hear them. I don't wish any such language used to me—that is, to tell me such lies in my Great Mother's (Queen Victoria's) house. Don't you say two more words. Go back home where you came from. This country is mine; and I intend to stay here and to raise this country full of grown people. See these people here; we were raised with them. (Here Sitting Bull shook hands with the English officers present.) That is enough; say no more. You see me shaking hands with these people. The part of the country you gave me you run me out of. I have now come here to stay with these people; and I intend to stay here. I wish you to go back, and to take it easy going back.

By "taking it easy" Sitting Bull meant that the Commission should take so long a time on their return homeward that they should never get back at all.——It was too bad. She lent him her album to write some verses in it. He took it home to his rooms, and, after much cogitation, hammered out the lines:

"You are fair, dearest girl, as the beautiful rose,
I adore you, oh, sweet little saint,

And then the inspiration failed him, and he gave up in despair and went out and dined. He visited the theater afterward, and forgot all about the album till the next morning, when he looked round for it to finish the verse. It was not to be found, and no wonder, for his rival had called, and, seeing the album open, had read the lines, finished the quatrain, and sent it off to the lady, signed with the poet's initials. The worst of it was the enemy had concluded the stanza as follows:

"And it isn't your fault you've the ugliest nose,
But, oh, why the deuce do you paint?"—*Court Circular.*

——Our American cousins have developed a new "notion," none other than making billiard-balls with artificial ivory, which catches fire on contact with a lighted cigar-end, blazes like sealing-wax, and melts. Surely those who patronize the green table had opportunities enough for burning their fingers already.——Rodrigo, a Spaniard, and Tomlinson, an eminent

Cumberland and Westmoreland athlete, are matched to wrestle at Rio Janeiro, the Spaniard staking *six hundred thousand* reis, the Englishman *three hundred thousand*. Six hundred thousand reis sounds bigger than seventy-eight pounds, yet it is just five shillings less!——Bohemia, after all, is a country to live in—we mean real Bohemia, not Mürger's. In less than eight days a shooting party, on Prince von Schwarzenberg's estate, have brought down 4,000 hares, 100 roebuck, 680 deer of other kind, 48 boars, 200 pheasants, and 1,600 partridges. Only fancy, four dozen boars! What terrific pig-sticking!——Are all horses, whether race-horses, hunters, hacks, carriage-horses, cart-horses, or cab-horses, the same shape? Are all jockeys of the same features and the same hight, and have they all the same seat on a horse? Do all horses gallop, jump, and trot with the same action, and are they all exactly like each other in the face? We only ask for information, being so ignorant, as was Miss Rosa Dartle, and also Mr. Sturgess, of the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, says they are, and we thould like to be sure he was right. At least, he always draws his horses and riders as though they were all cast in one mold, so we suppose he finds them so cast.——Mr. Gladstone told his Irish admirers, on the occasion of their making him a freeman, that he found more difficulty in traversing Dublin than any other city, on account of the traffic, and that there was more apparent commercial activity there than in any part of the kingdom outside London. This was a cruel irony. Dublin, to the man who has taken his ticket across Channel from Liverpool, looks more like a cemetery than Cheapside. As to commercial activity in Dublin, there is little except in fiery alcohol and brown stout. J. B. Buckstone was, if unjust and ill-natured, more witty and nearer the truth when he described the leading Irish manufactures as "whisky and manslaughter." What can be thought of a country in whose leading daily newspaper appear such advertisements as the following: "To be sold cheap, two pairs of hunting-breeches;" "Wanted immediately, a new or second hearse with plumes and canopies?" An oppressed land whose people sell their hunting-breeches and go to the grave in secoud-hand hearses cannot be prosperous.

THE SILVER AGITATION.

The extreme proposals of the silver inflationists, whatever their effect at home, have certainly had a disturbed influence over our credit abroad. We assure our foreign exchanges and readers, that there is not the smallest chance of those proposals becoming law. They can hardly pass the Senate, and if they do, will be surely vetoed by the President. His views in opposition to the silver inflationists are well understood. Before Congress assembled he did, last summer, incline toward the bi-metallists' view, that it might be well to try the experiment of keeping both gold and silver circulating together as a means of reaching and maintaining resumption. He never was so illogical as to favor a scheme under which silver would be simply substituted in circulation for gold. He has always insisted that if silver is to be remonetized a new dollar must be coined, containing enough silver to make it of equal value with a gold dollar. The two kinds of money, he has maintained, must be started on a par, otherwise there could be no bi-metallic experiment, because a cheap silver dollar would inevitably drive all the gold out of the country. He will consent to nothing now tending toward inflatiou and repudiation. He and his cabinet are understood to be agreed that the Bland bill cannot, and must uot, become a law.

Republican Restlessness. — Professor Villari, in his admirable sketch of the Middle Ages, prefixed to his "Life and Times of Macchiavelli *(Niccolo Macchiavelli e suoi Tempi)* the translation of which, by his wife, is now going through the Press in London—has computed that the Italian republics of the Middle Ages enjoyed a total of 7,200 revolutions, and recreated themselves with 700 grand massacres. And yet, withal, meutally and materially flourished quite marvelously, by contrast with contemporary peoples living under the regime of stupid, stagnating despotisms.

THE BEST GIFT.

Around the cradle that thy childhood bare
Came God's own angels, with their pitying eyes,
And gazed upon thee in a still surprise
To see beyond heaven's portal aught so fair.
They brought thee precious gifts. One gave to thee
The gift of beauty for thy body's grace,
Deep-smiling eyes to light a dreamy face,
And perfect limbs as young Apollo's be.
One set the crown of genius on thy head,
And one bestowed a heart like woman's own,
Strong as the sea, and trembling at a breath.
Last, a veiled figure bent above the bed,
And said, "I give thee everything in one.
In heaven I am named Love; men call me death.

"So shalt thou never tread the weary ways
That lead men up the dusty slopes of life,
Nor feed the fierceness of the noon-day strife,
Knowing alone the morning of thy days.
For thee the dew shall linger on the flower;
The light that never was on land or sea
Shall have no momentary gleam for thee,
But brighten into love's immortal hour.
Thy beauty's grace shall never know decay,
Nor sorrow lay her hand upon thy heart;
Neither shall chill mistrust thy spirit slay,
But like a star thy life shall pass away,
Its light still shining, though itself depart,
Until all stars are lost in one eternal day."

—*Kate Hillard in Harper's Magazine.*

SHIP-BUILDING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

There can be no doubt that ship-building will, one day, become an enterprise of vast importance to the people of this coast. Already a commencement has been made which augurs the brightest hopes for the future. A large number of vessels have been built the present year, which reflect credit upon the inventive genius and mechanical skill of those who planned and constructed them. San Francisco, Humboldt and Puget Sound are coming into prominence as the chief centres of this growing enterprise. Alaska Territory is destined to figure conspicuously as a source from whence abundant supplies of the choicest timber for ship-building can be procured. The Oregon pine, which has served so admirably in the construction of ships, will not last always, but for a hundred years to come the immense territory to the northward, almost to the pole, will supply the deficiency, without the culling of the primeval forests being scarcely felt. It may be here remarked that for many years past the destruction on timber lands has been enormous, and stringent legislation is necessary to prevent the rapine. Especially should we protect our magnificent forests of ship-building timber from wanton and merciless slaughter. Although we live for the hour we should, like good citizens, glance at the future and leave something for the generations coming after us. To protect our forests is indirectly to protect the bread and butter upon which thousands must live in the future, as thousands live to-day.

RUSSIAN FINANCES.

In a recent number of the semi official *Journal de St. Petersburg*, it is stated that "the taxable resources of Russia are far from being exhausted. Who, on the contrary, does not know that certain branches of revenue—all of them, for the matter of that—admit of considerable expansion, that there are some the taxation just skins, that entire classes of society are still exempt from all direct taxes, and that certain wealthy establishments and institutions contribute nothing to the public treasury! The editor recommends the introduction of a personal tax (Impôt de Classes).

DR. TYNDALL ON INTELLECTUAL PROGRESS.

In his essay on "Circles" Mr. Emerson, if I remember rightly, pictured intellectual progress as rythmic. At a given moment knowledge is surrounded by a barrier which marks its limit. It gradually gathers clearness and strength until by and by some thinker of exceptional power bursts the barrier and wins a wide circle, within which thought once more entrenches itself. But the internal force again accumulates, the new barrier is in its turn broken, and the mind finds itself surrounded by a still wider horizon. Thus, according to Emerson, knowledge spreads by intermittent victories instead of progressing at a uniform rate.

When Dr. Joule first proved that a weight of one pound, falling through a hight of seven hundred and seventy two feet, generated an amount of heat competent to warm a pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, and that in lifting the weight so much heat exactly disappeared, he broke an Emersonian "circle," releasing by the act an amount of scientific energy which rapidly overrun a vast domain. Helmholtz, Clausius, Thomson, Rankine, Regnault, Woods, Favre, and other illustrious names, are associated with the conquests since achieved and embodied in the great doctrine known as the "Conservation of Energy." This doctrine recognizes in the material universe a constant sum of power made up of items among which the most Protean fluctuations are incessantly going on. It is as if the body of Nature were alive, the thrill and interchange of its energies resembling those of an organism. The parts of the "stupendous whole" shift and change, augment and diminish, appear and disappear, while the total of which they are the parts remains quantatively immutable. Immutable, because when change occurs it is always polar—plus accompanies minus, gain accompanies loss, no item varying in the slightest degree without an absolutely equal change of some other item in the opposite direction.—*Fortnightly Review.*

NEW SCIENTIFIC NOMENCLATURE.

In the London "Athenæum's" notice of the last meeting (November 1st) of the Chemical Society, there was a paper read by Mr. W. H. Perkin (the discoverer of the Aniline Dyes) "on some Hydrocarbons obtained from the Homologues of Cinnamic Acid." The following hydrocarbons were obtained: *Isopropylvinylbenzine, Isopropylallylbenzine,* and three others, one of a still greater length of designation. In another paper by the same gentleman, he tells us of his heating *methylparoxyphenylactic* acid. Now, whilst we admit that the Anglo-Saxon tongue is not copious enough to meet the exigencies of Science, and that recourse must be had to the learned languages for its technology, still sure we are that neither the Greeks nor the Romans—had they been scientists—with their esthetic feeliug and sense of euphony, would have indulged in such cacophonous compounds as are now used in modern science. This ugly-looking, ill-sounding sesquipedalian, indeed brobdignagian nomenclature, originated with the Germans. Here is the title of a work, taken from the catalogue of the Book Fair at Leipsic: Göring, über die Porabrommetasulphenylpropionsaüre und die Metasulphenylpropionsaüre!!!

It tantalizes the many who feel whole volumes of song but cannot sing a line to read what Longfellow says so happily:

"So when storms of wild emotion strike the ocean
Of the poet's soul, ere long
From each cave and rocky fastness,
In its vastness,
Floats some fragment of a song."

The Graphic says that telephones cost less than one dollar each, while they rent for $10 a year in New York. Professor Bell will not sell a telephone at any price, as he is quite satisfied with his income from the rental. There are nearly three thousand telephones in use in New York city alone.

THE PRINCE OF CHOSHIN ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.

Waking at midnight when the world is still,
Alone I seem to drift upon a tide
Of dreary waters, while the dying moon
Sinks slowly, gathering all her tender rays,
And leaving the dark-visaged night forlorn.
Moans the wild wind; the air is filled with frost;
My eyes are dull, but solitude and cold,
Like cruel-throated watch-dogs, scarce away
The timid traveler, Sleep.

I cannot rest:
A dear face shines upon me like a star
Through death and darkness. Poor, sweet, lonely love!
Oh, I would be the stone upon her grave,
Or the least flower that blossom on her dust,
But for the blessed hope that I shall meet
My darling somewhere in the silent land.
The rock of death divides the rushing wave,
But the twain streams shall surely meet again.

Through the dim world the village temple bell
Touches my ears, and every solemn sound
Repeats her name whose pensive thoughts were prayer.
My arms are empty, but my heart is full,
And shall be full of her forever more.

—*Japan Weekly Mail.*

AMERICAN PROTECTION.

According to the N. Y. Bulletin, the exports of the leading manufactured articles (of which a list is given) from the United States, amounted, in the year 1860, to $29,134,572, and in the year 1876 to but $29,592,345. The London *Economist* (Nov. 10th) points out that in 1860 there was a tariff of 15 per cent., while in 1876 the rate was 45 per cent., and adds if protection really served to stimulate native industries, their condition in the latter year should have been materially improved. But, while in the seventeen years the population of the States had increased at the rate of 44 per cent., and the exports of domestic products risen from £62,300,000 to £108,000,000, or about 74 per cent., *the protected manufactures have been standing still*—indeed, have actually declined, for the gold value of the exports in 1876 is only $26,750,000. So that whilst the export of virtually unprotected articles has more than doubled, the export of protected goods, instead of keeping pace with the general progress of the country, has languished and fallen off. Looking at these figures, it was very cogently asked by the N. Y. *Bulletin:* "Can any further demonstration be needed of the hostility of an excessive tariff to an export trade in manufactured goods?"

On the first page of the London "Sporting Times," of the 17th November, appears the following amusing remarks: "There is nothing more saddening to a young and earnest paragraphist than, when he has carefully chosen his story from an American paper, has ingeniously adapted it, has substituted "Somerset" for "Kentucky," has changed "store" into "shop," and has otherwise substantiated his claims to originality, to find his paragraph in print with dollars and cents left as current moneys in Great Britain. These things make an aspirant to literary fame say a swear." But unfortunately for the editor, whose motto is evidently not "*Nunquam Dormio*," there is on the fifth page of the same issue a "translation" of one of our *Town Crier* items, of the 20th October, referring to the supers in *Don Giovani*. In his version of the item, Hartlepool Theater (England) is substituted for Baldwin's, and then our words are copied *verbatim*, reference to "four bit" payments and "foot-hills" included. Our clever contemporary will admit that he has been caught in his own trap, but if for the future he will kindly credit us with any of our items he may translate, we will forgive him and at the same time be obliged.

"MEN WE KNOW."

Mark L. McDonald.

Mark L. McDonald, of whom an admirable likeness is presented with this issue of the *News Letter*, may be truly said to be a representative Californian in the best sense of the word. He combines sterling honesty with marvelous energy, dash and daring, with excellent judgment, robust strength of character, with fine mental culture, outspoken candor with genial amiability. Whatever he touches succeeds in the end. Not always has he compassed his purposes at the first attempt, but he always does before he is through. There is no such word as "fail" in his vocabulary. His great energy and determination, accompanied by a sound judgment in selecting the very best means to secure the desired end, invariably achieve the success which such qualities are so well calculated to command. For him to will that matters shall take a particular course is enough. Depend upon it they will go that way in the end. He may be delayed or baulked in his purposes for a time, but only for a time, the end being as certain as that day follows the night, or as sure as effect follows cause. He most often captures the citidel at the first attempt, by the sheer force of that tremendous dash of his. If, however, he fails to do that he lays his plans deeper, he saps and mines the fortress and builds entrenchments around it, until finally it is compelled to surrender to the matchless skill, energy, force and judgment by which it has been circumvented.

Mark L. McDonald comes of a notable family, and was born in Washton county, Kentucky, May 5, 1833. His father, James McDonald, was a Virginian by birth; was a prominent politician in his adopted State, and for nine years sat in the Legislature, a portion of the time as Representative and the remainder as Senator. He was a farmer and the son of a farmer, and his son Mark was brought up in the manly, rugged homestead life. Mark was one of a family of eleven—six boys and five girls. It was a remarkable family, too, as far as California is concerned, for one of his brothers started the oldest drug store in the State, and to another we owe the inception of our telegraph system. R. H. McDonald came here in '49, and Capt. McDonald, another brother, universally well known, in 1850. Jasper McDonald everybody knows as a wealthy mining operator, and as the spirited proprietor of the Grand Opera House. In 1850 members of the family, Mark included, removed to Missouri, and commenced farming on a large scale. By this time Mark was old enough to see that to get on in the world, it was necessary to have a much superior education to that which the district schools of the day could afford. But he was not the kind of a young man who wanted his parents to bear the burden of this higher education he yearned for, and so when his wish was attained and he was a student in Central College, Missouri, he taught school during the vacation, that its pressure might not be felt by those in the quiet farm-house at home. He remained for two years at Central College, and then went to Union College, New York, where he graduated under Dr. Nott, in the class of '59, and immediately arterward returned home. After some consultation with his father the whole family determined on turning their faces toward the setting sun and seeking their fortunes in the New El Dorado. They went overland, enduring the hardships of a trip across the plains. The journey occupied one hundred days, the party arriving in Sacramento August 1859. It was a time when one would think that the rough pioneers would have but little culture; but, even as early as that, the enterprise which made California what it is had not neglected the mental development of the men of to-day, for we find young McDonald's first offer that of the position of professor of languages at the College at Vacaville—a position for which his collegiate course well fitted him.

Young, vigorous and adventurous blood, however, was that which flowed in the veins of the pioneer. He wanted a life of action, of combat with difficulties, and the air of the class-room was stifling, and so he declined the offer. He is not long idle, however, for we soon find him financial agent, charged with the expenditures on the road then projected over the Sierra Nevada, between Placerville and Carson. Such a position nowadays means that its occupant basks on soft pillows and nestles in lawn sheets, and need fear no one but the police, and then only when he runs a Pioneer Bank; but in early days it meant a man rather rough than gentle, who slept in blankets, and had to defend his money-box with his life at a

moment's notice. The road completed, our young pioneer goes mining, and during the years 1861-2 his face is familiar in Nevada, but particularly around Washoe. He soon grasped the ins and outs of cross-cuts, adit levels, horses, and the rest of the mining *argot*, a knowledge which has many a time since stood him in good stead. He next turned up in San Francisco, where he forms a company to purchase a mine on Reese River, now a portion of the Manhattan. Mark was appointed manager, and conducted its affairs with his usual business skill, until he made up his mind to go into business entirely on his own account. He bought a seat in the San Francisco Stock Board in 1863, and in a short time his wonderful business tact placed him in the prominent position he has never ceased to occupy since. He made money rapidly, but unlike others, he did not put it under lock and key, but looked afar off to the future. For every talent he received from the people of California, he endeavored to return them two over and above. The new Stock Exchange, which is now such an architectural ornament to our city, found in him one of its earliest projectors. He never failed to interest himself in every project that helped to advance the State. The beautiful and flourishing town of Santa Rosa owes this man a debt of gratitude. Mark L. McDonald determined to have a residence there, and ever since he got it he has spent money liberally for the good of the town. To him Santa Rosa owes her splendid water works at Lake Ralphine, which are not only of the greatest value to the town, but supply an extensive source of irrigation to the surrounding country.

At the time when this reservoir to supply Santa Rosa was being constructed, people had not fully recognized the fact that cheap labor might be the dearest in the end, and that it was the duty of those who made their money in the State to pay it to those who would keep it in circulation, and not those who would export it. Mr. McDonald, however, who does not say much, but who thinks quietly and matures his thought, wished to see his money paid for free white labor. When he found the contractor for the work employing Chinamen, he went to him and said: "I want you to substitute white men for these Chinese."

"But if I do so I will lose $3,000," was the reply.

"No matter: I will pay you any loss you may sustain, but the Chinese must go." And they went accordingly.

It was only right that a man who was ever a consistent opponent of Chinese servile labor, and who had on every occasion showed that his faith was not dead by his good works, should have been selected Chairman of the Citizens' Committee which succeeded in sending a delegation to Washington to ask for an inquiry into the labor question in this State. Of this delegation Mr. McDonald was one. His labors upon that occasion are too familiar to every one to need being dwelt upon.

Mark L. McDonald has in every enterprise in which he has been engaged been the friend of the white workingman. He has furnished the means to establish a boot and shoe factory employing 100 white hands: built street railroads in Santa Rosa by white labor, in order to increase the value of property and to add to the material advantages of his favorite town. Last year, in connection with Mayor Bryant, he devoted himself to the petroleum developments in Los Angeles and Ventura counties. These oil wells and refineries will, in a short time, make us altogether independent of the East and be a new jewel in the industrial crown of California. The money now going East for oils will then stop in the State, and help to develop new sources of wealth for our people. A telegraph line from Winnemucca to Portland, Oregon, is also projected by this enterprising Californian, who appears, from the quantity of real estate which he owns, to be, more or less, intimately connected with every part of our State. Thus, whilst he is classed as a city man, he equally belongs to the country districts. Much of his time and energies have been spent outside of San Francisco, and his investments are mostly in the interior; whilst, therefore, the queen city of the Pacific is proud to own him as one of her foremost sons, certain of the inland towns and counties have had so large a share in making him what he is, and in being made by him in return, that it may be said of him that no man more thoroughly belongs to the whole of the State, or better understands its varied capabilities and wants.

Mr. McDonald was raised a Democrat, and through all the tribulations of the past he has remained true to his early teachings and convictions.

Faithful in the dark days, it is not possible to question his faithful adherence to his party in these more promising times. In the lower and more hackuied sense of the term he has never beeu a politiciau. He has not made himself familiar with ward politicians or political bummers. But in a higher, broader, better sense he has always heen a politician. He has thought out for himself a solution of every question of the hour, and time and time agaiu his has been the hand, potent, but often unseen by the crowd, that has given direction and shape to gravely important movements. Being essentially, in the past, a business man, he has not had the time, which others possessed, to enable him to devote his energies to political concerns, but he has been a close student of everything that affected the country's welfare, and in furtherance of what he believed to be the right he has always contributed largely of his meaus. A more generous giver there probably is not in the ranks of the Democracy. Perhaps his attitude towards politics can be most aptly described in these words, that whilst cultivating a sound appreciation of the issues of the times, and generously aiding what he believed to be for the best interests of the country, he yet did not give up his time so exclusively to politics as to neglect his business. No; he possessed too sound a judgment for that. He always had the ambition to be more personally active than he was, but he saw, as every thinking man sees, that in order to make a mark in politics to be proud of, that will be a national advantage and a family's pride, it is desirable to be pecuniarily independent. Mr. McDonald applied himself to money making, not from the love of it, hut hecause of the essential value of it, as a means to a laudable and noble end. Hence, since he became rich, we find him aiding with his means to build up his party, and to-day he is a foremost candidate for election to the United States Senate. His two principal opponeuts have been in the field for over two years, whilst he only went into training a short time ago. Yet he is already running a neck-and-neck race with them, and is gaining so much strength as the struggle continues, that the best trainers predict that he will come out ahead at the finish. Be that as it may, it is very safe to declare that Mark L. McDonald will be a United States Senator, if he wants to he. If not this time, then later. If his dash does not win the prize at this his first attempt, it is very certain that, should he so determine, he will in the end move upon the position with a force that will overwhelm all opposition. Mark L. McDonald has in that warm, enthusiastic, energetic and determined temperament, and in that manly, stalwart physique of his, a reserved power, which when once exercised in all its fullness, is bound to achieve whatever he sets his heart upon. But whether as a United States Senator, or as a plain citizen, it is certain that he will remain "a man we know," whom to know is to honor and respect. Having secured a large share of wealth, at the age of 44, whilst he is yet in his early prime, a long career of activity and of usefulness we may hope is before him. California is his home. It is here that he married his wife, and here that he is raising his family. His interests are all here, and his heart is here. He is in every fibre of his constitution and in every instinct of his nature a highly representative Californian. If he is elected United States Senator his friends will have substantial reasons to be pleased at the result, his party will he immensely strengthened, the State will be greatly advantaged, whilst the whole nation will be benefitted. If he is not elected the loss will be rather to others than to himself. In any event Mark L. McDonald is sure to remain what he has always been, namely: a good and useful citizen without fear and without reproach.

An entire juvenile class in one of our public schools was punished recently because a ten-year-old pupil wrote the following on their teacher. We only give initials :

> "The devil flew from north to south
> With Mrs. J. G. in his mouth ;
> And when he found her such a fool,
> He dropped her in a public school."

The ten-year-old authoress of the above merits a chromo.—*Capitol, D. C.*

A PRAYER FOR RAIN.

God of the fields and mountains,
God of the tender grain,
Stoop from Thy place to hear us
As we utter a prayer for rain!

Good is the land we dwell in,
Fertile is she and fair,
Earth's choicest gifts and treasures
Thy hand hath lavished there.

Yet she grows wan and haggard
From watching so long in vain
For the dark face of her lover—
The cloud, with his kiss of rain.

For her dower of wealth and beauty
Is as naught without his embrace,
And already the light and the glory
Are fading from her face.

Her meadows are parched and thirsty,
Her fields are barren and sere,
Her hills are dusty and naked,
Her people are filled with fear.

For the future is vague and gloomy,
And who can the end foretell,
While the shadow of Famine hovers
Where Plenty alone should dwell?

Thou holdest the winds and the tempest
In the hollow of Thy hand;
O, loosen Thy grasp on the showers—
On the life-blood of our land!

San Francisco, December 8, 1877.

A fondness for music may sometimes lead to very disastrous consequences. Mr. Perkins, for instance, recently had his salary raised, and with true devotion to St. Cecilia he at once purchased a very painful flageolet with seven holes in and a silver key, something like a deformed grasshopper. It only took him three weeks to blow all the enamel off his teeth and to learn four bars of "All among the roses." But Mr. Perkins lives in a good neighborhood, where the people are very patient and well bred, so nobody set fire to his house, or tarred and feathered him, or wrote him anonymous letters appointing a day for his funeral. It is true that a weakly woman three doors off died the third evening after he commenced to play, but Mr. Perkins was not arrested, for her husband was a pious man and knew that vengeance belonged to the Lord. And he was right. Ten days ago Mr. Perkins had got about 380 pounds of steam on in an endeavor to wheeze out a C sharp, which all the world knows is most difficult to produce on a flageolet, when there was a sound of something snapping in his chest, and a rush of air came from his mouth. He sounded that C sharp distinctly, but it was at a fearful cost. He had blown up his left lung. If you doubt this story, go and see him. He works in an insurance office on California street, and can easily be recognized by his cadaverous appearance. He goes as well as he can on one lung, but that was injured by the explosion, and may give way at any time. The flageolet is mute and the neighborhood is avenged, but Mr. Perkins has added a codicil to his will, requesting his heirs to see that there shall be no music at his funeral, and to bury him twelve feet in the earth in that part of the cemetery which is furthest from the road where the hand-organ grindeth and the children warble ballads on their way to school.

Congressman Smalls (colored) has been convicted of being bribed by Senator Patterson and sent to States prison. Patterson retains his seat, and by his single vote rules the Senate. Why should not the tempter, as well as the tempted, be sent behind jail walls? Smalls has been properly treated, but the good work should go on. The line must not be drawn at the point where the rascality of the black man ends, and that of the white man begins. It is a sad commentary on justice, that the conviction and sentence to the extreme limits of a slave-born man, who has enjoyed his freedom but ten or twelve years, who was called into public and political life without training or education, surrounded by the most corrupting influences, and made the tool and victm of superior men, is hailed as the greatest triumph of justice by the press of cities and States, whose councils and legislatures have been the notorious hot-beds of corruption and bribery for years, briber and bribed walking their streets unharmed, elected to office repeatedly with the moral certainty of their venality as well known as their names and faces. Smalls in prison, whilst Patterson is ruling the Senate, is indeed an anomaly.

A SCIENTIFIC MAN.

You ask me, dear, how I, so young, have lost my fixings dental;
My love, I once had teeth enough to fill at least a cental;
But I've discovered for my sins that it is detrimental
To he the boy of all work to a scientific man.

When I was just fourteen years old, I duly was apprenticed
To Dr. Peter Max Von Schwartz, a Fourth street surgeon dentist—
Ah, father, in thy grave to-day I'm certain thou repentest
The act that bound and gave me to this scientific man.

For I was scarcely clothed at all, and very lightly rationed;
The doctor practiced on my mouth, when he had not a patient—
The tortures to my tiny frame that this pursuit occasioned
Were calmly disregarded by this scientific man.

He tried experiments, he said, *in corpore* (mine) *vili;*
He dealt with my maxillary severely, smiling dryly;
If ever I slept open-mouthed, a forcepts entered slyly,
Impelled hy the deft digits of this scientific man.

He drew my molars, one hy one; two canines, one incisor;
My teeth rolled out as rapidly as ever did the Iser.
I grew more toothless, not more old, more silent, hut no wiser
From the dentistry instruction of this scientific man.

I ventured to remonstrate when his practice touched my eye-teeth;
I feelingly remarked that they never had heen his hut my teeth.
The only answer I received was "Silence, boy, fie, fie! Teeth
Must never be an obstacle to scientific men."

You scarcely would believe the tale of Dr. Schwartz's ingratitude;
After each ivory I had had lost its proper attitude
He showed me to the office door with some vague, parting platitude.
I'd ceased to be of service to a scientific man.

Since then I've prospered in the world and deal with a good dentist;
I'll give thee half a block if thou a hetter set presentest—
And some I recognize as teeth I lost while still apprenticed
To Dr. Peter Max Von Schwartz, that scientific man. G. H. J.

OUR FOOD--ITS QUALITY AND ITS WEIGHT.

Market Inspector Anderson has condemned as unfit for human food a large quantity of heef, mutton, fish, ducks and game of all kinds. That is what has made the food so succulent of late. It is much better when tugging away at a piece of bad steak or rancid mutton to feel that it has heen condemned, than to know that it ought to be. Also, if one knows that it really has heen pronounced to he unfit for food, it is always gratifying to remember that it can he given to the poor. But how did the heef, mutton, fish and ducks come to he condemned? Did the owners fail to put up? We suspect there is something in that. We are dubious about this husiness. There is no one to inspect the Inspector. Then we have known of things which might have been condemned, but were not. The truth is, the duties of this office want looking into. Every article of consumption wants inspecting, as to its quality and its weight or measure. Everybody is frightfully swindled hereabouts. The precedents of older cities need to be followed in regard to such matters.

A recent numher of the *Indian Charivari* contains a cartoon in which India is represented as a woman in a suppliant attitude, with a background of starving multitudes. John Bull stands on one side of her; Brother Jonathan, keeping guard over sundry bags of dollars, labeled "Alabama Surplus," on the other. And says John to Jonathan: "Come, now, I have never asked you for those surplus dollars, Jonathan; I don't want them, and you don't want them, hut here's a case of real distress. Give them to her."

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

A New York telegram says: "The eccentric George F. Train is endeavoring to create a sensation by fasting. He claims that he went without food six days, when he took a little oatmeal. In time, he says he will be able to fast thirty days. It would be difficult to give adequate expression to the feverish anxiety with which the people of the entire country await this last mentioned experiment by Mr. Train. Speaking for the inhabitants of our particular bailiwick, we are authorized to state that if George will make the thirty day trial in this vicinity, one of the largest compartments of the Safe Deposit Company will be placed at his disposal. In this he can be securely locked for the allotted time hy a committee of our most reliable and trustworthy citizens, who will solemnly pledge themselves in advance that no person will be permitted to interfere with the experiment, or in any way tempt Mr. T. to forsake his resolution with oatmeal, or any other insidious compound. Thirty days immunity from the sheriff onght, of itself, to be a considerable inducement to the gentleman.

Mr. Duncan Farland McDonald, of Glengarry, who is deeply suspected of having been a Scotchman, drowned himself the other day. He drowned himself in the Bay, and the agent employed was cold water. This must have struck the unhappy man in his last moments as a very singular circumstance, for in his pathetic farewell message to his sweetheart, he says, "Dear Annie, I felt the water, and it was cold." This transparently reveals the fact that this quality of water was something new and unknown to him, and accounts for the cold distance which his obstinate sweetheart strictly maiutained. As he seemed to think it information sufficiently valuable to send to Annie in that solemn hour, her acquaintance with the peculiarities of water must also have been very slight. Let us hope that Annie's first tribute to his memory will be a bath.

One Heister is President of the Board of Education. As yet he is guilty of no other folly. It will now be in order to observe the tactics of the famous Dubois, who has quite an Upshirrian faculty for getting in with the head man. She has received all the sacraments available for school purposes, and joined all the societies, until there is nothing left but the Olympic Club. Mrs. Dubois, dangling from a trapeze, or practising the giant swing on the turnbar, might commeud herself to President Heister; but she probably wouldn't. As a last resource, she might bring herself into notice by making his wife jealous. If the wife saw her she probably couldn't. Where then is Joe Clement? Alas! he is still a godfather, but he is no longer a President. Can it be that Dubois is to be laid on the shelf, and some other girl to get a chance?

"**Yes,**" **she said**, wiping her eyes and smoothing the crape on her hat, "yes, indeed! poor, dear John was very fond of 'em, and I never fry 'em up to this day without crying all over the pan. Ah, dear, dear! he was a good husband, and he was very partial to 'em. He ate quite hearty of 'em, too, only three days afore he died, and when he was that weak he couldn't swallow he made signs to have 'em put by his side, so as he could smell 'em. Poor, dear John! he was a gasping bad at the last; but there was a heavenly smile on his face, and his lips was moving, so I put my ear down to his blessed mouth and I heard him say, as plain as could be, 'Tripe and Onions;' and, oh Mrs. Brown, with these beautiful words on his holy lips he expired, and I was a widow." This is, indeed, a world of sorrow.

We welcome again to the placid arena of effete journalism that whilom publican and collector of tolls, Edward M. Murphy, Esquire. There's nothing like variety in the aforesaid arena, and a little more or less of the unadulterated idiotic can occasion little harm. Veracity aud integrity are qualities which Mr. Murphy possesses in an eminent degree, and these assuredly afford some sort of compensation for a sad deficiency in his mental upper story. In his festive youth, amid the hillocks of the "green isle" to which his imagination now turns with fondness, he was reared upon "spuds," and is it a wonder that the inner recesses of his skull have turned into insipid stoul? A timely diet of mussels and clams is now in order; in fact, no other course on Mr. M.'s part can save the Stock Exchange from ruin.

The dramatic critic of the *Bulletin* has been inexpressibly shocked. In fact, this terrible visitation has come upon him twice, and both times by the production of that naughty play, *Pink Dominos*. It is to be observed the young man went to see its second production, after having been ruthlessly pained by the first; but his object was to keep the seat from some other good young man who might have been contaminated. The *Bulletin* is careless about these things. It should have dispatched some hoary old sinner for such work, who would have taken some nice young girl with him, in order to point out the naughty tricks of this world, and teach her to avoid them. Perhaps it would be well to send the prudish critic to the Magdalen Asylum till the evil effects of his calling wear off.

Mr. P. S. Dorney, of Grass Valley, was fortunate enough to be expelled from his club last week for conduct "unbecoming a Caucasian." It is not easy to define the duties of a well-conducted Caucasian, but the geographies of our youth had a knack of suggesting that he had little else to do but enjoy having a fair skin and straight hair. It was also expected of him to studiously refrain from cannibalism. What has Mr. Dorney done? Has he been painting his skin, or has he been gorging on a fellow being, led astray by the succulent suggestion of the name Grass Valley? It is well to understand these things thoroughly, lest one be seized at any moment with a desire to cease to be a Caucasian. One might want to be a United States Senator.

The name of Mr. Horace Hill, one of the Supervisors, is most frequently mentioned in connection with the honorary position of Chairman. Certainly there is no one in that honorable body better qualified to fill a chair. Also the new member will abandon himself to the occupation with the natural lassitude and grace of one who disdains a more active movement. Another advantage is that Mr. Hill will confine himself to the chair as long as they want him to stay there, providing only that it be a comfortable and luxurious article of furniture. In short, so far as it is possible to foresee, the only difficulty that can arise will be to get Mr. Hill out of his chair. It is the custom to bounce them only once in two years.

"The Chronicle," in a virtuous fit of indignation, has bought a bible, and is running it as an offensive weapon against the *Call*. Yesterday it accused Mr. Pickering of straining at gnats and swallowing camels. This is a deliberate falsehood, as the proprietor of the *Call* is not in the habit of catching flies or chewing up dromedaries. Mr. P. carries his lunch in his pocket and takes an occasional munch at his midday repast as he meanders through our leading thoroughfares. The *Chronicle* further asks how its neighbor expects to escape damnation. Mr. DeYoung is respectfully advised to repent and to cease this untimely scoffing, else, like the foolish virgins, he may some day find himself without a snootful of oil.

General Grant is still inspecting the effete monarchies of Europe and getting his clothes let out four inches after every municipal feed. He is rapidly forgetting his native tongue, and talks about "Patty di foy grass" just as though he had lived in Strasbourg all his life. His intelligence is freely commented on by the foreigners, and he keeps up the deceit with consummate skill. His own country owes him a deep debt of gratitude, for he has dispelled the idea, hitherto existing among the French people, that an American does not know a mushroom from an umbrella.

Mrs. Dr. French, the Philadelphia temperance lecturer, closed a fervent discourse, the other evening, by asking how many were willing to assist her in putting the enemy down. The entire audience arose. The good lady, unprepared for such a spontaneity of reply, blessed them with tears in her eyes, and earnestly adjured them to go about it at once. It is to the credit of our young men that they are peculiarly susceptible to female influence. In compliance with this gracefully worded petition they all adjourned to the nearest saloons and actively engaged in putting down the enemy until they couldn't hold any more.

It may be doing that eminent statesman a grievous wrong, but it is more than whispered that when Sharon gets through shaking his head and sorrowfully assuring the people he has given recent "points on Ophir" to, that he can't for the life of him imagine how "everything went just the other way at the last minute;" he locks himself up in his private room and laughs like a hyena digging up a dead mule.

Mr. Charles Roth, of Placerville, having elected to make his departure from this vale of tears, cast about for a convenient means of exit, and hit upon giant powder as something neat and reliable. It blew him into sixteen or eighteen pieces, and something over. He died. Under the circumstances, it was almost the only thing left for him to do. The most distressing feature of the whole affair is, that he completely unfitted himself for a photograph subject. The most hardened individual who ever presided at a camera could hardly expect such a sitter to "look natural."

Mrs. Susan M. Low, in one of those fits of graceful phrenzy which beset the sex, stigmatized her dear little step-son as a "little scorpion." It is a sad reflection upon the readiness of human kind to kick the down dog that this pretty epithet has been promptly adopted. It would now make an interesting page in the annals of the Low family, if the "little scorpion's" opinion of his mamma-in-law could be given to the world in as graphic and explicit a style. It is possible that the columns of the *Police Gazette* could be induced to print it in full—for a consideration.

The Pope at last accounts had had a silver plate introduced in his wound, which it was thought would prolong existence for several days. While there is really no absolute necessity to keep him going for another week, it is apparent that they have hit upon the right course of treatment. Silver introduced into the pocket will prolong existence indefinitely, providing the supply of silver be kept up. The main idea is to get the silver.

For some inscrutable reason, a young person sends us a five-act play to read, with a note to the effect that the author "understands we wish to foster the American drama." There is some horrible mistake about this. Our correspondent has been deceived and put upon by some unprincipled miscreant. We do *not* wish to foster the American drama—the American dram is all we can attend to. If the MS. is not called for in three days, we shall begin to write editorials on the blank sides of its pages.

There has been a commotion among the astronomers of late anent some recently observed spots on the moon, and they are hurrying ahead with Lick's big telescope to find out what's up. When they do they'll discover nothing more exciting than a large advertisement of the *News Letter* we have had painted on a prominent portion of Luna's scenery. We propose to keep ahead of competition in this respect, if we have to nail together every step-ladder in the United States.

The Arcadian says: "Miss Emma Thursby continues her astroid flight on the artistic sky, enchanting the most numerous audiences in every country town. Her last achievements were to overflowing concerts in Washington." This is what some people would term winging her way to success, though the "overflowing" business is perhaps more suggestive of her having caught the flood tide at that particular time which is popularly supposed to lead on to fortune.

The sculptor, Gibson, said to an interviewer that he caught the idea of the "Wounded Amazon" from the posture of a girl trying to catch a flea. If Mr. G. will come out here for a month or two, we will promise to afford him some models on that line that for frequency of illustration and vigor of expression cannot be equaled in any other locality in the known world—bar Oakland, of course.

That jolly old sea-dog, Secretary of the Navy, Thompson, says he can't possibly account for the loss of the *Huron*, unless it was that the tide rose suddenly and filled her while she was "tied down to the bottom with one of those crooked what-d'you-call-'ems."

When Vermont convicts get tired of being in prison, they knock the jailor down and walk off with his watch and revolver. Here the jailors are exposed to no such risks. Those who have watches out of pawn are all off playing faro.

The sub-marine divers say that when a young female Octopus gets only one bracelet from her sweetheart, she just tucks the other seven arms behind her and fans herself with one arm, as contented as a clam.

The man who says the hallet at the Bush Street Theater "don't amount to a row of pins" must have sat very far back.

MARAH.

Oh angels pitiful!
Open the still doors of forgetfulness;
Upon her brows your drowsy poppies press,
In one last soft caress,
Oh angels pitiful!

Life is too wearisome!
Full long and patiently her soul has striven,
By want and sorrow mercilessly driven,
Ah pitying Heaven!
Life is too wearisome.

Alas her trusting heart!
The woods were leafing when the spoiler came,
But when the trees shook off their flakes of flame,
The harsh world cried her shame,
And broke her trusting heart.

Into this weary world
A little stranger came—nor ever knew
That any purer in God's garden grew;
It died—but God is true
And keeps this weary world.

Oh angels pitiful!
Leave the glad singers happy in the skies,
And press eternal sleep on these sad eyes,
Now with love's pain grown wise,
Oh angels pitiful!

EMILIE LAWSON.

San Francisco, December 12, 1877.

THE LAW OF EQUIVALENCE.

No engine, however subtly devised, can evade the law of equivalence, or perform on its own account the smallest modicum of work. The machine distributes, but it cannot create. Is the animal body, then, to be classed among machines? When I lift a weight, or throw a stone, or climb a mountain, or wrestle with my comrade, am I not conscious of actually creating and expending force? Let us look to the antecedents of this force. We derive the muscle and fat of our bodies from what we eat. Animal heat you know to be due to the slow combustion of this fuel. My arm is now inactive, and the ordinary slow combustion of my blood and tissue is going on. For every grain of fuel thus burnt a perfectly definite amount of heat has been produced. I now contract my biceps muscle without causing it to perform external work. The combustion is quickened, and the heat is increased; this additional heat being liberated in the muscle itself. I lay hold of a 50 lb. weight, and by the contraction of my biceps lift it through the vertical space of a foot. The blood and tissue consumed during this contraction have not developed in the muscle their due amount of heat. A quantity of heat is at this moment missing in my muscle which would raise the temperature of an ounce of water somewhat more than one degree Fahrenheit. I liberate the weight: it falls to the earth, and by its collision generates the precise amount of heat missing in the muscle. My muscular heat is thus transferred from its local hearth to external space. The fuel is consumed in my body, but the heat of combustion is produced outside my body. The case is substantially the same as that of the Voltaic battery when it performs external work, or produces external heat. All this points to the conclusion that the force we employ in muscular exertion is the force of burning fuel and not of creative will. In the light of these facts, the body is seen to be as incapable of generating energy without expenditure, as the solids and liquids of the Voltaic battery. The body, in other words, falls into the category of machines.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Dr. Cunningham said last Sunday that no true woman would ever let a man put on her shoe.

"MEN WE KNOW."

Alexander Austin.

Who is there in all our borders that does not know this popular son of Scotia? To borrow from a prominent citizen a phrase that has now well nigh passed into history, we may describe our friend as a man of "faultless physique," as straight as a line, as upright as a bolt, as proud as a Highlandman; broad-chested, with an expression of face that seems to indicate no ordinary degree of complacency and good humor; there seems to be just a dash of doubt thrown in occasionally as to whether he is pleasing his friends as well as he would like to do. In this aspect of his character, Mr. Austin is less of a Highlandman than of a Californian. The Highlandman kens all he ought to ken, or thinks he does, which is all the same thing to him, and so goes on, even if he goes alone, stiff-necked, and certain that whoever else is wrong, he at least is right. Your true Californian likes to travel in company. He is ready to go with his friend somewhat out of his way for complacency's sake. Mr. Austin likes to please, as well as to be pleased. With a full measure of love of approbation and a large degree of benevolence, there is no wonder that he is the popular man who, in San Francisco, where politics are so uncertain, has been three times in succession elected Tax Collector of the city, and might have gone on being elected if he had not preferred to retire to a private business. Mr. Austin was born in the year 1826, in the neat little town of Minnyhive, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, receiving a fair common school education, and that admirable training which has given to thousands of Scotian mothers' hearts the proud satisfaction that in every place the English language is spoken, and many where it is not, Scotia's sons are doing their duty, and carving out names that will endure forever. Mr. Austin landed in New York in the month of April, 1844, he being then but 18 years of age, but having the breadth of a whole continent before him on which to try his fortune. First he took Horace Greeley's advice and went West, but, after a somewhat checkered experience, returned to New York, and was engaged in the well-known wholesale dry goods house of James Beck & Co., of 355 Broadway, which he entered in a much lower position than that in which he left it, two or three years subsequently. Who that knows the canny, friend-gaining, friend-retaining Austin of to-day, would suppose that in those times he was as ready as Don Quixote to run a tilt against any windmill, or more substantial enemy that might seem to stand in his way? Upon his arrival in this country, he was a braw Scottish youth, who looked strong, and was as strong as he looked, and who yet had not learned to "discard his mother tongue, which was Scotch, ye ken." Coming out of his master's warehouse one day, a couple of swells made fun of his accent, and tapped him with a cane. What a terrible mistake! In less time than it takes to describe the operation, the swells were sprawling on the pavement, and our hero was in the hands of a policeman. His employer, liking the spirit of the Gaelic youth, went his bail and paid his fine. Some time after, the foreman of the establishment threw some of young Austin's clothing contemptuously through the trap door into the cellar. Austin, on the spot, gave his superior a bit of his mind, with the very purest of his native brogue. Of course, he was discharged instanter. The head of the house, however, who had learned to admire and respect the integrity of our friend, inquired into the matter, and reinstated him as speedily as he had been dismissed, adding the remark that "it would have served Mr. F. about right if he had been sent after the clothes." We doubt not that Mr. Austin did not come out of all his little early scrapes quite so well. No doubt he received many a little knock in return. It is these little back-handed knocks in early age that makes us in middle life the safe, canny and conservative men that not a few of us are. Many of us owe much to our early knocks, and so we will pass them along for the use of those coming after us, who have yet to learn their value. By whatever process arrived at, it is certain Alexander Austin now throws away no unnecessary blows. He loves peace now-a-days, and no man better succeeds in preserving it. An improved position being offered Mr. Austin in the great house of A. T. Stewart & Co., he accepted it; but the change was not really for the better, and Mr. Austin returned to the employer who had first discerned his merits. The subject of our sketch is one of the

earliest of California's pioneers. He had turned his attention to this wonder land even before it was known that gold had been found, and was about to leave by a sailing vessel *via* Cape Horn when the news came of Sutter's great discovery. Changing his route, he came hither by the first steamer, the *California*, which arrived on the 14th March, 1849. He pitched his tent in what is now known as "Happy Valley," and soon after reached Wood's Diggings. After enjoying the excitement of gold digging and the ups and downs of gold mining, he returned to San Francisco to commence business, which he engaged in with much success. In 1851 he went to New York and selected a large and varied stock of fancy dry goods, with which he returned and opened the house of "Austin & Co.," which soon became a household name throughout the coast. In the year 1868 he was elected by the people to the responsible position of Tax Collector. He was re-elected in 1870 and in 1873, but in 1875 he refused a renomination, having determined to commence business as a stock broker, in which he is achieving undoubted success. During the terms of official duties he has filled, exceedingly intricate and varied have been the tasks he has had to overcome. The settlement of the outside lands question, which had long successfully baffled others, was, after a period of indomitable perseverance, set at rest by him. It will forever redound to his credit that this much-vexed question, in which large vested interests were concerned, was settled through his executive ability. To him the citizens of San Francisco are largely indebted for the Golden Gate Park, and for reservations for charitable purposes. During his period of office, the taxpayers have risen to the number of 40,000, and over $20,000,000 of money has been collected, every cent of which has been accounted for, and credit duly given by the Auditor and Supervisors of the City and County of San Francisco. The new code of laws passed by our Legislature has given rise to much litigation, and immensely added to the difficulties of Mr. Austin's position. In 1851 he married Miss Palmer, of New York, and has enjoyed a long and happy wedded life. In politics, he is a sound Democrat. In religious matters, he is without prejudice or bigotry, but adheres to the Presbyterian faith of his forefathers. He is liberal in his charitable donations, and, as in duty bound, does not forget the "auld folks at hame." He is so truly and largely generous that he must have left his native land too soon to learn the sometimes necessary lesson of the "love o' the siller." Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr. Austin was the first to use gas in San Francisco. In the year 1851 he lighted his store with it on Sacramento street. Upon introducing this new feature, Indians, Negroes and others crowded around the new light, wondering what it was made of, and some sticking their fingers in to see if it would burn, which to their cost they soon found it would. Mr. Austin, as a leading member of the San Francisco Stock Board, is now engaged in a peculiarly active life, full of onerous responsibilities. He is united in business with J. M. Walker and Jennings Cox, under the trading title of "J. M. Walker & Co." As commission brokers of large capital, unquestionable credit, and of the highest business integrity, they occupy a foremost rank amongst their fellows. Mr. Austin is a thorough cosmopolitan, and enters into the spirit of Californian life, which is so well expressed by the poet of his native land when he says :

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that ;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that ;
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that."

They have curious medicines in Pennsylvania. A correspondent of a local paper writes that he desires to call the attention of the public to the use of petroleum. He says : "I can safely say it is one of the greatest medicines ever used. Either this or cleanliness in my poultry-yard has kept me free from roup, cholera, and, that worst of all diseases, the blind staggers." We never had the roup or staggers ourselves, but at the first symptom we will promise to swallow all the crude and refined petroleum we can get credit for. If it is also good for the croup as well as the roup we'll fill the baby up with it—and on this point we ask further information.

THE GENTLEMAN-FARMER.

[The World.]

He comes striding over the fallow, a gun on his arm, a pipe in his mouth, and a dog at his heels. A tall, loose-jointed young fellow, with plentiful indications of whiskers and mustache. His trowsers are turned up, to preserve them from getting soiled; his cuffs are somewhat wrinkled, but he will change them before dinner; and "There's the bell, by Jove!"—for his tutor, the big tenant-farmer, or rather agricultural capitalist, sits down at six, and has a man-servant to wait at table and fill his pupil's glass with wine. If the new novels have not come up from Messrs. Smith & Son's bookstall and library at the station, and if the squire or the rector has not sent round a pressing invitation, the pupil mounts his bicycle, and takes a "run" into the market-town. As he glides along the smooth road, a plowman remarks to his master, a *working* farmer—observe that—as they lean against a gate: "He be a spruck un!"

"Ay, ay, John; I allers zed it 'ud come to no good when um zet up a aggericulturul college!"

At the market-town our friend meets a few choice spirits at the billiard table, and "knocks the balls" about at pool. At a quarter-past eleven, when the house by law should be shut, he quits the green cloth for the bar, where the favored *habitues* are sipping the sweetest, *i. e.*, forbidden, glass of the evening; and after glancing at the sporting-paper, consults in a corner with the landlord, who is a bookmaker on a pretty extensive scale under the rose. Having made an entry or two in a certain small pocket-book, chaffed the barmaid, and gallantly lifted his hat to the buxom landlady (who pronounces him "*such* a gentleman!"), he starts for home as the church-clock tolls midnight. Slipping in by a latch-key, our studious pupil finishes his pipe in bed, and drops off to sleep, perhaps dreaming of the old song,

"We be all jolly fellows what follows the plow!"

Breakfast about ten, in his own special corner by the bay-window looking out on the lawn and flower-beds. His letters are there on a silver-salver, and the morning paper, unopened and smelling of printer's ink, lies beside them. His host's daughter is there, and laughingly pours out his coffee. There are the breast of a pheasant, some kidneys, a ham, and a few other trifles to pick from, or pitch at Jip, who sits at his feet and "yaps" if his lips are dry and palate parched after last night. A glance at the sporting correspondent's news, a yawn or so, and then—to business. Throwing the breechloader over his shoulder, he stalks through the turnips, zigzagging towards a noise of panting and puffing, and a column of black smoke yonder. Bang, bang! Picking up the partridges with a passing thought of bread-sauce, he makes his way to where the steam-plowing engines are at work, and, choosing a comfortable sheltered corner under an oak, sits down upon the dry bank in the warm sunshine to study the operations.

After lunch Tom thinks he will stretch the mare on the downs; and returning about four finds lawn-tennis in full swing, and three or four ladies charmingly attired, who form a very pretty foreground to the ancient ramhling, red-tiled, and ivy-hidden house. There is some decent champagne at dinner; and, on the whole, things are tolerably comfortable. You would hardly think, if you sat at that well-appointed table and glanced at the furniture and the pictures on the walls and the silver prize-cups yonder, sipping your champagne and trifling with fish or game, that agriculture was going to the dogs. But you might perhaps begin to realize that the big agricultural capitalist is a latter-day plant, which his landlord, even though he have a title, finds it necessary to cultivate skillfully and conciliate socially.

The capitalist, his tutor, has three or four, or even six, hunters in his stable, and Tom has to keep them up to their work. Besides which, Tom has a mare of his own, which he is "making," and which he risks his neck to show off, with a shrewd notion of selling and clearing a fifty before long. For although an idle dog in the eyes of the working farmers round about, our pupil is far sharper in the ways of this moderu world than they are, and is wide awake to the advantage of making a circle of acquaintances at the Hunt who may be useful to him hereafter.

Bnt it is not all play. You should see him in a slop-jacket, with a

black face, and a bundle of cotton-waste in one hand, driving the traction engine with the greatest *sang-froid*, fetching up a load of coal in the wagon behind from the railway-station, or working the plowing-tackle; and in the interim, while his engine is slacking, *i. e.* the wire-rope uncoiling and the plow traveling toward the opposite engine, cracking filberts with the spanner. You should see him at the annual sale of shorthorns or ram-lambs. Then behold him rising at the inevitable dinner to propose the toast of 'the buyers,' and rolling out well-balanced periods, which make the company feel what a thing it is to have 'eddication.' Up-stairs in his room Tom has a box crammed full of scientific knowledge —books on geology, botany, mathematics (!), physiology, etc., which he had to scan pretty closely at 'college,' and which are supposed to fit youth for the plow and the cattle-stall, but which box has never been opened since he arrived on the farm. He looks upon them with intense scorn, and prides himself on being a 'practical' man. He sees that good sherry well plied has an amazing influence on the price of shorthorn. He notes that a brace of pheasants or a hare judiciously left at the local newspaper-office is usually followed by 'extensive' accounts of the wonderful animals or extraordinary crops to be found at a certain spot. Free champagne has been known to oil quills with a wider scope than that of the local editor; and the agricultural capitalist who would get a cosmopolitan fame and bring bidders from the United States and Australia must keep open house to the press. Tom has a shrewd idea that certain pieces of oblong paper with a stamp on them are continually passing between his tutor, the auctioneer (who should in these days be called the agricultural stockbroker—not punningly, either), and the Bank. The meaning of which is that these great concerns of three and four thousand acres require a good deal of 'financing,' and also that more money is made by judicious speculation—buying and selling and making a price with advertising—than by the simple husbandry of sowing the seed and waiting till it ripens. Nor does he forget to observe that a 'silver tongue' and good address will get a young fellow a first-class farm much more surely than any solid experience. For though the squire's lady may sneer at his lack of pedigree, and so forth, yet somehow there is more pleasure in seeing a tall, well-dressed, gentlemanly young man, who can talk and knows how to behave, in the pew at church every Sunday than the cumbrous old style of rude and yet sheepish tenant farmer. To all the rectors' daughters (who seldom have curates to keep up to their duty) round about, to the big gentleman farmers' girls, and even to the ladies at 'the Hall,' bored to death half their time, Tom and his kind are a positive blessing. These young men not unfrequently go off to the colonies after they have finished their time, and grow into mighty sheep-masters in Australia, or own a hundred thousand acres in Natal, and so do good work in the world. For the young fellow who gets through his billiards and petty bookmaking, stable propensities, and so forth, early in life, is generally found to possess more knowledge of men and to succeed better than the mere studious book-worm or milk-sop, who is ever at the edge of a petticoat, cannot soil his boots after hares, and thinks croquet an exciting game.

RIDICULOUS.

The Associated Press Telegrams announce that Lord Derby has instructed the British Consul to retire from Erzeroum and take with him the Consular archives. The telegrams proceed ridiculously to say that this is taken to mean that a declaration of war on the part of England against Russia is imminent. It is simply absurd to attach any such meaning to it. Erzeroum is about to be bombarded by heavy Russian guns, and it is but natural that Lord Derby should desire the Consul to remove himself and his nation's archives to a place of safety. Those afflicted with Anglophobia may content their impatient souls in peace. England is not in this quarrel, and will not be unless her real interests are menaced, of which there is no probability whatever. There can be no manner of doubt that the British Cabinet long ago received assurances from the Czar as to how far he would go, and with those assurances England is content to remain a spectator, but ready to offer her services as mediator when the right time comes.

IN MEMORIAM "NEWS LETTER JACK."

Obiit December 10, 1877.

Requiescat in Pace.

"News Letter Jack" comes to town no more—
The dear old fellow has "gone before";
His troubles are over here below,
For he's gone to the place where all good dogs go.

We all to hear of his death are grieved.
His master, I know, feels his life bereaved
Of a friend whose friendship no bribe could move,
Of a love surpassing all human love.

Some scores of doggies who drew their breath
From this grand old fellow, lament his death.
What folly! How selfish people are!
He's better off as he is, by far.

The soul that shone through his hazel eyes
Has gone to the canine Paradise,
Where fleas cannot enter, and bones abound,
And cherubim puppies are flitting around.

There the lady dogs in their robes of light
Shall bark him a welcome with all their might;
For he always worshiped the sex while here,
And his fair friends held his attentions dear.

No chicken was he when he went, 'tis true,
But now he is thrilled with a vigor new—
He is "Jack" in his youthful prime again,
For his heaven knows neither age nor pain.

Mr. Lewis, of Tehama, introduces a bill which provides that all criminals suffering the death penalty shall be hanged within the hallowed precincts of San Quentin. While this thoughtful young Senator deserves every credit for seeking to provide some little harmless amusement for the enuuied inmates of that establishment, it would be well to think in time that this would be just a little hard on the criminal. It is a tradition with the population that the Almighty has so tempered the climate over there that it is impossible to accomplish the feat of dying in any time less than a dozen years. People have been known to thrive for a decade on a quarter of an inch of lung. A man who has no lung at all just gets his neighbor to breathe for him. In fact, when a man does die it is hard to keep him dead long enough to bury him. A convict dangling between earth and sky, with the climate tugging at him on one hand to keep him alive, and the rope tugging on the other in a vain effort to dispatch him, would find the experiment irksome. It is much better to let him contract a superior case of rheumatism in the County Jail, and then jerk out of his misery some fine morning in the old place.

The enterprising Mrs. Dr. French — this admirably arranged name gives this lady some weight by presupposing the fantastic possibility of a Mr. Dr. French—has discovered the secret of drawing good houses by advertising her lectures "for ladies only." This delusive inducement suffers a severe shock when the title of the first discourse is announced. "The respiratory organs illustrated by the mannikin." "Ladies only," will not find that mysterious thrill of interest in the respiratory organs with which Mrs. Dr. French might inspire her topics, and there is really no good and sufficient reason why the boys should not be allowed to see the mannikin respire. The deluded and bamboozled male, however, is not permitted to know all things. It is possible that the mannikin is the petrified corpse of the late Mr. Dr. Freuch, and that his amiable relict utilizes the memento in showing to troubled women a neat, efficacious and scientific manner of stopping the work of respiratory organs which may be disagreeable to them. Mrs. French might do a large line in this business among the boys by giving a day to them only.

CALIFORNIA NEWS NOTES.

The World's Distributor of Facts and Figures.

The theory of the age is compressed information, and in no sense is that more imperatively necessary than in the news of the wide world. The day of stage coaches is past, the day of railroads as regards the transmission of intelligence may be said to have passed, and in their stead we have the click of the telegraph and the murmur of the telephone. In proportion also as the speed of communication has increased, so has the cost of such intercommunication decreased. The consequence has been that the weekly or monthly expensive letter is now changed to the daily line or message, costing a comparative trifle. At the same time the very fact of this rapid, continual interchange of thought engenders the necessity of condensation, and as much as possible of concentrating all important news into one focus. Such, we are glad to perceive, is achieved by the "News Notes." Every day the last news from all quarters up to noon are produced with lightning dispatch. For example, the specimen copy which we now have before us has on its opening page the last financial quotations from New York, London and Europe, together with the prices at San Francisco. In another column, on the same page, is the commercial prices current, with the last dispatch from Liverpool respecting wheat and cotton. This is followed by some admirably condensed business notes and a summary of news from all parts of the world, as well as from our own State. These are continued over the greater part of page 2, including the births, marriages and deaths in this city. The third page is taken up with a useful list of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s offices on the Pacific coast and other parts of the world, together with an epitome of a business directory, so that a stranger or traveler may at a glance discover where *to go for the best of everything*. Turn over the page and you find all the hotel arrivals, an invaluable source of information for business men or those expecting relations or friends. On the same page there is a list of the principal banks and insurance offices, with their addresses. The 5th page is left blank, for either letter writing, special advertisements, photographs, drawings, or for any purpose that the sender may desire or devise.

The next page is devoted to railway matters. Here we have the time tables and fares of all the railways in this State, as well as of the Central and Union Pacific Railroads, together with the fares from San Francisco to any station on any line. The time table of the ferry boats is likewise inserted. This is a very useful page. The next scene shifts to a report of all real estate transactions, including mortgages and leases, a list of the hotels and boarding houses with their streets and numbers, a notice of new books, and the announcements of the Pacific Mail Company to New York and Liverpool, as well as the San Francisco and Portland steamers. The eighth and last page contains the closing prices of stocks, shares and bonds, up to the moment of publication, the arrivals and departures of shipping, a list of the members of the two Boards, the rates of the Western Union Telegraph, and a capital retail prices current for family use, showing the price of all produce, from butter to beef, from snipe to tom cods, and radishes to asparagus. So that this is really a compendium of daily events, crammed full of that which the sender of the *Notes* would fain have himself imparted, had he the time, but which is here done for him at the expense of *two cents and a half*. The writer says his little say on the blank page, and for the rest he refers to the well digested condensation of news—in truth, the facts and figures of the world—with which the sheet is replete. We must not omit mentioning the beautiful vignettes which border every page of the letter—California views; others, typical of the wealth and industry of California; the escutcheons of the various Consuls accredited to California, and where to find them; the principal hotels, boarding houses and public buildings—in short, everything to render the sheet useful, interesting, most valuable and attractive. Nor should the quality of the paper be forgotten, but enough has been said to recommend the *News Notes* to public notice as an additional feature wherewith the rapid intercourse of society is addtionally accelerated.

Lady barbers are sweet, it must be confessed; for they wipe off your chin and pull down your vest.

CLASSIFICATION OF CRIMINALS.

We met, some years ago, in a railway carriage the governor of one of our largest prisons. He was evidently an observant and reflective man, possessed of wide experience gathered in various parts of the world, and a thorough student of the duties of his vocation. He told us that the prisoners in his charge might be divided into three distinct classes. The first class consisted of persons who ought never to have been in prison. External accident, and not internal taint, had brought them within the grasp of the law, and what had happened to them might happen to most of us. They were essentially men of sound moral stamina, though wearing the prison garb. Then came the largest class, formed of individuals possessing no strong bias, moral or immoral, plastic to the touch of circumstances, which could mold them into either good or evil members of society. Thirdly came a class—happily not a large one—whom no kindness could conciliate and no discipline tame. They were sent into the world labeled "incorrigible," wickedness being stamped, as it were, upon their organizations. It was an unpleasant truth, but as a truth it ought to be faced. For such criminals the prison over which he ruled was certainly not the proper place. If confined at all, their prison should be on a desert island where the deadly contagium of their example could not taint the moral air. But the sea itself he was disposed to regard as a cheap and appropriate substitute for the island. It seemed to him evident that the State would benefit if prisoners of the first class were liberated; prisoners of the second class educated; and prisoners of the third class put compendiously under water.—*Fortnightly Review.*

We note with pleasure the announcement of the bankruptcy of a boarding-house keeper, just as we would congratulate a domestic cat on its freedom from fleas. It is only a matter of time for all other ladies, who have hitherto indulged themselves in the illusion of there being money in the occupation of stuffing wandering ladies and gentlemen with wholesome victuals, to follow suit. The average boarder eats four meals a day very attentively, and ruins about twenty dollars worth of furniture and carpets a month. He is too shiftless to provide a home for himself, and too satisfied with other peoples' walls to scratch his matches on. Briefly, he expects for the smallest possible amount of his doubtful coin, the most scrupulous attendance, the juiciest porter-house steaks, and the most unlimited supply of gas, water, towels and elegance conceivable. We are cursed with boarding-houses in America, until even the dramatist lampoons them. For artificial snobbery, vulgarity and imbecility, commend us to a first-class American institution of this kind, where patient gentlewomen wear out their lives and lose their fortunes in the struggle to support shoddy.

Just as we always expected and feared! Plevna is taken, and the infernal telegraph of course sent us the news. Consequently hot chestnuts are at a discount, and several peanut men on the verge of bankruptcy. All right; go ahead! Send us word that Erzeroum is blockaded, and the Russians within two versts or three sausage-lengths of Constantinople. We are wildly indifferent. It does not sour our vinegar—O, no, not by a great spoonful! Suppose there is a corner in hairbrushes, or that an *ad valorem* duty is placed on all dresses cut bias! Suppose it don't rain till Christmas, or that Dr. O'Donnell's leper has lost another toe! Shall we bid our heart despair because Osman Pasha is weak in the knees? We thiuk not. Let the accursed telephone and the fiendish telegraph do their worst. Whisky is still ten cents a drink, and our withers at the corner grocery in the way of credit are still unwrung.

A colored man addicted to alcohol was found dead yesterday in his room, and the Temperance men are chuckling and preparing to dissect him next Sunday evening—that is, allegorically.

WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

Electricity—who shall set bounds to its possibilities? It began by giving us the telegraph. Who may tell in what it will end in giving us? The electric candle is soon to replace gas. One day it will come to be the motive power that will drive our steam-engines. The telephone is its latest and, perhaps, most unexpected development. We sit in our office and communicate with our family at North Beach. Soon the telephone will have a widely extended use. The difficulty that stood in the way of the telegraph ramifying its way into every good house throughout the land was the fact that few could read or work the instrument. Everybody who has an ear and a tongue can use the telephone. It is bound to be brought to a wonderful state of perfection. A time is coming when everybody will be ahle to step into a telegraph office, apply his own pocket telephone to the wire, and hold a private conversation with a wife, or a son, or a customer, or a political friend, at the end, without the interveution of an operator. He will pay by the minute. It is hardly possible to set bounds to the promises of the telephone. There is no reason why a parent in the East should not hold conversation with a son in California, or at the other end of the world for the matter of that, distinguish his voice, hear his hreathing, and if the iustrument be applied as a stethoscope, hear his heart throb. Next to seeing the features, what would parents give to hear the very voice, the familiar laugh, the favorite song of the child long separated by thousands of miles of mother earth? The telescope is only a prolongation of the eye, and the telephone is but an indefinite extension of the ear. For some time there has been a prophetic idea that a speech might be made to report itself. There is now no difficulty in the matter, except that the telephone will be only too true and will serve the orator and the public only too well. Will the telephone he able to convey the singing of northern birds to the less vocal tropical regions, the breaking of the surge, or any other of Nature's sweet or wild utterances? Will it bring to our ears the dreadful sounds of the bombardment, or the clash of arms on the battle-field? But what next? There is hardly anything conceivable, or even inconceivable, that may not be hoped for, and, indeed, even expected in the future. We have only to consider the achievements of a period within our own recollcction to form a fair estimate of what is in store for our successors. The world has not exhausted itself; mind has not doue all its work; Nature teems with fresh wonders; time has more children yet to come. When shall we store and distribute the manifold bounties of Nature running to waste? When shall we counteract the uncertainty of the elements? When shall we penetrate the mystery of the winds? Shall we ever cover the whole earth with fertility and verdure? Shall we not only comhat, but extirpate disease, as, in fact, some diseases have disappeared? Not one, nor all of these thiugs combined, seem as impossible as did the telephone but the other day.

RECLAMATION OF SWAMP LANDS.

During the past two years the work of reclaiming the swamp and overflowed land of the State has been pushed vigorously, no less than 57 swamp land districts having been organized under the laws of the State, which, added to the 244 previously existing, makes the total number 301. Up to August 1st, 1875, there had been acted on, by the State authorities, districts embracing 560,693 acres, upon which reclamation was complete, or the sum of $2 per acre had been expended (which entitles the party to a deed). Since that time, final action has been taken upon 287,564 acres. The total area covered by the districts now organized, and which have been wholly reclaimed, or upon which work is progressing, embraces 848,260 acres out of the total of 1,532,136 acres already listed to the State. These tule and hottom lands are unsurpassed in fertility, and will yield from $50 to $100 per acre gross product annually. At the inside figure, they will add to the annual productive capacity of the State at least $42,403,000, and the entire area of these lands is capahle of yielding as much value as the land now under cultivation, besides vastly improving by drainage the sanitary condition of a large portion of the State.

DREAMING AT FOURSCORE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

She sits in the gathering twilight
In her well-worn rocking chair,
With the snow of life's long winter
In the meshes of her hair.
She dreams of the little children
Who left her long ago,
And listens for their footsteps
With the longing mothers know.

She hears them coming, coming!
And her heart is all elate
At the patter of little footsteps
Down by the garden gate.
The clatter of children's voices
Comes merrily to her ears,
And she cries, in her quivering treble,
"You are late, my little dears!"

And then, they are here beside her
As she had them long ago—
Susie, and Ben, and Mary,
And Ruthie, and little Joe. [ture
And her heart throbs high with rap-
As each fond kiss is given,
And the night is filled with music
Sweet as her dreams of heaven.

Such wonderful things they tell her!
A nest in the apple-tree;
And the robin gave them a scolding
For climbing up to see!
A wee white lamb in the pasture—
A wild rose on the hill—
And such a great ripe strawberry
As Joe found by the mill!

She listens to all their prattle
Her heart abrim with rest.
She's queen in a little kingdom,
Each child a royal guest.
Queen? 'Tis an empty title!
More than a queen is she:
Mother of young immortals
Who gather at her knee.

She brings their welcome supper,
And they sit down at her feet
Tired, and hungry, and happy,
And she laughs to see them eat.
Then she smooths the yellow tangles
With a mother's patient hand
While she tells some wonderful story
Of the children's fairy-land.

Then the little knotted shoe-strings
Are patiently untied,
And the children in their night-gowns
Kneel at their mother's side.
Their voices are low and sleepy
Ere their simple prayers are said,
And the good-night kiss is given
By each waiting little bed.

Then a quiet comes about her,
Solemn and still and deep,
And she says in her dreamy fancies
"The children are fast asleep."
Yes, fast asleep, poor mother,
In their beds so low and green,
Dasies and clover blossom
Each face and sky between.

OUR BIG BONANZA KING EN FETE.

[The World.]

What shall a man do to be saved from *ennui*, from worse, if he have an income of over two millions and a half a year—not two millions and a half in francs, lire, pesetas, or any unsatisfactory coin of that sort, hut in good English pounds? Now this is no fancy question as to the effect of boundless wealth. The income I name is limited, and strictly so; it is not a milliard a year, or even three millions, hut a little over two millions and a half.

There is a man in San Francisco who is doomed to draw this sum from his investments. He is one of four who have the largest shares in the Consolidated Virginia mine (of silver), otherwise called the Big Bonanza, and about the richest in the world. The four are known as the Bonanza Kings, and Mr. Mackay, as owning a three-eighths share of the entire profits of the mine, is a sort of Emperor among them. From the mining share alone he draws about $800,000, in gold, every month; divide it by 5, for a rough calculation in English money, and say £160,000, multiply the £160,000 by 12, and you have £1,920,000 as the income for the year from this one source. Even with this sum, what is a man, who saves so much, to do to he saved?

He may put it in other enterprises, in the hope of losing some, and having less to count. Alas! Mr. Mackay has done so—I cannot speak as to the intention, but only as to the fact—and it brings in more money than ever. It will not get lost. He buys into United States funds and they turn out an excellent investment. It is estimated that at this present time of writing the sum of £5 a minute is coming to him as income from all sources, and that this goes on for all the minutes of the day and night, for all the days and nights of the year. Between midday and

midday, then, the yield of his fortune—to say nothing of the capital—is £7,200, and this, multiplied hy 365, gives £2,628,000, the sum which h has annually to find some use for on peril of going melancholy mad.

Think of getting up every morning with the task of disposing of your day's fraction of that awful sum! Think of lying down every night with the knowledge that your average "fiver" of Fate is being added to fiver without a minute's intermission through all the silent hours! The reflection ought to take the impudence out of the Pilgrim of Love for evermore —as if he were the only fellow in the world with the prospect of "no rest but the grave!"

Suppose you were, as this man, bowed beneath the too vast orb of your luck, what would you do to prevent your load from growing insupportable, to keep your orb down?

Well, you might do something in America by buildlng the best house, buying the best clothes, drinking the best wines; but, as a friend, I should advise you to come straight to Paris, take one one of the largest mansions—say, an entire frontage between two thoroughfares radiating from the Arc de l'Etoile—and then give *carte blanche* to the upholsterers, decorators, and art-workmen of every description in the matter of "fixings." This done, try to live in the place for a time; and when you find it bore you too much, hurry back to San Francisco, so as to be spending money at both ends of the wire, and leave your wife in charge, with general instruction to lay out as much as she can. This is exactly what Mr. Mackay seems to have done.

A big, simple-minded man—quite able, if the fancy took him, to do a day's work in his own mine—he tried Paris for a time, and, in American phrase, "went around" only to find that it was boring him to death. He did not know the language; he did not know the ways; and he soon saw, I suppose, that you can do the tomb of Napoleon or the top of the Arch as well for one franc as for a thousand. He went back like a philanthropist, leaving the whole establishment, which he could not enjoy, just as it stood, in the hope that it might somehow tend "to make others happy."

His wife, a thoroughly ladylike person—they are both young—has done her best so carry out his presumed instructions. She does not apparently want to outshine others, but she cannot help it, having positively no motive to count the cost in whatever she does. The inevitable consequence of her patronage is that her tradespeople, the dressmakers in particular, lose all their French custom. They form such extravagant ideas of prices that the wealthiest people have to fly. They charge more to cover the loss, and, it is believed, go on adding cipher to cipher on the items, until shame visits even their consciences and taxes the bill. It is never taxed by anyhody else. Boxes at each of the opera-houses get rid of a few thousands; hut they are as a mere flea-bite to the general sum. Winter *fetes*, however, come loyally to their aid, and do the poor absent millionaire many a good turn. A number of these were given last season, and the visit of General Grant has just been made the occasion of another, which opens the series for the present year. It was the very biggest thing that has been seen in Paris since the days when the Empire danced so merrily on that crust of glory that held the earthquake ruin of Sedan.

The house is a splendid example of what may be done in emulation of the feats of Aladdin's geni by modern means. I really do not think the geni could have improved on the feat, except in getting through his work in a night. This was not finished quite so quickly. Mr. Mackay rubbed his dollar and ordered a palace, and it was ready in a surprisingly short time. Ah, but the taste! You can buy taste in Paris, dear madame, as you can buy anything else—it is included in the hill. I would defy you to find richer wood-carving, finer *parqueterie*, more heautifully varied combinations of white and gold, of silk and satin in all hues, than are to he seen in the dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, boudoirs cf this house. Everything is, at least, in double, and there are sometimes four or five rooms appropriated to the same uses, but in different styles. You may smoke in Constantinople, above stairs, in a perfect divan; in Pompeii, below, where the walls, the chairs, the lamps, the flooring, are in perfect emulation of the style of a Roman villa. The cigar-box is decked with oyster-shells, with pearls in the rough inside; the bedrooms—they are veritable rooms of state, and were all thrown open on Tuesday in the old French fashion—are silken nests, in blue, in rose, in Heaven knows what beside,

that can unfit them for their uses by keeping the eyes wide open in a perpetual stare of astonishment at the cunning of the hand of man. The costliest Indian shawls apparently are not worn in the family; they are simply hung, in lieu of paper, on the walls.

But this is merely the house in its normal state. For the dinner and reception in honor of General Grant they added "decorations." They built a place in the garden for the band, some five-and-twenty of the best performers of dance-music in Paris. They built a false façade in the *cour* that looked rather more imposing than the real one, and filled the intervening space with shrubs and fresh flowers from Nice, at, I should say, something like half a guinea a bud. The flowers came in cartloads; they strewed them everywhere, and then, by a really happy thought, they made their temporary *parterres* more costly by putting some hundreds of stuffed tropical birds to nestle among the leaves. It was another happy thought to have engraved slabs of silver for the *menu* instead of cards. A few hundred dollars were burned away outside as an illumination of the front of the building.

Having seen what sort of a house money can buy, now let us see what company—hum! we must not analyze too closely, if only because the analyst was nccessarily there. All that you can say is, that it is not easy to get the very best in that commodity by the mere rubbing of the ring. It takes time; the geni himself might have failed. The company was just a little mixed, and no wonder—all nationalities were there. One of the cavaliers was a dentist—a tooth-carpenter, as it was put by a friend; others would have been held worthy to sit at meat with his customers, who are mostly kings. It was mixed—you can say no more: in part, perhaps, because it suited the hostess to have it so. Had it been otherwise, a saving of but one half of the outlay on sworded footmen—some with halberds in their hands—would have more than sufficed to hire a sufficient supply of needy nobles of good character to give grace to the scene.

The rough estimate of the cost is a hundred thousand francs, or a little more than half the income for the twenty-four hours. The Bonanza King in San Francisco must have slept a little more easily that night when they sent him the uews by cable. He had £4,000 less to count the next morning; and he had some excuse for thinking that he had "maed others happy," as he did not hear their remarks.

THE AMERICAN NOSE, ITS USE AND ABUSE.

The nose has for time out of mind been looked upon by the American citizen as a legitimate organ of speech. In that capacity, not having an ear for music, we grant it our unqualified approval and respect. From the drawling twang of the South, to the sharp treble of New England, its modulating influence, like that of a pure woman with a stout stick, is keeuly felt, and doubtless felt for good. In a ueighborly way it allows the mouth to share more or less in producing the glorious coruscations of forensic pyrotechnics with which the "chivalry" are wont to enlighten the land, but in the hard-driven bargains of the down Easter, the nose is more jealous of any interference whatever on the part of its tobacco-chewing partner. From this point of view the American offers a study of peculiar interest to Messrs. Darwin, Haeckel & Co., as a creature in which the evolution of the true organ of speech has not yet undergone its final differentiation by the survival of the fittest. What, however, descrves to be more particularly considered by the nose-owning public of this coast, are certain iuarticular sounds unconnected with sleep, that they allow to proceed from this portion of their real estate. Thesc sounds may denote "a transition form," or they may suggest an economy in pocket handkerchiefs, but apart from their scientific interest are extremely painful to ears polite, and when accompanied by the usual denoument at the spittoon, become torture for all within hearing. Spare us, then, these excruciating sounds, we bcseech you, oh ye newly guilded ones, and we will cheerfully admire your broadcloth, diamonds and marvelous ways.

"O it is excellent
To have a Roman nose; but it is tyranous
To use it like a Roman."

The Vanderbilt skeleton is at any rate a gold-mounted one.

A WOMAN'S REMONSTRANCE.

[We gladly print, just as we received it, a letter from a correspondent, in answer to our recent article, "Too many Women."—Ed.]

"**There** was an article in the *World* the other day entitled 'Too Many Women.' What did the writer mean by 'too many?' For, according to his calculations, there are scarcely more women than men in the world, not more than two or three in a hundred. Too many for him, I suppose, *i. e.*, he would wish men to be the majority, and the number of women to equal only that of eligible men; for he explains that there are a few men comparatively who have sufficient means to make a home for a wife. Then every woman would be matched. There would be no 'odd' ones, as he calls them, hanging about. The Paterfamilias would no longer feel like a 'Mormon elder' with his 'bevy of women.' At a private party on the deck of a yacht, the last eligible man would pair off with the last woman; only a few odd men would be left behind, but they being of the independent sex are no encumbrance to any one, merely, as they are not marrying men, unless members of society.

"This, I gather, is what the writer's arrangement would be. But I ask, what right has any one to say there are too many women? Let it be added, *for the convenience of men*, and I will say no more about it; for certainly in this little island there are a great many women, and no doubt they do give a vast deal of trouble to the men on whom they have a claim for protection. Of this the odd women are not unmindful, nor wanting in love and gratitude to those who chivalrously and generously expend their care upon them.

"But the men are not the only benefactors; if they do not personally gain much from these odd women, their wives and children owe a great deal to them. When wife or child is sick, it is the maiden-aunt who is ready to come at a moment's notice to nurse the patient with perfect unselfish love. When business or pleasure draws the husband away, the wife would often be lonely without an unmarried sister to bear her company. How she helps the mother with the burden of the children! What a kind and patient listener she is to household troubles, which would soon irritate the husband if brought before his notice! Yes, women need women—unattached women, whose sympathies are not engrossed in any husband or children of their own.

"Is it not the 'elderly ugly daughter' (by no means always ugly, and if she is so, no less dear) who is *all in all* to her parents? When the prettier ones are married, and the sons forget the mother for the wife, *she* remains faithful, giving her heart to them, forgetting her self-sacrifice in her holy love. We may meet her in society as one of the odd women, and pity, perhaps even despise, her; we do not see her at home, or know the high vocation she holds—so hideously described as 'attending to papa's little comfort and whims.'

"The Almighty would not have put so many women into the world if there had not been work for them to do. He knows they cannot all marry. Shall it be thought that that was the only destiny for which they are created? If men think so, happily women do not. Many a young maiden's soul has risen to something far higher than matrimony. And when she has set her affections above the things of this world, and won St. Paul's glorious praise of virginity, shall men presume to sneer at her as a 'failure,' or speak of a wasted life?

"The writer goes on to say, 'If the unmarried woman is tamed, she perhaps becomes *a sister of charity*.' If tamed! What a word to use for one whose heart has had courage and strength to soar beyond the reach of man! I think it sad to see a woman tamed by matrimony when she has fulfilled her 'natural destiny,' and relapses into a fat old match-making wall-flower. If the old maid be not tamed, we are told she is 'angered, disappointed, and thoroughly embittered against the conditions of her life.' This I deny. The large majority of our English old maids—and of course the majority, and not isolated exceptions, is what was meant—are not angered or embittered. Few have never had a chance of marrying; some have refused many offers; and most have the satisfaction of feeling that they have sealed their own fate, and not been subjected to the painful process of having the hope of fulfilling their natural destiny 'crushed out' of them.

"When casual observers set them down as soured and discontented

with their lot, how little they know of their lives! The hearts that people think hungry and empty are still jealously cherishing the one all-engrossing love of their life, while the object of it lies buried in some drear cemetery. They are not craving now for any man's love, or hankering after any man's money, as so many men like to imagine, but only

'For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

A man would have married after all, perhaps, with a cold heart; but a woman remains to be an old maid. Or it may be that the only man the woman could love preferred another to her. How often this cup is heroically drunk, the world does not know; or how bravely and cheerfully she faces life afterwards, though she lets no one win her heart."—*The World.*

WHERE THE CHINESE ARE MUCH WANTED.

Egypt is the very place for the Chinese, where, owing to the conscription and other causes, there is an increasing scarcity of all manual labor. Thoughtful Europeans have directed the attention of the Khedive toward the teeming and industrious millions of China. A scheme for the liberal importation of Chinese coolies was lately proposed to and considered by the Khedive of Egypt. He wholly agreed with the desirability of introducing Chinese laborers, and but for the present state of his finances, would have immediately made the experiment at his own risk and expense. The Khedive, however, has recently made the official announcement that "if the Chinese will come to Egypt of their own accord and at their own expense, they will be warmly welcomed by his Government and will be provided by it with regular employment. Or, should the Chinese immigrants prefer it, they will be allowed to occupy and reclaim vacant or wild lands in Egypt, and which shall be free from taxation for a term of years." We learn this fact from a new work published by Harper Brothers & Co., just to hand, bearing the date 1878. It is entitled, "The Khedive's Egypt, or The Old House of Bondage under New Masters," by Edward de Leon, Ex-Agent and Consul-General (for the United States) in Egypt. The author goes on to say: "Initiatory steps having thus been taken, it is probable that but a short time will elapse before the 'heathen Chinee' will add one more to the types of race already in Egypt." And he further remarks: "There are many reasons why the Chinaman should feel more at home in Egypt than in California or other parts of the Western World. In the first place, soil, climate and productions, as well as modes of cultivation in Egypt assimilate more closely to the land of his birth. In the second place, the prejudice of color, caste and race, as well as of religion, will not weigh so heavily upon him among the Moslems as among Christians, whose 'charity' does not cover his 'multitude of sins.'" On this subject Mr. de Leon says, in conclusion: "There is really no such sharp dividing line of character, custom and race between the Coolie and the Fellah, no such insuperable barriers as those existing between the Chinese and the Caucasians, and in the former case amalgamation, as well as association, would not seem impossible, if not improbable. In short, viewing the matter in every aspect, the proposal to introduce the China Coolie into Egypt to fill the great labor void there, seems to me to offer the speediest as well as the most satisfactory solution of this problem."

M. Laufrey.—We regret to learn of the death of the historian Laurey, aged 39, which is announced from Paris. He leaves his great work uncompleted. He will be ever remembered for having destructively applied the sound principles of critical analysis to the "Napoleon Legend." Despite Thiers' brilliant historical romance of the "Consulate and Empire," thanks to the exhaustive criticism of Laufrey, "*Le Vrai Napoleon*" is now made manifest. M. Laufrey was throughout his career an ardent Republican. During M. Thiers' Presidency he was Ambassador at Berne, and subsequently a life Senator.

MY PETS.

I sought for a present to give unto *her*,
The darling whose love I'd not part with,
And methought I would buy, should occasion occur,
A something to gladden her heart with.
So I searched about 'Frisco this something to find,
To triumphantly startle my fairy,
When all of a sudden this thought crossed my mind—
"Why not purchase my love a canary?"

So I bought a canary (and likewise a cage),
And the hue of that biped was glowing,
And that biped, although 'twas of tenderish age,
Had manners exceedingly knowing.
Then proudly I went to her dwelling, and cried,
"Lo! Polly, my love!"—(her name's Mary),
"I've brought you a songster," I said, with much pride,
"A youthful but clever canary."

Then I made an arrangement that I should be paid
For that bird by installments—of kisses.
But between ourselves, reader, I'm rather afraid
She's not the most paying of misses.
Whenever I ask her for some on account,
I regret to remark she seems chary,
But, by Jove, if she doesn't soon "square" the amount,
I'll complain to that little canary!

I should like you to see how she doats on the thing,
How she'll speak to it, sing to it, pet it,
How she laughs with delight when it swings in its ring,
And fears lest the "pussy" should get it.
Why she vows that it warbles of me all the day,
And tells her *her* love mustn't vary,
And that's a command she declares she'll obey—
So you see that's my friend, that canary!

—*Slightly altered from London Fun.*

NATIONAL LAND REFORM.

We have received the Circular of the National Land Reform Association, setting forth clearly and forcibly the evils of granting the public domain to corporations instead of reserving it for the use of actual settlers. It advocates the use of personal influence and the formation of associations to prevent further grants of land, and to compel the restoration of those which have been forfeited by non-compliance with the conditions of the grant. Says the circular: "That a country is really prosperous, according to the proportion of independent and self-employed workers among its inhabitants, no economist will dispute, and there shall be no necessity to prove it to legislators, who claim to represent an industrious people. What then are we to think of a policy, which has stripped from the industry of our country, its great patrimony, almost entirely, and handed it over to its great foes, speculative greed and incorporated rapacity?" Relative to the currency it is recommended that no privilege be given to banking corporations to issue paper money, and that the government bonds be issued in denominations of $50 and $100, obtainable at any post office, so that the savings of the people may be invested in them. These sentiments will find a hearty response in California, where all the agricultural lands have long since passed into the hands of speculators and corporations, and a homestead or pre-emption claim is about as difficult to find as in the State of New York. The concurrent resolution introduced into the California Assembly by Mr. Barstow, on the 6th, declares "That no more of the public lands of the United States should be donated to corporations or given away in subsidies."

Christine Nilsson has met with an enthusiastic reception at Moscow in *Mignon* and *Faust*.

FREE TRADE IN LABOR.

The struggle which nowadays unhappily exists between capital and labor, to the great detriment of both, has now assumed a new phase—one which the leaders of trade unions will do well to consider carefully, and which we venture to think would never have made its appearance had not the contest on both sides become embittered. There is a masons' strike in London; and, in order that works may not be stopped, the contractors for the new Law Courts, and also a builder who is erecting some new portions of the Temple, have determined to import foreign workmen in order to take the place of the English who decline to work except on their own terms. These men—Germans, Italians, and Americans—have accordingly come over, and according to all accounts they are capable, sober, and industrious workmen; and they are willing to do more work for less money than the masons here. Obviously, then, it is to the interests of the masters to obtain the services of as many of these men as possible, and then, when it is too late, the masons on strike may find out that they have been the means of introducing a formidable body of competitors into this country without in any way bettering themselves.

Now, at the first sight this may seem very hard upon our English workmen; but a moment's reflection will convince any one that, however much he may dislike it, there can be no fair ground of objection. In the first place, it is plain that, if we are to have free trade in the commodities produced by work, we must have free trade in labor also. The one is, in fact, the necessary consequence of the other if we are to hold our own against foreign competition. Either we must keep foreign goods out of our market by import duties, or we must be allowed to obtain the foreign labor which is so much cheaper. We say nothing against free trade; but, if it is to be kept up, that is the only course open to us. Then, again, when the English workmen talk of the hardship of having these foreigners brought over to compete with them, we would ask them to remember the following facts: How many Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen go over every year to compete with Americans. The labor market of New York is flooded with Irish, and of course such an influx of emigration tends to cheapen labor there, and men from this country compete with the American on his own ground. Why, then, should not the American workmen come over here, as they have a perfect right to do, and thus retaliate upon the nations who sends swarms of good-for-nothing vagabonds to throng the lowest quarters of New York? It is plain also that, while the men are perfectly at liberty to combine, the masters also must be allowed to seek for aid wherever they can find it. *If* this strike goes on, we shall no doubt see hundreds of foreign workmen imported, and the artisans of this country will have to thank the masons of London for this innovation. As might have been expected, some of these foreigners have been molested, and no doubt the Trade Unionists would be very glad to blow them up and maim them, after the pleasing fashion of Sheffield, if that were possible. Of course, the Strike Committee say that they and the masons have had nothing to do with this interference—a statement the probability of which is, so say the least of it, very doubtful, when we remember that they, and they alone, have any animus against the new comers, and when we know that the mild trade unionist never resorts to acts of violence. We can easily fancy the strike Committee saying, in benevolent accents, to a mob of angry workmen, "Don't put his head under the pump," "Pray don't tear his clothes to ribands," when an Italian or American passed by alone; for the stranger would be in no danger from these heroes if he were accompanied by some of his compatriots.

There can be no doubt but that this importation of foreign workmen will, before long, assume proportions which will astonish us, unless the British workman mends his ways. No doubt there are workmen and workmen; but the following emphatic sentences, which we quote from the *World*, very aptly express the position of too many at the present day: "What is now being witnessed in the building trade is what has been witnessed in the other industries of this country. The British workman aims at securing the highest wage he can for the worst workmanship; at getting the most he can out of his employer, and giving the least; at shirking his work when he can, and thus cheating his employer; at enjoying his own ease in his dishonest, debased, knavish, cowardly manner. Those who come in his way he strikes if he can, if he dares, if

they are unprotected. It is the same instinct as that which makes him pound the defenceless wife of his hosom to a jelly." These are hard words, but they are not too strong. Happily, however, there are many British workmen who are as honest as they are skillful, and it is upon these men we must rely in the future to teach their fellows lessons which are sorely needed.—*Court Circular.*

THE RIGHT KIND OF A WAR.

The United States and Mexico have entered into the right kind of war at last. It is a conflict which exactly suits the genius and spirit of the *News Letter*. Murderous weapons are cast aside, and the implements of peace go to the front. There has been a great deal of war talk in regard to Mexico lately at Washington, but the proceedings of Congress confirm our views expressed some time ago, namely, that the Government of the United States does not desire to plunge itself into a bloody issue with the neighboring republic. And while there has been a good deal of bluster going on, both North and South of the Rio Grande, concerning frontier troubles, a practical war, commercial in its nature, has been steadily progressing. Three of the largest business houses in the city of New York have had responsible agents at the capital of the Mexican Republic, who were active in promoting trade between both countries. A Mexican paper states that those agents were successful in procuring orders for American manufactured goods to the amount of $500,000. Now, why cannot San Francisco increase its trade with Mexico? We have steam and sail communication with all the Mexican ports of the Pacific, and the Mexican people manifest a warm disposition to patronize us. This city, the commercial metropolis of our young and growing State, should make its influence felt all along the Mexican and Central American coast. Our leading business men should send thoroughly reliable agents to the Mexican ports on the Pacific, who would energetically work up trade. We notice that the Mexicans are well informed as regards our commercial and industrial capacity, for we find in the *Diario Oficial*, published at the Capital, a correspondence from this city, which is remarkable for its statistical information. The number of vessels entering and departing for the first six months of the present year are given, the passenger trade, exportations and importations, the yield of the principal mines, prices of leading stocks, and other information, equally valuable to the business public, are set forth clearly and fully. During the six months a complete list is given of the vessels entering from and departing to the Mexican ports, followed by the special importations and exportations, American and Mexican. The correspondence fills over seven pages of the *Diario*, and as this journal is the official organ of the supreme Government, it will be seen that the national authorities appreciate the information given. The review was prepared at the Mexican Consulate in this city, by Don Miguel G. Pritchard, Acting Consul, and it reflects great credit upon the author. We believe in wars of facts and figures, and we hope through this means to see a continued development of trade and commerce between the two largest republics on the American continent.

THE ANTONELLI-LAMBERTINI LAWSUIT.

The Antonelli lawsuit was resumed on the 3d ultimo at Rome, despite all the defendant's pleas for postponement. Among other evidence shown in favor of the heirship of the Countess, were a series of photographs of the Cardinal by the side of the Countess, taken at different periods of her life. Tamburlani, an old servant of Cardinal Antonelli, gave evidence as to the Cardinal's relations with "*La Baroncssa,*" the mother of the Countess, and the Archpriest Venditti has added his testimony to that of many other witnesses. To punish him for his disclosures the Vatican has deprived him of the right to say Mass. The London *Graphic*, of the 24th November, has a portrait of Loreta Domenica Vittoria, Countess Lambertini, the alleged daughter and heiress of Cardinal Antonelli. It is thought by many to bear a strong resemblance to the deceased "Prince of the Church."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Form, method, measnre, proportion, classical elegance, refinement, the cultivated taste, the stamp of good society—these traits belong not only to the first class of French books, bnt even to their second and third rate books. No writer in France of whatever calibre can hope for acceptance who violates good taste or is ignorant of polite address. In France a writer cannot gain a hearing unless he stands npon the platform of the man of the world, who lives in society, and accepts its prescription before he undertakes to instruct it. French books are written by men of the world for the world. This is the merit of the French. The weak point French books is their deficiency of fact, their emptiness of information. The self-complacent ignorance of the French writer is astonishing. Their books are too often style and nothing more. The French langnage has been wrought up to be the perfect vehicle of wit and wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent—the incisive medium of the practical intelligence. But the French mind has polished the French language to this perfection at a great cost—at the cost of total ignorance of all that is not written in French. Few educated Frenchmen know any language but their own. They travel little, and, when they do travel, their ignorance of the speech of the country cuts them off from getting to know what the people are like. We must credit the French with knowing their own affairs; of the affairs even of their nearest neighbors in Europe they are as ignorant as a Chinese. The newspapers are dependent for their foreign intelligence on the telegrams of the *Times*. Hence their foreign policy has been a series of blunders. Had the merits of the case been known to it, could Republican France, in 1849, have sent out an expedition to Rome to set up again the miserable ecclesiastical government which the Romans had thrown off? I was reading in the *Figaro* not long ago a paragraph giving an account of the visit of a French gentleman in England. On some occasion he had to make a speech; and he made it in English, acquitting himself very creditably. "M. Blanc," says the *Figaro*, "being a Breton, spoke English like a native Englishman, on account of the close affinity between the two langnages, Breton and English." The *Figaro* is one of the most widely circulated newspapers in France. England is a country with which the French are in close and constant communication, and yet they have not discovered that the English tongne does not belong to the Keltic family of langnages. That Germany is as little known to them as England I might instance in the most popnlar tourist's book of the day. Victor Tissot's "Voyage aux pays des Milliards" has reached something approaching to fifty editions. It is nothing bnt a tissue of epigrams and witty exaggerations, a farce disguised as a fact, and taken by the French nation as a serious description of German life.—*Fortnightly Review.*

RUSSIAN NIHILISM.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* asks, in a late number, "Can the English reader ever imagine Nihilism, the most fanatical of atheistic and anti-social movements, as actually developed into its present alarming shape in the schools, where the future clergymen of the Russian Church are educated; schools that are still its hotbeds and strongholds?" And he adds, "Yet snch is the case. Nay, the Nihilists are the most generons among the young men turned out from those establishments. Their spirit of revolt is nothing but restless indignation and disgust at the infamies they behold wherever they cast their eyes. They are, most of them, sons of village priests, and, according to their experience, *religion* means idolatry, superstition and hypocrisy; *property*, the means of reckless dissipation among the idle and dissolnte at the expense of the wretched workers; *government* and *justice*, oppression and knavery. Having seen no other world than that which surrounds them, they are deeply convinced that all existing institutions and principles must be *annihilated* before a ray of hope can reach the hearts of the poor. These but too numerons yonng men, and the scarcely less numerons yonng women, holding exactly the same views, are the more dangerous because they are, after all, not so very different from those other Russians at whose doings their hearts sicken."

Lecky's History of England in the Eighteenth Century.—We are glad to find that the two first volnmes of this important work will be issued in London before this year closes.

BEFORE THE MIRROR.

By Paul H. Hayne.

Where in her chamber by the Southern sea,
Her taper's light shone soft and silvery,
Fair as a planet mirrored in the main,
Fresh as a blossom bathed by April rain,
A maiden, robed for restful sleep aright,
Stood in her musing sweetness, pure and white
As some shy spirit in a haunted place;
Her dew-bright eyes and faintly flushing face
Viewed in the glass their delicate beauty beam,
Strange as shadowy dream within a dream.
With fingers hovering like a white dove's wings,
'Mid little tender sighs and murmurings,
Joy's scarce articulate speech, her eager hands
Loosed the light coif, the ringlets' golden bands,
Till, by their luminous loveliness embraced,
From lily head to lithe and lissome waist,
Poured the free tresses like a cascade fall.
Her image answered from the shimmering wall,
Answered and deepened, while the gracious charms
Of brow and cheek, bare breast and dimpling arms,
To innocent worship stirred her happy heart;
Her lips—twin rosebud petals blown apart—
Quivered, half breathless; then, subdued but warm,
Around her perfect face, her pliant form,
A subtler air seemed gathering, touched with fire
By many a fervid thought and swift desire,
With dreams of love, that, bee-like, came and went,
To feed the honeyed core of love's content!
Closer toward her mirrored self she pressed,
With large, child-eyes, and gently panting breast,
Bowed, as a flower when May time breezes pass,
And kissed her own dear image in the glass!

—*The Galaxy for December.*

AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL ESTIMATE OF THE BRITISH WAR FLEET.

Under this title we find, in a late number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some extracts from the report of Mr. J. W. King, Chief Engineer of the U. S. Government to the Naval Department. Mr. King writes: "For the study of naval construction and marine engineering, the most important field of observation is Great Britain. England is the forefront as the leader and model to all European naval powers. In addition to its magnificently equiped public dock-yards, the patronage of the Government has sufficed to keep in existence, and to increase the supplemental resources which relieve and aid the national establishments in time of peace, and which, in time of war, would be of priceless value. It is owing to this patronage, and to foreign orders for ships of war, in no small measure, that on the Thames, the Mersey, the Clyde and the Tyne are found unrivaled establishments all fully equiped, with expanded and developed resources requisite for modern war-ship construction." After speaking in high terms of the value, power, and efficiency of the British Fleet, Mr. King consoles his fellow-citizens by telling them that "while lamenting the want of superiority in our individual ships, a careful review of the situation brings home the inevitable conclusion that our interregnum will, in the end, result signally to our advantage. For if, after our Civil War, we had gone on building armored ships designed for sea-going purposes, each succeeding vessel would have been superseded, in offensive and defensive powers, by productions on the other side of the Atlantic. *The result would have now been an antiquated armored fleet.*"

Armenian Remains.—The English Ambassador at Constantinople has recently received from Vau, in Armenia, an important collection of antiquities, which are destined for the British Museum in London.

THE COMING MAN.

A pair of very chubby legs,
Encased in scarlet hose;
A pair of little stubby boots,
With rather doubtful toes;
A little kilt, a little coat,
Cut as a mother can—
And lo! before us strides, in state,
The Future's "coming man."

His eyes, perchance, will read the stars,
And search their unknown ways;
Perchance the human heart and soul
Will open to their gaze;
Perchance their keen and flashing glance
Will be a nation's light—
Those eyes that now are wistful bent
On some "big fellow's" kite.

That brow, where mighty thoughts will dwell
In solemn, secret state;
Where fierce ambition's restless strength
Shall war with future fate;
Where science from now hidden caves
New treasures shall outpour—
'Tis knit now, with a troubled doubt,
Are two, or three, cents more?

Those lips that, in the coming years,
Will plead, or pray, or teach;
Whose whispered words, on lightning flash,
From world to world may reach;
That, sternly grave, may speak command,
Or, smiling, win control—
Are coaxing now for ginger-bread
With all a baby's soul!

Those hands—those little, busy hands—
So sticky, small and brown;
Those hands, whose only mission seems
To tear all order down—
Who knows what hidden strength may lie
Within their future grasp,
Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick
In sturdy hold they clasp?

Ah, blessings on those little hands,
Whose work is yet undone!
And blessings on those little feet,
Whose race is yet unrun!
And blessings on the little brain
That has not learned to plan!
Whate'er the Future hold in store,
God bless the "coming man!"

General Grant must have strongly impressed a gentleman last week in Paris with the "calm repose" of his manners—to call his conduct by no other name. This gentleman was sent by a Committee to ask the General a few questions respecting the management of Agricultural Chambers in America, and other subjects of the country order. Question upon question, politely put, brought forward not a word from the General, who simply turned his cigar round and round in his lips, and stared. At last, when about an hour and a half had been spent in questions, suppositions, etc., on the one side, and cigars on the other, the General threw his cigar away, slowly sent a cloud of smoke around his head and that of his companion, and, remarking impressively, D—d bad cigars," turned his back upon the Frenchman.—*Truth.*

THE PARK.

Interesting Facts about the Work Done upon it in the Past Two Years.--The Board of Park Commissioners, E. L. Sullivan, Wm. Alvord and Louis McLane, have presented their fourth biennial report for the two years ending Dec. 1, 1877.

They state that they have seen no reason to alter the general plan announced heretofore, and are more than ever in favor of pushing to completion "The Great Highway," believing that it will furnish an unsurpassed seashore drive, besides acting as a bulwark to the sand drift. A great deal of labor, however, will be required, and the scanty means have compelled the temporary abandonment of the work, of which a section only has been finished. They state that without a $20,000 appropriation from the Supervisors they will he obliged to discharge on January 1st the greater part of the present force of laborers. But for the $2,000 obtained in fines, etc., by the Park Police, they would have been discharged before. A life-saving station is being built at the northwest corner of the Park. It is also proposed by a number of liberal citizens to make a donation of a highly ornamental iron and glass structure, imported at great cost by the late James Lick. The Board should be authorized to erect this edifice. The estimated cost of erection is $15,000. When finished it would doubtless return a good rental. The Commissioners further recommend an increase of the Park Tax to three cents upon each $100 valuation of taxable property in the city and county, for a maintenance fund, and also the authority to rent an office and employ a Secretary and engineer at the discretion of the Commission, as provided in section 4, Act 802, entitled "An Act to provide for the improvement of public parks in the city of San Francisco," approved April 4, 1870.

Some Interesting Facts.—The following items of interest are taken from the report :

Length of roadway, 35,882 feet, nearly 7 miles, varying in width from 36 to 90 feet. This has had two coatings of rock since December, 1875.

Trees planted in the eastern district and the avenue, 65,776; in the western, 37,882. The growth has heen fair, notwithstanding the drought and the lack of water facilities.

A bridle path 5,000 feet long and 20 feet wide has been constructed.

Besides the larger trees, there are 18,000 Monterey pines, 1,000 seedlings and 10,000 flowering plants, which will be ready for the season 1878–9.

The total receipts from May 3, 1870, to November, 1875, were $447,-705 62 ; and the disbursements $34,517 less, leaviug that amount on hand. From November 30, 1875, to November 30, 1877, the receipts were $92,-314, including previous halance, and the disbursements $1,346 less, leaving that amount on hand.

The detailed statement of expenditures shows, among other items, the following : Repairs and maintenance of drives, labor, $15,793.82; repairs and care of buildings, $1,344.26; maintenance of tree plantation, $14,266.79; boring a well, $1,067 ; guards, labor, etc., $12,698.17 ; supplies, $4,941.14; salary account, $6,568.

The total number of visitors for the year ending November 30, 1876, was 619,144. Of these, 18,986 were pedestrians, and 189,334 vehicles.

For the past year there were 703,658 visitors, of whom 17,259 were pedestrians, and and there were 218,266 vehicles.

During the last two years, 17,822,600 gallons of water have been used.

During the two years there have been 392 fine days and 23 rainy days, the remainder varying between the two extremes.

The Same, only Different.--A "society" paper, speaking of the effect of London fogs upou the London mind in November, says: "At Charing Cross a gentleman who had taken a ticket for Greenwich preferred to end his journey where he was, and committed suicide under the wheels of an incoming traiu. Exactly the same thing happened at Farriugdon station on the following day." We don't believe that any man can go through this sort of performance more than once, and even if, "by exactly the same thing," a brilliant essayist doesn't mean to include exactly the same man, we may be allowed to inform him that they don't issue tickets to Greenwich on the Metropolitan Railway.

THE TEA TRADE.

China has for so long a period held a complete monopoly of the tea trade among all tea-drinking nations that a successful competitor in this staple of consumption has hitherto hardly been thought of. For fifteen years the culture of tea in India has been progressing with good results, but it is only within the last few years that the question has been raised as to whether it will not soon supplaut the Chinese produce. From a report recently made to the English Government by Mr. Medhurst, Consul at Hankow, it appears that, in 1861, there were exported from India to England 1,300,000 pounds of tea, the produce of the Assam districts. About this time the experiment of tea planting was extended to Darjeeling and valleys of the Himalayan mountains, the industry was encouraged by a liberal annual grant from the Indian Governmeut, and with such success that in 1868 the exports of Indian tea rose to 9,000,000 pounds. In 1875 these had risen to 25,000,000 pounds, with an almost certain prospect of the same steady increase. If this ratio be coutinued, it is evident that the time is not far distant when Great Britaiu will be supplied exclusively from its Indian dependencies. It must also be noticed that India, which used to purchase large quantities of tea from China, now takes none. Until the year 1860 the United States took their whole supply of tea from China, but has now transferred the greater portiou of their custom to Japan. We find, from the *Journal of Commerce*, that for the year 1876 the imports of tea from China, at the port of San Francisco, were 1,092,802 pounds, valued at $340,391, while from Japan the imports for the same year amounted to 17,555,936 pounds, valued at $5,904,480.

One of the alleged causes for a non-interference with the Coolie trade or alteration of the Burlinghame treaty, is a fear of a misunderstanding with the Chinese Government, whereby our trade with that empire might suffer, but here we see one of their chief staples of exchange already moving into other channels. The only great tea-drinkiug nation now exclusively supplied from China is Russia, the greater part of that country's imports being brought overland. The teas introduced into Russia are noted for their excellence and fine flavor, and it has been a popular belief that the superiority of Russian tea is due to its being land-carried. It is now known, however, that the cause of this superiority is owing more to the suitability of the locality in North China, whence the Muscovite market is supplied, and which affords more fragrant leaves than the southern districts, and also to the presence of Russian overseers, who give more attention to the manipulation of the raw material than do the Chinese themselves. For similar causes the teas of Japan, Assam and Iudia are rapidly superceding those of China, and there is good reason to suppose that the trade of tea in England will soon be supplied by Indian teas and in this country by Japanese. China has long been looked upon as the home of the tea plant, but formidable rivals have entered the field, and unless the Chinese can keep pace with the march of science in converting their tea into a superior article of consumption, they will find their foreign trade in this particular staple cut off, and that the knell of one of their great industries has sounded.

A CHANCE FOR SPLENDID SPORT.

A private letter reached this office yesterday from Mr. George E. Madison, of Olema, stating that salmon trout were swarming in the creek there, and that ducks were preempting every damp spot in the region. A telegram from Duncan's Mills states that it rained hard all Thursday night and during yesterday; that the bar is open and the salmon are swarming into the Russian river in consequence. There is a fine chance now for splendid sport, including a pleasant Sunday trip by boat and rail to the Mills. A train of the N. P. C. R. R. leaves this city at 10 o'clock A. M., and arrives at Duncan's Mills at 4 o'clock P. M. Julien's big hotel furnishes excellent accommodations, and is within gunshot of the river. The redwood forests, within fifteen minutes' ride, are threaded with small creeks, where the salmon may be easily speared, and all kinds of game, including dear and an occasional bear, are waiting to be bagged.

TRASHY PRESENTS.

There is no poorer compliment that one person can pay to another than to purchase some flimsy article at Christmas and present it as a token of regard. It is, though unintentional perhaps, as absolute an insult as can be offered, and looks as if the friendship were as valueless as the gift. During this week everybody is thinking of holiday gifts, and wondering what to buy and where to buy it; and as the chief purchases will be made between to-day and Monday next, we take this opportunity of talking to our readers for a few minutes on this important question. Do not buy presents that will fade like the baseless fabric of a dollar shirt before the wearer has well got into it, and do not purchase anything that is useless to your friends. They don't thank you for such gifts, and you know it, or ought to. "Well, then," you say, "this is all correct, and we do give a great many rubbishy presents, but we can't help it. We've looked in all the windows till we are ashamed, and don't see anything solid or useful." Then we'll tell you what you have not done. You have not been to the Arcade, of J. J. O'Brien & Co., on Market street, next the Baldwin; for if you had, you would have found the most useful presents conceivable. There are white, black and colored fans, initial handkerchiefs, silk and lace ties, ladies' sets of collars and cuffs in elegant boxes, fine beaver cloaks selling at $12 50 (sold everywhere else for $18). Their silks, cashmeres, serges and suitings are reduced in price just 40 per cent., and when O'Brien & Co. say that they are making these reductions, the public know that the statement is genuine. Our citizens do not believe the gross puffs made by unreliable firms, about their having purchased a bankrupt stock worth a quarter of a million dollars, which they are giving away; but they do believe what the Arcade says about its goods, because the firm has never broken faith with the public yet. O'Brien & Co. have on exhibition every conceivable holiday novelty that could be procured in the markets of the world. One "little" item of their stock includes 1,290 dozen of the Arcade seamless gloves, 1,325 dozen genuine Jouvin gloves—all the best goods imported, and varying in price from $1 25 upwards. In this short notice it is impossible to enumerate the endless useful holiday presents which are to be found at the Arcade, but the store is open from 7 in the morning until 9 in the evening during the holidays, and a large staff of first-class clerks attends admirably to the different wants of the constantly flowing stream of visitors.

THE MONARCH MINING COMPANY.

We always understood that this company was a close corporation; that the mining shares were held by a few favored individuals, and that the promise of dividends at an early date was to be taken without reservation. But it is evident from the present outlook that "all is not gold that glitters." Outsiders who hold stock in this favored mine have been disappointed in their expectations. So far from dividends having been paid, they complain that in their place an assessment of 75 cents per share is levied. Moreover, the notice of assessment appears only in the columns of the *Alta*, a paper read only by a minority of the public. The result will most probably be that some unfortunate holder of this stock will never see the notice, and the first intimation of the assessment which comes to him will be that his stock is delinquent and sold for anything it will fetch. It would be more satisfactory to stockholders in the mine if they could obtain intelligent and reliable accounts of what is going on from the Secretary of the company, who is bound to give all the information received from the scene of operations from time to time. A neglect to do so, encourages a feeling of distrust, which ought not to exist in those interested. Enough has been said at present to indicate that a more open and candid statement of affairs connected with the mine by the Secretary would be desirable, and is, indeed, demanded.

The Harpers paid Longfellow $3,000 for "Keramos," which is about $10 a line.

A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS.

There are few of us oldsters, I fancy,
Here in this dainty clime,
But whose thoughts, at the Christmas season,
Turn to a former time,
And who feel there are some things missing
From the grand old Day we knew,
Where the northwind, that mighty minstrel,
His Christmas carol blew.

Where are the coral-gemmed holly,
And the privileged mistletoe?
Where are the hoary king, Winter,
And his pitiless bride, the Snow?
Here the hills are more green than in Summer,
And we seek for the holly in vain,
While our Winter's a boy crowned with roses,
And his bride that mild maiden, the Rain.

Yet to pine for the ancient traditions
Is foolish and selfish, I fear;
What right has a fellow to grumble
At a season less rigid and sere?
It ought surely to be a great comfort,
As we eat our plum-pudding, to know
That the poor and forsaken and homeless
Are not freezing to death in the snow.

Jack Frost, that deft window-pane artist,
May snub this fair land of the Sun;
What matter—with warm toes and fingers
We surely can have as much fun.
Santa Claus makes young eyes shine as brightly,
And the presents he gives are as nice,
As though he came shrouded in tempests,
And wearing a fillet of ice.

Then as Christmas once more is among us,
Let no shadow of Sorrow alloy
The true metal of gladness we owe to
The chosen occasion of Joy;
Let us eat, drink, jest, laugh, and be merry—
Yield for once to the spell of "good cheer;"
If we want to brood over our sorrows,
There are days enough left in the year.

TELEPHONIC ANTICIPATIONS.

If the telephone comes into general use, it will probably produce one effect. It will teach us to speak more clearly and distinctly than we now do. Of all nations the English have the most slipshod and careless utterance, a circumstance which adds greatly to the perplexity of foreigners learning our language. When, however, John Bull has to pay so much a minute for the privilege of talking to somebody a hundred miles off, he will find it advisable to practice the art of distinct pronounciation. This reminds us that the telephone, like most other inventions, will not prove an unmixed blessing. The post coming in six or eight times a day is bad enough, but fancy a private telephone hanging up in your office! Why, you will be at the mercy of all the bores in Christendom who have the pleasure of your acquaintance. The difference of longitude will add to the nuisance. Jones at Sydney, who has finished the work of the day, will relax his mind by talking politics to Smith in London, who has just begun to open his letters; while, *vice versa*, Brown in San Francisco will worry Robinson at his Clapham villa with commercial items just as the latter is going to bed. And are not the telegraph clerks and clerkesses to be pitied? If the telephone is perfected, their occupation will be gone, and they will feel as the old Admiralty official felt when he set the arms of the semaphore swinging for the last time.—*London Graphic, Nov. 24th.*

THE NON-HUNTING LADY IN HUNTING QUARTERS.

There is one member of the community to whom the advent of the hunting season can hardly be a period of unmixed delight, namely, the lady who does not hunt herself, but whose husband is sufficiently devoted to the sport to cause him to migrate to hunting quarters at the commencement of November, and to remain there till the end of March. When a man can hunt from home his wife is not specially to be pitied, her case being no worse than that of any other woman living in the country; but it is otherwise when she is transplanted from her home surroundings and legitimate interests to a cottage in a locality of which she knows nothing, and a neighborhood where she does not possess an acquaintance. If, as is very frequently the case, her lord and master regards but the hunting portion of the stable establishment, and finds that there is no room for her ponies, or that the coach-house is only large enough to contain one carriage, and that therefore the dog-cart, which will be useful to himself, is the one to be taken, her case is hard, indeed. For five, or perhaps six, days in the week she will be left from early morning to late night to her own devices, without the resources of her own house or the distraction of her own circle of acquaintance. The people of the neighborhood call upon her very probably, but she is out of her depth, knowing nothing of their status or their connections, and being perforce constrained to fall back on the weather for the basis of conversation. When the neighbors are hospitably inclined, and invite the new-comers to dinner, she would gladly go as a break in the monotony of her existence; but her husband objects. He wants no change; he has had plenty of amusement during the day, and prefers sleeping in his arm-chair to endeavoring to make himself agreeable; so he wonders crossly that she can never stay at home, and remarks plaintively that it is very hard he cannot enjoy the short hunting season—only five weary months—in peace. If she is amiable she gives in, and spends the evening imagining how much she would have enjoyed herself; if she insists, and disregards grumbling, it is rarely, indeed, that she finds the game worth the candle.

A number of people whom she does not know, all talking eagerly of the day's sport, of which she understands nothing; every place mentioned unknown to her, and every personal allusion—and their name is legion—utterly incomprehensible, do not furnish the elements of a very lively evening. She tries her neighbor on something else; with an effort absolutely heroic he, if she is young and pretty, endeavors to forget that check where the huntsman would not listen to him, and consequently cast in the wrong direction, and to recall his soaring thoughts to the sublunary sphere where she is groveling in darkness. But *chassez le naturel il revient au galop*, and in a very few minutes he is well on the line again, and gallantly running his fox to ground. In the drawing-room she fares but little better. The young ladies, if not Amazons themselves, have little thought but of the forthcoming meets and of driving to covert, and discuss short cuts and practicable lanes in a manner bewildering to any one not perfectly acquainted with the locality; while the elderly matrons have generally driven some miles to dinner, and having done full justice to that meal are in a slightly somnolent state. The "little music" consequent on the advent of the gentlemen is tolerably sure to include an indifferently executed hunting-song; and the usual impression of the non-hunting lady as she leaves the house is that she will refuse all similar festivities in future; but after a short interval of *tete-a-tete* with her slumbering Nimrod she generally repeats the process, usually with much the same result.

If she has a pony-carriage or other vehicle of her own she can drive to the various meets, and thus achieve some slight variety of amusement; but unless the hunting box is exceptionally well situated this necessitates an extremely early start, and renders the day unduly long. Even when she reaches the covert-side she is not in the same position as those who belong to the county. She knows many of the people, of course, but not well enough for those who are keen about their anticipated sport to care much for talking to her, unless she is close to the spot best adapted for moving off, and she understands none of the jokes that are bandied round, being ignorant of all the old stories in which they have originated. Not being particularly amused, she has time to find out that it is very cold, and to be "perished" before she reaches home. If she has no carriage of

her own, amiable neighbors sometimes insist on her accompanying them to the meet, on which occasions the day is generally passed in "following on wheels," a very dismal and disheartening process. The by-roads by which alone is there any chance of seeing anything of the run are invariably seamed with the deepest of ruts, involving imminent peril of damage to the springs of the wagonette and of dislocation to the bones of its occupants. Then, the perversity of the wily fox being great, he declines to run in a direction that would afford a fair chance of amusement to the spectators, but persistently winds and turns in a manner that necessitates perpetual retracing of steps. More than probably a sharp shower of rain or sleet comes on and drenches the occupants of the carriage, the umbrellas having, of course, been left at home, owing to the brightness of the morning. The party reaches home, tired, cold, wet, and hungry, about three o'clock, having seen nothing more exciting than one or two red coats galloping spasmodically in the distance. Every now and then there has been a firm belief that one of the party "hears something," which generally turns out to be either a disturbed sheep-dog or a bewildered donkey, and a wild rush has been made to some point supposed to possess exceptional advantages in the way of commanding views of the surrounding country, from which spot it is frequently found very difficult to extricate the vehicle. Or the carriage-party heads the fox, and is delighted at his own success in being for once in the thick of the fray, and hardly understands the muttered anathemas with which its presence is received.

The lady who does not belong to the country gets thoroughly bewildered as to her geography by all the various twists and turns, and would be quite unable to find her way to her own door if deposited within a hundred yards of it. She very soon finds that she is out of her element; that a hunting country, especially if it is not her natural home, is a very dull place to any one who does not regard the chasing of the fox as the sole object of existence. So she generally falls into one of two snares—she either regards herself with such supreme commisseration that she waxes peevish and becomes a confirmed grumbler, or she looks around her for some means of amusement, and usually lights upon flirtation, which becomes serious or not, according to her temperament and the raw material which chance throws in her way. Very often it is the young son of some local magnate, who begins by a chivalrous compassion for "that charming creature left alone, day after day, while her brute of a husband is amusing himself," and ends by believing that he has exhausted all the passion of his life. In this case there is probably not much harm done; the boy is very miserable of course for a time, but it is a phase through which he must inevitably pass, and he is never ultimately the worse for his experience; while the lady is merely amusing herself, and getting through the tedious winter with as little *ennui* as may be. But it is far otherwise when the partner, of what begins as a pastime, is of maturer years; there is then a very considerable danger that jest will become earnest, and that delicate wings, which imagined themselves to be but fluttering in sport, may become singed. Of course if any harm comes of it, nothing will ever persuade the husband that his deliberate selfishness has had anything to do with originating the catastrophe. He was very well amused; who could expect him to care whether his wife was or was not bored to extinction? We do not offer this in exculpation of the lady's conduct, many instances of which must occur to every one; merely as a suggestion to ardent Nimrods that a little consideration for the tastes and pleasures of their wives might reap its reward in immunity, either from grumbling or the graver evil of scandal. Five consecutive months of almost complete solitude are somewhat trying to the nerves, spirits, and temper of any average woman.—*The World.*

If a man receives you with a certain degree of stiffness, it does not necessarily follow that he has breakfasted on glue; but if his collar is immaculately white, and his shirt spotless, it is safe to assert that his washerwoman uses nothing but Duryeas Starch, which is used in the first lavatory establishments in the world. The first question a man should ask his laundryman is, "Duryea use it?"

"YARROW UNVISITED."

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unraveled:
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had traveled;
And, when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside
And see the braes of Yarrow."

Let Yarrow folk frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrows banks let herons feed,
Hares couch and rabbits burrow!
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There's GallaWater, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us:
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tevoitdale, a land
Made blithe with plow and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My true love sighed for sorrow,
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

"O, green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

Let beeves and homebred kine partake
The sweets of burnmill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double—swan and shadow!
We will not see them: will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it;
We have a vision of our own—
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

If care with freezing years should come
And wandering seem but folly;
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show—
The bonny holms of Yarrow!"

—*Wordsworth.*

INQUIRE WITHIN FOR EVERYTHING.

If money is tight, avoid it—it ought to know better. The way to good manners is never too late—unless you are kicked out for impertinence before you can offer an apology. Give a dog a bad name and you may as well hang him—unless you can sell him for a good price. Enough is as good as a feast—providing you do not suffer from indigestion. Let dogs delight to bark and bite. Dr. Watts must have beeu a great advocate for canine pugilistic encounters. Evil to him who evil thinks; but legal proceedings against him who publishes his thoughts about us. It is never too late to mend—look at poor Jack Robinson's boots and he'll tell you the shoemaker told him very differently. Christmas comes but once a year. Everybody *keeps* Christmas, and yet allows it to pass. This is a paradox which no ordinary fellow can understand. The most foolish question asked this year was: "If Columbus discovered America, who discovered Columbus?" The stupidest riddle was: "What man was that who, though possessed of many wives, was a single man?" The answer, which we really apologize for publishing, is "Solo-man." The greatest Turkish atrocity is, we consider, veiling their pretty girls and screwing up their dear little toes in such ugly boots.—*Melbourne Punch.*

The man who goes up a flight of stairs three steps at a time is the one who gets rich and dies early.

"MEN WE KNOW."

The Hon. James T. Farley, U. S. Senator Elect.

The Legislature of California has, during the past week, elected a United States Senator, who will occupy that high position during a period which, we are persuaded, will be one of exceptional importance to the Democratic party, if not to the whole country. James T. Farley, the subject of this sketch, and of whom an admirable portrait is presented with this number of the *News Letter*, was on Tuesday last chosen, by a more than two-thirds majority of the Legislature, to succeed U. S. Senator Sargent, whose term of office expires the 4th of March, 1879. Mr. Farley will reach the Senate at a time, the first in many years, when his party will have an assured majority. The Presidential election, to follow two years subsequently, will undoubtedly very largely depend upou the good conduct, discretion and ability displayed by the Democratic majority during those two years. If it shall be seen that prudent, safe, conscientious and able men are leading that majority on, with a due respect for the issues that have been settled, to high and worthy aspirations for the good of the whole country, then it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that the Democratic party will elect the uext President, and will govern the nation by the hearty assent and good-will of a vast majority of the governed.

The honest followers of the party are more fervid in their hopes than sanguine in their expectations that their leaders will fulfill the great possibilities that lay open before them, the due fulfillment of which will turu the present passive toleration of many of their countrymen into an active, hearty, and united confidence and trust. James T. Farley will go to the Senate at a period when the Democratic majority will be on its trial, and will serve whilst the whole country is making up its mind as to whether that majority deserves to be condemned, or merits further trust. In short, the action of the Senate during 1879-80 will probably determine the next Presidency, and largely make or unmake the Democratic party. It will thus be seen what vast importance may fairly be attached to that era. Hence it comes that the election the other day was one of more than ordinary consequence. With fair opportunities of ascertaining the views of Senators and Assemblymen, the writer has no hesitation in saying that the choice of James T. Farley was not a little owing to high considerations of what they believed was the safest and best for the party and the country. It was felt that this was no time for trying experimeuts. Not one of the other candidates had had any legislative experience worth speaking about, and, although Hager might be more scholarly, Ryland more promising, and McDonald bolder and more dashing, yet they were each and all untried men, mere experiments in fact, which might prove dangerous, at a time when no chances could be taken or risks run. Nobody knew jnst what these men might, or might not, do under unforesecn circnmstances. With James T. Farley the casc was very different. That he could bc trusted, in an emergency, to exercise discrction and good jndgmeut, has been proved by many years of expcrience of him in the halls of legislatiou. It was that sense of secnrity that brought the majority to his side. It was very proper that it should. If a man does not gain something by long years of service, during which he has been trusted and found safe, honcst and capable, then the green apprcntice is eqnal, if not superior, to the skilled and experienced workman. This lesson should be taken to heart by fnture aspirants to senatorial office. Other things being eqnal, the preference ought to be given, and probably always will be given, by legislators to those who have gained experience in their ranks. It was a noticeable fact in the fight jnst endcd, that Farley's earliest, staunchest, and largest snpport came from the Senate, of which body he had long been a member. Those who knew him best trustcd him most and fonght for him the hardest. The fight has been a fair and mauly oue throughout, there are no criminations or rccriminations heard from any quarter. All is admitted to have been fair and square, honorable alike to the conqueror and the vanqnished. As a contemporary remarks, "the candidates and their friends left the State Capital in excellent spirits, those who lost as well as those who won, being in good hnmor." Thus Mr. Farley goes to the Senate with clean hands, and as the choseu representative of high resolves. We are persuaded he will not disappoint the expectations formed of him.

Of the career which has merited this success, and honorably won it, much might be said. We have only space to say that Mr. Farley was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, and is 49 years of age. He came to California in 1850, and after a short stay in the mines, settled in Amador county, where he commenced the practice of law. He was returned to the Assembly in 1856 from that county as a Whig. He was re-elected the succeeding year, and chosen Speaker, Mr. Farley at that time being 28 years of age, the youngest Speaker that had presided over the deliberations of a California Assembly. And there has not been since a younger man occupying the Speaker's Chair! In 1857 he joined the Democracy, where he has remained. He twice unsuccessfully contested a seat in the State Senate from Amador county, when leading a forlorn hope for his party. He was elected in September, 1869, served his full term of four years in the State Senate, and was re-elected in 1873. He might have had the nomination in 1877, but he declined. He was the nominee of the Democracy for the United States Senatorship four years ago, when Booth was elected over him by a majority, if we recollect aright, of only three. At the session of 1871-2 he filled the position of President *pro tem* of the Senate. In subscquent years he was the acknowledged leader of his party in the Senate. Mr. Farley is a fluent and forcible, if not an elegant, speaker. From his long and continued official service in California, no man possibly is more thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the State.

THE COMMERCIAL STEAM-PRINTING HOUSE.

As Christmas comes round again to us, it is a matter of sincere pleasure to allude to our old friends, Messrs. Francis & Valentine, the proprietors of that immense establishment, the name of which appears at the head of this article. The *News Letter* is itself an advertisement of their exquisite work, being printed on one of their presses; but this is merely one branch of their large and flourishing business. Their press department occupies three large rooms, and contains twenty presses, from the smallest card press to the largest in the United States. They are all run by steam, and are used day and night. From a visiting card to a mammoth poster there is nothing this firm cannot supply, and be it remarked, in the shortest space of time and at the lowest rates obtainable in the city. They guarantee to furnish posters at an hour's notice, and can turn out fifty thousand handbills easily in a day. There is no novelty in machinery or materials worth having which they do not at once adopt, and they employ none but experts in each department. The proprietors are ably supported by their general manager, Mr. E. W. Goggin, and with him personally supervise every department. The general job department probably exhibits the largest display of plain and fancy type in the West, and affords extraordinary advantages for ornamental and commercial printing, or the delicate work used in Insurance offices and Banks, or by lawyers and doctors. They employ only the most experienced proof-readers—a desideratum not always understood by large printing houses. Francis & Valentine have also a wood engraving department, in charge of first class artists, and a ruling, bookbinding and blank-book department, thus making their whole establishment the most thoroughly complete house on the Pacific Coast.

The firm of Bradley & Rulofson has just brought out something very unique, in the shape of a photograph of all the newsboys of San Francisco in one group. Not in "Sunday clothes," but in work-a-day raiment, and in every conceivable attitude, scores upon scores of these useful little fellows reach in tiers from floor to ceiling. Deformed boys and sound boys, clean boys and dirty boys—all are represented in the picture. And although the reader may be sure that he has never noticed a newsboy in his life, he will see many familiar faces, nevertheless. The extreme difficulty of gettiug the youngsters together for such a purpose can hardly be imagined, and the feat would scarcely have been attempted by any less irrepressible genius than our worthy friend, Wm. H. Rulofson. Each of the boys will be presented with a picture, and so quaint is the effect and original the idea that we think no friend of the enterprising little ragamuffins can afford to be without one.

HURRAH FOR THE NEXT THAT DIES!

[The following poem was written by an Irish officer in the English service, while on duty in a city in East India, in which the plague was doing its terrible work, and is said to be the saddest soldier-poem ever written in the English language. The inhabitants, particularly the foreign residents, were dying every day by hundreds, when twenty officers of the English army—without any hope of ever seeing their country or friends—formed a Club and sought to drown their senses in the wine-cup, and by jest and song to divert their thoughts from the terrible and irrevokable fate which each one knew awaited him. The author of this poem died almost before the echoes of "Hurrah for the next that dies!" had ceased to reverberate, and in less than a week every member of the Club crossed to the "sable shore:"]

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they shout to our peals of laughter,
It seems that the dead are there.

But stand by your glasses steady;
We drink to our comrade's eyes—
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet—
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.

But stand to your glasses steady,
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink!

So stand by your glasses steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again!

No! stand to your glasses steady—
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.

So stand to your glasses steady—
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's mist on the glass congealing—
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath,
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn to ice in the grasp of death.

Ho! stand to your glasses steady—
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more?

No! stand to your glasses steady;
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.

So stand to your glasses steady—
'Tis all we have to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

THEORY vs. PRACTICE.

The Naval Court of Inquiry into the causes of the loss of the U. S. steamer *Huron*, has adjourned, and the report has been made public by the Secretary of the Navy. It is as follows: The commander is held to blame; the navigating officer is declared to have been in error respecting the vessel's position, and the officer of the watch is censured for not having used the lead, which would have indicated the rapid approach of the vessel to shoal water. All the officers referred to above were lost with the ship. When the old system of education of naval officers is once more adopted we shall have less theoretical seamanship and navigation and more practical. West Point is an admirable school for soldiers, but the academy at Annapolis is not well fitted to make good sailors and practical navigators. A good soldier cannot be made on board ship, neither can a sailor be made on shore. The old system gave us scientific officers and thorough seamen; the new, scientific officers and thoroughly educated society men, but as for the practical seamanship the less said of that the better. The report of the Court fully establishes the fact that had there been more of the practical and less of the theoretical seamanship and navigation on board the *Huron*, that ill-fated vessel might have been afloat to-day, and we should not have been called upon to record the loss of so many valuable lives.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

The following letter is worth printing as an illustration of the spirit of the Anglo-Russian party. The writer is more candid and more coarse in the expression of his sentiments than most of his faction, hut they all think alike: "The Russians in Armenia!—Victory! 'How does this prospect present itself to the Russophils in England?" asks poor *Pall Mall* of Wednesday, November 7th. To us cosmopolitan Christians the prospect is a very hright one. Hurra! thrice hurra! The Turks are in a poor case, and the Turkophile press in England is *au desespoir!* 'British interests' be hetrothed! 'Top-knot, come down!' Britain does not rule the waves, or the 'roast' in Europe either. India must be given up—the sooner the better! The *Times* admits that it is of no use to England—only a burden, an encumhrance, and a curse! The vile Hindoos, so superstitions and dirty, have cost us half a million—not *us*, for we would not subscribe a doit to the fund! Does *Pall Mall* note that a Constantinople paper has the impudence to demand English soldiers? Don't Turkey wish she may get them! One hint of war hy the hlockhead Beaconsfield or any member of the Ministry, *pransus* or *impransus*, and we cosmopolitans at once make a stampede out of the country with our property and goods. Turkey to perdition, and 'British interests,' especially in Iudia, go to Jericho, so long as buman interests at large are at stake." The sense and scnsibility, the sweetness and light, ahove all, the gentle and tender Christianity which animate the whole faction, are here exbibited with a holdness and freedom very admirahle in their way.——The Maharajah Duleep Singb, writing to contradict a report in the *Army and Navy Gazette* that he had offered his military services to Russia, says: "For the stability of our Sovereign's dominions in India I would prefer to see the backhone broken of the Mahommedan Power, but not by Russia, as in my humhle opinion, should there ever arise any trouhle in tbat country it will be caused by our fellow-Mussulman subjects, or the border tribes professing tbat faith. After my residence in this country for the last twenty-three years, and the unbounded kindness of our gracious Queen and the Royal Family to me, I cannot but love England with all my heart—perhaps even more than some born Englishmen who have been agitating the minds of her people of late, but luckily without effect, for the common sense of the English, as usual, has prevailed."——According to tbe census taken in 1876, the population of France was 36,905,788, being an increase since the year 1872 of 802,867.——The racing contest between Leon, on a Mexican mustang, and Newsome, on an English horse, ended at the Agricultural Hall, London, in the success of Leon.——Sir Rutherford Alcock, the President of the Royal Geographical Society, delivered the annual address recently, in which he especially treated of African discovery and the recent successful explorations of Mr. Stanley, concludiug bis speech by expressing his conviction that nothing of equal importance had been accomplished since the fifteenth century.——RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 6.—A hreach of promise suit, involving some novel features, has been commenced in the Circuit Court of this city, in which Pauline Ruhle, a young German lady of high social position in this city, is plaintiff, and Ferdinand Neurath, a wholesale candy manufacturer, defendant. Miss Pauline puts her damages at $25,000. She avers in her complaint that the defendant made love to her in March last, and received her promise to marry him, since which time she has made every effort to get her affianced to fulfill his engagement, and had on divers occasions approached him and insisted that he sbould carry out his promise. Neurath, on the other hand, does not deny the soft impeachment of the girl, but offers as a reason why he should not marry her tbat her breath is bad, and has summoned several of the girl's female friends to confirm the assertion. The parties are all highly connected here, and the case has excited no little interest. When it comes off to-morrow, the court-room will doubtless be crowded with spectators. Miss Ruhle is a stylish brunette of about 20, aud Neurath a portly and wealthy widower of 55.——A strange miscarriage of justice occurred at the Old Bailey, recently, upon the trial of three men charged with participation in the robbery of £70,000 worth of securities from tbe mail between Calais and Paris, helonging to London bankers. These men were found here dealing with portions of the stolen property under circumstances which proved that they had feloniously received them; and when these facts had been

established against one of the accused, his counsel contended that, the felony having been committed in France, the criminal courts of this country had no jurisdiction. It was pointed out by the Solicitor-General for the prosecution that, as the property had been taken by a trespass, and the accused was converting it to his own use in London—intending to deprive the owner of his property—he was guilty of larceny here, and urged Mr. Justice Denman to reserve the question for the consideration of the Court of Criminal Appeal; but the learned judge felt himself bound by a decision of the judges forty years ago, and ordered an acquittal. The strongest part of the decision is this, that whilst the courts decide they are without jurisdiction, the thieves cannot be surrendered to France, where the crime was committed, owing to larceny not being one of the offences named in the treaty.—*Atlas in the World.*——Irish whisky is determined not to be outdone by Dublin stout. St. Patrick's Cathedral having been restored with Guinness's famous brew, when the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness ruled the vats in Dublin, Mr. Henry Roe lately resolved to prop the tottering fabric of Christ Church Cathedral (which dates back to the Danes) with his whisky-kegs. With the help of Mr. George Edmund Street, he is now giving the finishing touches to a task the cost of which would make a handsome fortune even now-a-days. Sir Wilfrid Lawson believes that the *small still* voice of conscience has pricked Mr. Henry Roe; but Sir Wilfrid is wrong. Mr. Roe has a liberal nature and a cultivated mind, which many ranters round the pump have not. ——There has been much idle gossip anent the coming together of the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk. They first met, we believe, in Rome, not through any priestly instrumentality, but at the house of the late Lady Lothian.——We hear that the Duke of Norfolk's wedding-day cost him little short of £20,000—a couple of months' income.

AMERICAN FINANCE.

The London "Times" of the 29th ultimo has a long but interesting communication from San Francisco on the leading question which now most concerns the American people, viz., the RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS. The writer, we think, demonstrates that if, under the scheme already enacted, Resumption of Specie Payments should take effect on the 1st January, 1879, it will prove "a gigantic failure;" seeing that it is impossible for the U. S. Treasury, in the meantime, to provide enough gold to meet the requirements of the nation that unavoidably will ensue; and hence a renewed suspension of specie payments must inevitably soon follow. We cannot afford space for the many cogent reasons given by the *Times* correspondent for arriving at this decision, but must be content with merely citing his conclusions. He says: "I contend that it is impossible for Greenbacks and Gold to remain at par unless they are interconvertible; and how can there be interconvertibility when there are $657,000,000 of Greenbacks and National Bank Notes on the one hand, and practically no specie on the other, into which they can be converted. Suppose that Gold and Greenbacks do come to par, is there any competent financier who would be bold enough to project a scheme involving $657,000,000 of paper money on the basis that they would always remain at par with coin? The moment that the exigencies of commerce or finance lead to a rise in Gold, Greenbacks will inevitably fall in their gold price, and a fall of one half per cent. only will cause bankers to thrust enough Greenbacks over the Treasury counter in 48 hours to exhaust the coin and bring specie payments to a sudden end. The late rise in the Bank of England rate from 2 to 5 per cent. shows to what expedients resort must be had to retain the gold in England, or to attract from abroad. But will the United States be subject to no such drain? And if they be, as they must, how can they possibly protect their gold when there are hundreds of millions of greenbacks in circulation, every dollar of which is payable at the Treasury in coin on demand? It is perfectly clear that if Mr. Sherman chooses contraction of the currency as his mode of resumption, he will inflict great hardship on trade and produce still further depression; he will arouse the hostility of all classes, and bring on the Hayes Administration the denunciations of their political opponents, and finally he will certainly fail to arrive at Specie Payments."

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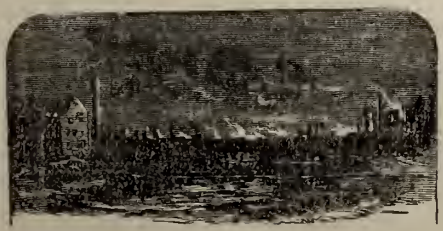
"THE DANDY FIFTH."

BY FRANK H. GASSAWAY.

Author of "The Pride of Battery B," "The Day Old Bet was Sold," "The Promise," "Bay Billy," etc.

'TWAS the time of the workingmen's great strike,
When all the land stood still,
As the sudden roar from the hungry mouths,
That labor could not fill;
When the thunder of the railroads ceased,
And startled towns could spy
A hundred blazing factories
Painting each midnight sky.



Through Philadelphia's surging streets
Marched the brown ranks of toil,
The grimy legions of the shops,
The tillers of the soil;

White-faced militia-men looked on,
While women shrank with dread;
'Twas muscle against money then—
'Twas riches against bread.

Once, as the mighty mob tramped on,
A carriage stopped the way,
Upon the silken seat of which
A young patrician lay,
And as, with haughty glance, he swept
Along the jeering crowd,
A white-haired blacksmith in the ranks
Took off his cap and bowed.

That night the Labor League was met
And soon the chairman said,
"There hides a Judas in our midst,
One man who bows his head,
Who bends the coward's servile knee
When capital rolls by."
"Down with him! Kill the traitor cur!"
Rang out the savage cry.

Uprose the blacksmith then, and held
Erect his head of grey,
"I am no traitor, though I bowed
To a rich man's son to-day,
And though you kill me as I stand—
As like you mean to do,
I want to tell you a story short,
And I ask you'll hear me through:

"I was one of those who enlisted first
The Old Flag to defend,
With Pope and Halleck, with 'Mac' and Grant
I followed it to the end;
And 'twas somewhere down on the Rapidan,
When the Union cause looked drear,
That a regiment of rich young bloods
Came down to us from here.

"Their uniforms were by tailors cut,
They brought hampers of good wine,
And every squad had a nigger too
To keep their boots in shine;
They'd naught to say to us dusty vets,
And through the whole brigade
We called them the kid-gloved Dandy Fifth
When we passed them on parade.

"Well, they were sent to hold a fort
The Reb's tried hard to take,
'Twas the key to all our line, which naught
While it held out could break.

But a fearful fight we lost just then,
The reserve came up too late,
And on that fort, and the Dandy Fifth,
Hung the whole Division's fate.

"Three times we tried to take them aid,
And each time back we fell,
Though once we could hear the fort's far guns
Boom like a funeral knell.
Till at length Joe Hooker's corps came up,
And then straight through we broke;
How we cheered as we saw those dandy coats
Still back of the drifting smoke.

"With the bands all front and our colors spread
We swarmed up the parapet,
But the sight that silenced our welcome shout
I shall never in life forget.
Four days before had their water gone—
They had dreaded that the most—
The next their last scant ration went,
And each man looked a ghost

"As he stood gaunt-eyed behind his gun,
Like a crippled stag at bay,
And watched starvation—though not defeat—
Draw nearer every day.
Of all the Fifth, not fourscore men
Could in their places stand,
And their white lips told a fearful tale,
As we grasped each bloodless hand.

"The rest in the stupor of famine lay,
Save here—and there—a few
In death sat rigid against the guns,
Grim sentinels in blue;
And their Col'nel, *he* could not speak or stir,
But we saw his proud eye thrill
As he simply glanced to the shot-scarred staff,
Where the old flag floated still!

"Now, I hate the tyrants who grind us down,
While the wolf snarls at our door,
And the men who've risen from us—to laugh
At the misery of the poor;
But I tell you, mates, while this weak old hand
I have left the strength to lift,
It will touch my cap to the proudest swell
Who fought in the Dandy Fifth!"

A BOY'S LETTER.

In the following specimen of a boy's letter there is such truth of character—so much of that spirit of drollery mixed with mischief, which often prevails in the young human being of the male sex—that, with him, we declare it to be "capital fun." The letter proceeds from a country boy to his "friend in town:"

"Now, Bob, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to come down here for the hollowdays. Don't be afraid. Ask your sister to ask your mother to ask your father to let you come. It is only 90 miles. The two 'prentices, George and Will, are to be made farmers of; and brother Nick is took home from school to help the agriculture. We like farming very much; it's capital fun. Us four have got a gun and go out shooting; it's a famous good one, and sure to go off if you don't full cock it. Tiger is to be our shooting dog, as soon as he leaves off killing sheep. He's real savage and worries the sheep beautiful. Before father comes down we mean to bait our bull with him. Ther's plenty of new rivers round here, and we're going out fishing, as soon as we have mended the top joint of our rod. We've a pony too, to ride on, when we catch him; but he's loos now, and has neither main nor tail to signify to lay hold of. Isn't it prime, Bob? You must come. If your mother won't give your father leave to allow you, run away. Remember you turn up Kaswell street to go to Lincolnshire, and ask for Middle-fen Hall. There's a pond full of frogs, but we won't pelt them till you come; but let it be before Sunday, as ther's our own orchard to rob, and the fruit's to be gathered before Monday. If you like sucking raw eggs, we know where all the hens lay, and mother don't; and I'm bound there's lots of birds nests. Do come, Bob, and I'll show you the wasp's nest and anything that can comfort you. I dare say you can borrow your father's volunter musket off him without his knowing anything about it; hut be sure anyhow to bring the ramrod, as we misslaid ours by firing it off. Good bye, Bob.—*Waikato Times.*

A "POLO" PICTURE.

Mr. G. L. Frankinstein has painted, to the order of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, a picture representing the game of polo as played at Jerome Park. The artist has bestowed a great amount of work upon this picture, which is now exhibited at O'Brien's store, corner of Twelfth street and Third Avenue, and which we hope soon to see framed and hung up at the fashionable club house in Westchester.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Our luminous contemporary might have added that the scene is a most truthful one; the atmosphere is refreshing, likewise the general tone and color of the landscape. The Mustang ponies are full of action, and their positions are admirable, all tending to express the central idea, which is Mr. Bennett leading off, with the others in hot pursuit. They are elaborately finished, and add considerable to the life-like representation of the scene. We consider it one of the best productions from this well known and admired student of nature.—*American Art Journal.*

A picture by the same artist of the Bennett-May horse-whipping match, and another of the Bennett-May duel, would be valuable additions to the gallery for which the above painting is intended. The "well known and admired student of nature" would find in those two subjects a broad field in which to exhibit his talents.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

A gentleman offers his services through the daily press as a "voice builder." A large fortune evidently awaits him in this vicinity, and we confidently suggest the following jobs as requiring his early attention. The immediate construction of a still, small voice of duty, that would start Sharon off to Washington and give the speculators in Ophir a chance to bury their dead; a thorough reconstruction of the "voices of the night," especially in the vicinity of Kearny street; an automatic voice, arranged so as to yell "Sit Down!" sixty-two times in succession whenever Senator Lewis stands up; a voice of great penetration, to be used exclusively for the purpose of attracting the attention of restaurant waiters; a voice for each of our local preachers, that gives out in exactly twenty-five minutes; and finally, a good, loud public voice, that shall clamor for clean streets or the blood of each individual Supervisor in thirty days, without grace.

In Russia a new sect has sprung into existence, called "the Purifiers." Their creed is simple: All persons must marry on coming of age; the wife must be recognized as the head of the family, and the husband must confess his sins to his wife once a week! It is a dreadful commentary on the suspicious, and utterly distrustful nature of the American female, that the before-mentioned experiment was tried some years ago in this country, and failed completely because the wives in question refused to believe the confessions referred to, even when substantiated by the Past Grand Master of the same Lodge, or by an antograph note from the sick friend who was sat up with.

Mr. J. K. Wilson, Principal of the Lincoln Grammar, invites the Board of Education to make a minute investigation of the little affair recently ventilated by the *Chronicle*. The gentlemen comprising that honorable body will hasten with the alacrity of David's to obey this extraordinary summons. The best shirts have been brought home from the laundry. There has been a big raid on Muller's spectacle assortment, and the eyes of these old baldheads glisten with prophetic senility. School Directors have many little well regulated privileges, but a matinee of this description is an altogether novel idea in the educational system. James K. Wilson is a popular boy with the Board. He divides his little perquisites.

Schultz, as a patronymic, is not to be desired. It is not, at best, an especially mellifluous sound, and a man can hardly be thought to be asking too much who requests of a munificent power that he be permitted to go through life with some other name printed on his card. We are led to these reflections by the embarrassing position in which Mr. Woodville Justice Schultz has been placed by getting confounded with Mr. Henry Shultz, alias Miller. Mr. Henry Schultz, alias Miller, is a gentleman who does honor to his profession, which is that of a cracksman and burglar. Mr. Woodville Schultz is a gentleman who does honor to his profession, which is difficult to define. But he is not that thief. He is the other one.

The new position of hangman, which will be created by the passage of Senator Lewis' bill, is eminently adapted to the capacities of several of our more prominent citizens, if a long and complete course of hanging around be any qualification. While the competition in this respect is exceedingly lively, all will agree that the palm should be awarded to the editor of the *Daily Soporific*. There would be but one drawback to his employment. The criminal would not have an opportunity to die by hanging. He would be scared to death by the apparition of the hangman, whose close resemblance to the playful, dangling skeleton in a doctor's study, is the subject of frequent comment with his admiring friends.

To a few among the cheerful idiots of this locality who are understood to be "putting up a job" upon one of the writers of this column, we prefer an earnest request that they come to the front, if possible, by next issue. Subjects for our journalistic gridiron are painfully scarce of late, and a few extra fatted calves for impalement on our broad nibbed spit will give additional zest to the New Year cheer of both the writer and his readers. Come now, gentlemen, don't keep the fire waiting!

Tilton and Elizabeth are going to housekeeping once more, and at latest dates were fixing up the shanty in the most approved fashion. The pillows are adjusted with iron weights, and can only be removed by a patent spring, of which Elizabeth alone knows the secret. The pictures are affixed to the wall with steel magnets, and a miniature sleeping-car in onyx and gold holds a prominent position as a perpetual reminder. All this provides for Theodore. There is a patent contrivance on the door, which sounds a burglar's alarm whenever a person turns the knob. This is supposed to provide for Elizabeth. But law! they've only fixed up one door.

It is time to enter a protest against the name which has been given a popular restaurant abutting on Market street. There has been no actual disrespect offered, but there is a suggestion that St. Anu, who was in reality a very superior and sensible young woman, had contracted the vile habit of going to the Market-street Savings Banks to deposit her little pile, and stopping on the way to guzzle beer and munch Limburger cheese. While there is actually nothing wrong in the partaking of these little refections, Bishop Alemany or Father Gray might look upon such a custom as not exactly the cheese for a saint.

We sincerely trust no credence will be given to the wild rumors which have been flying around town, to the effect that Senator Sharon was seen with his hair tightly curled. The merest tyro in getting up newspaper items could do better than this. In the first place, the man seen was not Mr. Sharon. In the second place, his hair was not curled. In the third place, that very estimable gentleman has nothing to curl. This is the class of literature which carries misery into our homes, by picturing an Adonis, which fires the imagination of our dames, and leads to newspaper items and other terrible and desperate conclusions.

Mrs. Sheehan Low turns out to be a graduate in a most honorable, if not ennobling, profession, which is most unkindly cast at her as a reproach. We allude to the chambermaid business, which she prosecuted with considerable vigor till something else turned up. Clergymen, good women and newspaper editors will all agree that the most irreproachable period of Susan's career was when she wrestled with sheets and pillow-cases for thirty dollars a month. It was only when she commenced elegant trifling with the household linen, at an advanced price, that she placed herself at the mercy of an eloquent counsel's oratory. And yet, she would hardly be willing to begin on the old foundation of $30.

Washington, Yolo county, has a natural curiosity in the shape of a chicken with three legs and four feet. Two of the legs are as nature intended they should be on a perfect fowl, but the third is in the rear, and about half-way from the joint it branches into two perfectly formed feet. Locomotion is effected by the use of all the legs and feet, the extra supply often working at cross purposes to the others. It is not unusual, after this curiosity has intended to merely take a stroll round the barn, for it to find itself four miles back in the foot-hills, with a storm coming up, and no umbrella.

The next blow-out at the Mechanics' Pavilion will be a baby show. This has opened a new line of business for small boys wishing to raise a little Christmas money. They are actively searching all the old corner lots, disused soap-boxes, old tin boilers and deserted back yards. "A baby in the house" is one of the mythical themes of the romancers. As soon as born it is now chucked into the back yard with a hole in its skull or a necklace too small around its neck. Communications from Virginia City and the suburban towns cordially invited. Double prices for live babies.

There was an old party named Farley,
Who went East with big-bugs to parley;
But they said: "With this homo
Should come a big chromo
To make up the dead loss on Farley."

An Ohio man recently committed suicide so as to avoid a nomination for office. It wouldn't do, however, to leave so useful a proceedure to the discretion of our local politicians. What this locality demands is a general and relentless butchery, superintended by entirely disinterested parties.

NEW BOOKS.

Money and its Laws. Embracing a history of Monetary Theories, and a history of the Currencies of the United States. By Henry V. Poor. Just published at New York. Price, five dollars.

It might be supposed that when an author ventures to issue such a ponderous tome as this (it contains 623 pages) on such abstruse subjects as Money and Currency, with the history of their theoretical and practical uses and value, that he would do so because he had something new to say well worth giving to the world, or because he felt that a fresh summary and presentation of old principles and well-known facts would be of signal service at the present juncture, when monetary topics are of such absorbing, national interest. On wading through this work, however, we find both these suppositions are utterly groundless : albeit, we must admit that the author has something novel to communicate. His new idea is indeed a startling revelation : *id est*, that the teachings and pretensions of Aristotle are absurd; that the philosopher Hume's dictum on Money is of equal value to a Kaffir's on the Code of Menu ; that the wisest and most influential writer of modern times, Adam Smith, was remarkable for his ignorance and incapacity ; that Huskisson legislated on principles he had never taken the trouble to examine ; that Dugald Stewart's didactics were puerile and unmeaning repetitions. And in a like spirit of cross inaptitude, the author denounces the celebrated and accurate "*Report of the Bullion Committee*" as a compilation of fictions and feebleness, and the testimony of its eminent witnesses naught but mortifying evidences of the weakness of human nature. After these remarkable specimens of the dogmatism of ignorance, it is not surprising that Ricardo's acute perception should be stigmatized as a mixture of assumption and fatuity, and the recorded opinions of the most eminent English financiers and bankers should be deemed of less value than the speculations of the alchymists. The most illustrious Political Economists, John Stuart Mill, J. R. McCulloch, Wm. Tooke, Bonamy Price and others, all have the same contumelious treatment. In addition to this imbecile farrago, there is a chapter on the laws of Money, and another on the Currency of the United States. If the reader knows aught of the first chapter's subject, he must heartily enjoy it as a huge joke ; and if he knows nothing about money (except spending it), then that chapter cannot but completely obfuscate him with respect to monetary laws. The chapter on Currency and Banking in the United States is a long and tedious dissertation, with au *imposing* array of statements and figures badly put together—irksome reiterations of worn-out principles and discarded theories. We do not question the right of Mr. Poor to publish 623 pages, if it be mainly abusive twaddle and literary refuse, but we do protest against his audacity in advertising his work as "*The most original and instructive work on money ever published.*" This announcement, and the commendation of an ignorant or a venal press, induced us to pay $5 for his book, and it only proves that its author can write 623 pages on a subject of which he knows but little, and that little wrong. After all, we do not begrudge investing our $5 in the purchase of Mr. Poor's new book, as it is, indeed, a curiosity of literature, a book so dissimilar in contents from its title as to take rank as a singular and abnormal product of the nineteenth century, besides being a marvel of ponderous, pretentious ignorance.

Flowers of Passion. By George Moore. (Provost & Co.)

This is a book which should be burnt by the common hangman while its writer was being whipped at the cart's tail. It is a book that should be read by no decent woman ; not because it is "warm" or "passionate," for it is neither ; but because it is dirty, emasculate, loathsome. The key-note to its contents is to be found in the grinning Death's-head and huge cross-bones at the foot of the lyre emblazoned on its cover, in the earliest lines of its "dedication"—

> "roses that have grown
> *Bitter as frothing of blood*"—

and in its first poem, "Ode to a Dead Body," which reminds one somewhat of Mr. Swinburne's "Leper" and Mr. Rossetti's "Jenny," while wholly lacking the weird attraction of the former and the quaint sad philosophy of the latter. The second poem in this choice volume is devoted

to the description of the incestuous love of a man for his own sister, and is adorned with a "semi-chorus of nuns and maidens," whose

"Lips are as honey, *our bosom the milk of desire*;"

and who declare that

"Athirst with love's sweet want,
Around the sacred font
We kneel and pray for love and what besides."

The last poem is called "A Sapphic Dream," concluding with these lines:

"My soul e'er dreams, in such a dream as this is,
Visions of perfume, moonlight, *and the blisses*
Of sexless love, and strange unreached kisses."

There is no difficulty in recognizing the master of whom Mr. George Moore is the eager disciple. When we read of "the poisoned apple Lust, whose core is burning dust;" of a "plenilune of love;" of pleasure being "bloomless and blown;" of "the rhythmical anguish of love;" of "the shuddering of eyelids and lips;" and all the rest of the jargon of impotence, we know that Mr. Moore's Hippocrene is the veritable Holywell. But what are merely the lamentable aberrations of a great genius constitute the *raison d'etre* of Mr. Moore. He is nothing if not nasty; and while a few of his pages can be dismissed with a yawn, the far larger proportion of them create a shudder.

OUR WHITE HOUSE.

The rush at the White House still continues, and between the gazers in at the windows, and the customers entering and coming out, a perfect blockade is maintained around the queen of our dry goods stores. Europe is ransacked for novelties by the agents of Davidson & Co. for many months prior to Christmas, and every novelty that Paris, London, Brussels and New York produce, finds its way to this house. They exhibit the most recherché presents this year ever imported, and it is to be noted that the prices are moderate, and in keeping with the times. Their counters are one vast array of beautiful presents, all useful, some highly ornamental, and suitable gifts for both ladies and gentlemen. A special feature of the White House is the prompt yet quiet attention of the clerks. They seem to understand what every one wants, and to know exactly where it is. There is an air of quiet elegance and refinement about the White House peculiarly and distinctively its own. While their velvets and silks are imported, to meet the wants only of our richest citizens, yet the most moderate wants of the humblest householder are supplied in the same perfection and with the same facility. It is a saving of money to purchase goods of Messrs. Davidson, for their name is a guarantee of the quality of everything they sell. To spend a Christmas and not to have seen the indescribable attractions of the White House, is like going to Rome without visiting St. Peter's.

For aye their plots and counterplots, the wise and worldly spin
To claim the publican's best cheer—the best room at the inn.
Yet still, thank God, His star's bright ray upon the lowly fall;
The mother fainting by the way—the baby in the stall.

I had somehow taken it into my head that the Duke of Norfolk was a sort of priestly milksop, and I expressed, a day or two ago, this opinion to a friend of his. "Not a bit of it," replied the friend; he is a capital little fellow, full of fun, fond of field sports, and with a passion rather for architecture than for clericalism. He simply accepts his position as head of the Catholics, but any one less like a priest in mode of thought does not exist."—*Truth.*

Mr. George R. French has just perpetrated a song entitled "Tell Them I am Coming Home." The prayers of the congregations are desired for an afflicted family.

BANQUET IN AUSTRALIA,

In Honor of Wm. M. Neilson.

The following tribute, in the land of his birth, to one who has endeared himself to many of us here, is worthy of a place in these columns. It is taken from the Geelong *Times* of July 23d last:

A complimentary banquet was given last evening in honor of Mr. Wm. M. Neilson, our ex-Member of Parliament, by many of his old constituents, for the purpose of showing their esteem for him, and to wish him *bon voyage* on his return to America. The long room of the Prince of Wales Hotel was gaily decorated for the occasion, and although the tables were so arranged as to make the most of the available space, yet there were many more present than could obtain seats, and who had in consequence to be content with standing room. The county was well represented by leading men from nearly every district.

Thomas Smale, Esq., J. P. of Barrabool, occupied the Chair, supported on his right by the guest of the evening and by James Piper, Esq., and on his left by John Ince, Esq., Member elect. The vice-Chair was occupied by James Sinclair, Esq., supported on his right by John Heard, Esq., and on his left by James Anderson, Esq.

The usual loyal toasts of "the Queen," "Governor Sir George Bowen," and "Our Parliament," were right royally given and received.

The Chairman proposed "The guest of the evening—a brave and able defender and sufferer for the right, he is honored, esteemed and loved by us all" (cheers given and renewed again and again). The Chairman proceeded to say that when he met his friend after his arrival, it afforded him as great a pleasure as if he had met his own brother (applause), and he knew that was the feeling with which they one and all greeted him that evening. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) It seemed to him but yesterday since he first heard their guest, in his own enthusiastic way, expounding those principles which had since made their mark in the country's history and progress. They all knew his early devotion to the principle of protection to home interests, which he originated and which still occupied so large a share of public attention, and which had divided those who loved Australia as a home, against those who only looked upon it as the great receptacle of English manufactures, had embittered politics, and had at one time even threatened the British connection. Their guest and friend had been their representative in Parliament for many years, and now that the passions of the time had passed, friends and opponents alike were ready to admit the energy, ability, and singleness of purpose with which the country had been served. (Applause.) Throughout the country there were monuments of his labor that would stand as evidences of his successs and of the debt of gratitude that was his due. Their friend had been away in America, and though it seemed but the other day since he left, yet well nigh eight years had passed since then, and now he had come to pay a flying visit to the land of his birth. They were glad to welcome him and to find that he had improved in health and physique, and he hoped he had otherwise prospered. Around that festive board were gentlemen who knew their friend from boyhood up, who had watched his career, admired his abilities, and esteemed his warmth and earnestness of purpose. (Cheers.) They had been witnesses alike of his successes and of his tribulations, which latter, unmerited as they were, only endeared him the more to them, and that they had assembled at such short notice to do honor to their guest was evidence, as it was intended to be, of the place he still held in their esteem and affection. (Cheers.) There was no matter of politics about that meeting. Their object was simply to greet an old time honored friend. Yet there was a feeling that was well expressed in private by a gentleman he was glad to see present (Mr. James Anderson). "Ah," said he, "my boy, if you had been here a few weeks sooner, at the general election, we should have elected you to Parliament again." Their friend, however, had other plans and prospects. He had formed new connections, and cherished other aspirations in regard to the land of his adoption, and was about to return thither. He bad been elected to Parliament under 22 years of age, by dint of a popularity that was all of his own making. He had been re-elected three times, was the first native born son chosen to that position, had soon worked his way to the front among able men, and had sowed the seeds of a colonial policy that were still growing apace, and his name would ever remain identified with their history. He was sure he was speaking the sentiments of all when he said that their guest would carry with him their heart-felt wishes for the realization of the highest possible degree of prosperity and success. (Cheers.)

Mr. George Hanson said that he would like to say how pleased he was to greet his old friend. Twenty-five years ago he (Mr. Hanson) had come to this town as a teacher; their guest had been his honored pupil. He was then, as he had ever continued, a hard student. He had since had a wider field for study, and had evidently availed himself of it. He (Mr. Hanson) could hardly express the pleasure he felt on the present occasion. (Applause.)

The toast was then drunk with prolonged enthusiasm, Mr. Sinclair giving in his best style, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Mr. Wm. M. Neilson, upon being called upon to respond, was evidently much affected by the welcome accorded him. He delivered a lengthy, earnest and interesting address with much of the old enthusiasm. He proceeded to say: This is coming home again. (Cheers.) He should be less than mortal, and much less than even the man of many weaknesses that he was, if he did not feel to the innermost recesses of

his heart this warm, generous, and almost overpowering greeting. Since he had been away he had traveled in many lands, had met with men of varied minds, had mixed with men of mark in commercial, literary and political circles, and had striven everywhere and always to win and deserve the good opinion of those with whom he had been called upon to act, but he had been at all times conscious of an ever-abiding feeling with him, that high above all other opinions—more dear and more cherished than all the rest—was the good opinion of that constituency, which in times past had honored him beyond his deserts. Often he was conscious of asking himself the question, "What would my old friends in South Grant say if some slight echo of this should reach them?" (Applause.) Cherishing still a desire for their good opinion, it would be idle to deny that the open hands and warm hearts with which he had almost everywhere been greeted were indeed grateful to his feelings. His kind friend, the Chairman, had referred to politics. But he (the speaker) and politics had, he believed, quitted company forever, so far as his personal participation in them was concerned. He thought that they could bear him witness that privately he was not given to making enemies, but that as a public man none was so unfortunate (a voice, "that's true," and applause.) It was true that as a public writer he had in America dealt with political topics. The Press made, and unmade politicians, and he certainly preferred that power to make which was greater than the thing made. Politics, personally participated in, brought strife, enmity, and ill-will, yet there were some compensations. It was, for instance, pleasant in his own case to come back and find principles, which he had had some small share in inculcating, occupying the foreground of success, and furthermore it was gratifying that the success of his views was accompanied by the triumph of men with whom he had been associated. If the Chairmanship of the Upper House was at present acceptably filled by his brother-in-law—if the commissionership of customs was in good hands—aye, and even if the ship of state has just now a competent chief pilot at the helm in the person of his old partner, they and he knew the influence that first brought them and the people together. (Hear, hear, and applause.) Though of the past, these things had a present aspect, which was one of congratulation.

Mr Nellson then described landing in San Francisco, with but eightcnpence in his pocket, knowing no one, and with the worst of health. So soon, he said, as he obtained successful medical treatment for the evil effects of the buggy accident he met with in Yarra-street, he began to improve in health and spirits. From that day his road was clear. There was no difficulty for a man with health to get on in California, which he looked upon as the most highly favored and prosperous land on the face of the globe. He had every reason to be satisfied with the destiny which led him forth a stranger in a strange land. His health, which, after all, was the main thing, had somewhat improved. He had found true and big-hearted friends, and a free and full opportunity to exercise to advantage such gifts as Providence had endowed him with. He had had large opportunities to travel, having been seven times across the American continent, three times in Great Britain, etc., etc. By that means he had obtained a wider horizon of vision, a better insight into men and manners, and he hoped and believed he was a better, as he was a more precisely informed, man by reason of his opportunities.

So much for matters personal to himself. They would doubtless expect him to say something in regard to the great country that had become his adopted home. He had not been eighteen months away until he had been, in some sense, the means of promoting the establishment of steam communication with America (applause). He hoped they would cultivate friendship and commerce with that great country, which, if it warned them of some few dangers to avoid, would certainly teach them a thousand things to copy. He should be doing but scant justice to his own strong convictions, based upon his experiences, if he did not point out certain political lessons which a comparison between California and Victoria was calculated to inculcate. The two countries had much in common. They each sprung into notice in consequence of the gold discovery. They began to attract population about the same time. They were very much alike in their advantages, while they were similar in their drawbacks. Both were peopled by men sprung from the same race. Their climate and productions differ but little. Yet they each have the great disadvantage of being distant from the centers of emigrating populations. He could not imagine any other two countries between which it would be so fair to institute comparisons. He had no hesitation in saying that there was a degree of prosperity and material progress going on in California, to which Victoria was now a stranger. Without asking them to take his *ipse dixit* on that point he would quote a piece of evidence that told the whole story. He held in his hand a copy of the sworn returns of the Savings Banks of the city of San Francisco, ending 1876. The total deposits amounted to a sum equal in English money to £13,000,000. The total population of the city was about 275,000, exclusive of Chinese, who were not depositors. It is the ordinary estimate to say that one in five of the population of a city is a male adult. So that the total adult male population is about 55,000. From our great register we know that it is in fact what it is. Yet the number of depositors in our city savings banks amounts to the surprising number of 71,123, being nearly 17,000 in excess of the adult male population, showing that women and minors are among the money savers, and the sum to the credit of each person amounts to the astonishing average of about £180. That was the savings of the people as found in their own special banks, and, of course, were totally distinct from the deposits in the commercial banks, which were at least as numerous and as large as those in Victoria. Now, that Savings Bank showing was irrefragable evidence of high prosperity. It could not be de-

nied, gainsayed, or explained away. That being so, how was that prosperity to be accounted for? Let all critics of the industrial policy that is peculiar to America, inquire if the statement just given of the individual prosperity of the many in San Francisco is true. If it be, then surely they are confronted with the duty of accounting for the fact. It is an interesting field for inquiry.

"America for the Americans," explained in a sentence the commercial policy of that country. That had led to high protective duties and to the fostering of home interests. Industries were becoming so firmly established that he ventured to predict that America, with her cheap food and great resources, would one day much better than England, be able to preach to all the world free trade, which, rightly interpreted, meant open markets for produce and manufactures. Strange as it might seem, the day was coming when, in regard to certain specialties, the workmen of England would ask to be protected against America. Mr. Neilson then at great length explained how access to the land was obtained, and how a highly protective tariff worked in California, and attributed to those causes the prosperity of which he spoke. It was in these two respects alone that the politics of California differed from theirs, but they were all-important in a material sense. In all other matters of government, where the interests of foreign capital and manufactures did not come in, Victoria was away ahead even of California. If it were denied that those were the true causes of the difference in prosperity, then he challenged some one to point out any other cause. Mr. Neilson then described the wonderful luxury and achievements of American railways, which had superseded the necessity of building macadamized roads. He described the Victorian railroad as the best built, but in point of management and equipment as the slowest, dearest and worst in the world. He did not believe that we should comprehend how railroads could be turned to full advantage until we sent a *carte blanche* to some great railroad President in America to send us a first-class "railroad man," as he was called. In regard to public schools, of which Mr. Hanson had spoken, he was glad to say that in America the teacher had a high social status. A public school teacher had been a Chief Justice of the United States, another had been a great Secretary of State, and came near being President. He was glad that progress in that direction had been made in this Colony, where the teacher had become a state employe. Mr. Neilson proceeded at some length and concluded an effective address, which was frequently applauded, by expressing his fervent hope that this land of his birth, which would ever remain very dear to him, would go on and prosper, and that he might live to see it and them again on some future occasion, or, if that were not permitted him, then he hoped that beyond this life there was a meeting where old sympathies and attachments were renewed. [Cheers.]

Several other toasts followed. "The Agricultural Interests" was responded to by Mr. Piper; "The Trade and Commerce of the Town" by Mr. John Noble; "The Press" was duly honored, and also "The Ladies," and "The Host and Hostess."

A most enthusiastic and influential assemblage separated at an early hour, with many a hearty *bon voyage* to the guest of the evening.

PRECIOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

Lord Chesterfield taught "the little Stanhope" to believe that the best books were the commonest, and the last editions always the best, if the editors were not blockheads, inasmuch as they might profit from the earlier publications. "Take care," he wrote to his son, "not to understand editions and title pages too well. It always smells of pedantry and not of learning." But Lord Chesterfield would have abandoned perfumes and consented to wear an old pair of trowsers mentioned in Bernard Quaritich's Supplementary Catalogue (London, 1875-77), recently issued. It is a MS. of Wykliffe's New Testament, described on the authority of the late Sir Frederick Madden as the only perfect copy known which can be assigned to the fourteenth century. An inscription on the fly-leaf, signed "Gloucestre," is believed to have been written by the "good Duke" Humphry, giving assurance of protection to the possessor. It is valued at $4,250. Still higher in costliness, and artistically more valuable, is a MS. of the "Book of the Siege of Troy," an immense poem by Lydgate, the monk of Bury. He wrote it "atte exci acioun and steryng of the moost worthi and myghty prynce Kyng Henry the fyfthe," and completed his work in the year 1420. The miniatures and decorative borders are numerous and magnificent, illustrating at once court and camp life in England at the time of the battle of Agincourt, and the character of English art at that period. Lydgate himself was at once author, scribe, and illuminator of this mighty volume, which, moreover, embodies an early English text which has never yet been correctly printed.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

A celestial flirtation by moonlight—Jupiter and Venus were within five degrees of each other a few evenings ago.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

AUGUSTINE TO AUGUSTA.

There are several styles of low bodices this season, all equally fashionable, yet some few ladies are seen at the opera and evening parties, who persist in showing their shoulders most disadvantageously. I propose, therefore, to explain to you what I think is the proper rule to go by in wearing a low bodiced dress. Pray excuse my impertinence. Remember, I say "a few ladies only" make themselves ridiculous, but as a great many might be led into the same error by flattering dressmakers assuring them that fashion compels them to wear a special style of dress, however unbecoming, I think it best to express boldly my opinion.

I repeat, that there are several styles of low bodices, all equally fashionable. Now, according to my idea, I consider that ladies should remember that, if they have angular shoulders, and are the reverse of plump, they ought not to insist upon adapting a round-cut low bodice. The looking-glass should prove to them that a square cut is decidedly more becoming and advantageous. At dinner parties this season all ladies seem to have adopted the square-cut and heart-shaped bodice, but my remarks refer to the opera, evening parties, and balls. Ladies who possess fine round shoulders can certainly wear the round-cut bodice; but if the breast happens to be rather low, have the bodice cut out deeper at the back than in front. If bouquets of flowers are worn, fashion says the bouquets ought to be placed at the left side; the prettiest bouquets are made of small flowers mixed with lace. If the neck is thin, a necklace of pearls or beads is becoming; it should be worn rather loose, and falling from the neck. Beads and pearls of all colors are very fashionable.

Lately I was invited to a young ladies' dinner party, a regular Sainte Catherine's feast, as we call it here, consisting only of young ladies, who are supposed to cook for themselves. I was very successful with my dish, which, hy-the-hy, is not new, as I believe it is to be found in most of the good cookery-books; but I must describe it, as I fancy it will just suit you, and your dear Alfred, for supper. It is called "Angels on horseback." Alexander Dumas, senior, used to say, that to be a first rate cook it was necessary to have taken at least the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Sciences. Now, I am not a first-rate cook, but my "Angels on horseback" were thought exquisite, and I have made up my mind, if we have another revolution, and no one proposes to marry me before, to go to some charming place on the Cornice Route, and become a restaurateur.

Well, first of all, get several dozen large oysters, and clip the beards off. Your London oysters will not want clipping. Lay them out on dishes, and sprinkle them with powdered black pepper. Let me here remark that your pepper is useless, for it has no taste; therefore, buy a nice little metal mill, and get from a good grocer, unground, large peppercorns, and grind them yourself just before requiring them. Next cut some very thin slices of nice, cold, white bacon, that was boiled the day before—the slices ought to be the same size as the oysters; place the oysters and the slices of bacon alternately on a silver skewer, until you have six of each; powder them well with very fine dust of dried white bread crumbs, mixed with chopped parsley; and when all your skewers are ready, grill them for just three minutes before a brisk fire, over a layer of thin toast, which you must fry in very fresh butter beforehand. The wine that suits this dish best is Champagne or Claret.—*Augustine in Truth.*

South African Diamonds.—A good many people are going to 90, Great Russell street, near the British Museum, to see an almost matchless set of diamonds, collected and arranged by Mr. Bryce-Wright, a well-known mineralogist. There is a necklet of twenty-six large brilliants, set in silver, and weighing nearly 200 carats; a gold bangle bracelet, ornamented with seven brilliants, each as big as a plover's egg, and weighing close on 105 carats; a pair of earrings formed of two stones as large as French walnuts, set in the same manner as the necklet, and weighing forty-seven carats each; and a cross formed of twelve brilliants, weighing seventy-five carats. Thus the aggregate weight of this unique suite is close on 574 carats.—*Court Journal.*

HANG UP BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling!
She never saw Christmas yet;
But I've told her all about it,
And she opened her big, blue eyes,
And I'm sure she understands it,
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little pink toes as baby's
Away from the frost and cold.
But then, for the baby's Cbristmas
It will never do at all:
Why, Santa wouldn't be looking
For anytbing balf so small!

I know what we'll do for the baby,
I've tbought of the very best plan,
I'll borrow a stocking from grandma,
The longest that ever I can;
And you'll hang it by mine, dear moth-[er,
Right here in the corner, so,
And write a letter to Santa
And fasten it on to the toe.

Write: "This is tbe baby's stocking,
That hangs in the corner, here,
You never have seen her, Santa,
For she only came this year;
But she's just the blessedest baby!
And now, before you go,
Just cram her stocking with goodies
From tbe top clean down to the toe."

THE QUEEN AND MRS. STAUNTON.

On the Sunday preceding the day fixed for the execution of the Stauntons, tbe mother of the two men traveled alone to Balmoral, in order to obtain an interview with the Queen and beseecb clemency for her wretched sons. On reaching Ballater, after leaving Aberdeen, the last station some twelve miles from Balmoral, the poor woman sought some conveyance to take her tbe remainder of the journey. Nothing could be obtained, and the people, on hearing tbe melancholy mission of tbe unfortunate mother, showed their sympathy by obtaining for her a seat on the mail bag in the little cart, which contained only one small seat for the driver. The mail bag was thrown into tbe cart, and the poor woman was allowed to seat herself upon it. So she traveled through the cold and dismal night the twelve dreary miles to Balmoral. On reaching the Castle, the next aud formidable difficulty that met her was obtaining an audience of tbe Queen. After explaining the object of her journey to the attendants, she at last obtained an interview with Sir Thomas Biddulph, who, after patiently listening to what she had to say, promised to let tbe Queen immediately know tbe object of her being at the Castle. With little delay, the Queen, setting aside all etiquette and formality, entered the apartment in which Mrs. Staunton was seated, and with a true Sovereign's and woman's heart listened to the appeal and humble prayer of one of her subjects in her deep distress. The poor petitioner prayed for mercy and that the lives of ber cbildren might be spared. Tbe Queen, no doubt witb an aching heart, could only explain that she was entirely in the hands of her responsible Minister. The painful interview ended, tbe petitioner, grateful for the condescension and sympathy of ber Sovereign, sought bow to return to Ballater, heart-broken tbat the last bope of saving her wretcbed sons had failed her. The servants inquired how sbe intended getting back the twelve miles to Ballater. There was no conveyance, and they plainly saw the poor woman was quite incapable of walking tbe distance. Again the Queen was informed of the circumstances, and with that consideration so cbaracteristic of her nature, she ordered tbat one of her own carriages should be got ready to take Mrs. Staunton back. Scarcely had the poor mother left the Castle when the mail bag containing Her Majesty's letters and dispatches were opened, and to the gratification and relief of tbe Queen, the Home Secretary's dispatcb recommending the reprieve was amongst the number. Tbe lonely mother went on her way back, worn out and dejected. Tbe Queen at once instructed a special messenger to proceed on horseback and take tbe glad tidings to ber sister in sorrow. Such deeds require no comment, but raise the Monarch to the highest eminence. Mrs. Staunton, on reaching Ballater, was instantly informed of the glad tidings, and that the mail bag on which she had sat with a bleeding heart, contained the reprieve which she had traveled so many miles to obtain. Such is a simple account of an episode in the life of the Queen, well harmonizing with all that ber subjects already know of her.—*European Mail.*

THE LONDON "ECONOMIST" ON AMERICAN FINANCE.

The London "Economist" is regarded as the greatest authority amongst financial journals, and yet we sometimes observe in our casual perusal of that paper that its writers are very far from knowing everything. In a "*Business Note*" in the issue of the 1st inst., entitled "*American Opinion on the Resumption of Specie Payments,*" noticing the articles on that subject in the *North American Review* by Messrs. H. McCulloch, D. A. Wells, Kelly, Ewing, Roper, and Secretary Sherman, the writer says:

"But he [Mr. McCulloch] insists that the repeal of the Act would be more discreditable than the failure literally to comply with it; and in order if possible to guard against failure, he recommends the re-enactment of the provision for the conversion of the legal tender notes into gold."

Now in our unsophisticated way we had thought that provision for "the conversion of the legal tender notes into gold" was already the main feature of the Resumption Act of Jan. 14, 1875, and that therefore there would be no necessity to re-enact it until it had been repealed. Our reading, however, of Mr. McCulloch's views is, that he recommends the re-enactment of the provision for the conversion of legal tender notes into interest-bearing bonds, a provision in the Legal Tender Acts of 1862, though we think this will be ineffectual; and this is what the writer in the *Economist* ought to have said, but he perhaps thought that to convert them into gold would be an improvement on Mr. McCulloch, which we admit it is.

Then the writer gives us the following:

"Resumption, he [Mr. McCulloch] thinks, cannot be aided by the demonetization of silver, and he regrets that the position of the Secretary of the Treasury on this subject has not been clearly defined."

We had thought that silver was already demonetized by the Act of February 12, 1873, and however polite we wish to be to great financial authorities, we fear we must believe that that Act is still in force. Mr. McCulloch, though but a poor authority on financial problems, probably thinks that Resumption cannot be aided by the *re*-monetization of silver, an opinion in which we feel certain he will prove to be wrong; but it is a little hard on Mr. McCulloch to have him quoted as saying that Resumption cannot be aided by *de*-monetization of silver, though perhaps the writer had in his mind the idea that Mr. McCulloch thought something of that kind, and that it did not very much matter what it was exactly.

Then comes a quotation from Secretary Sherman, the financial "boss" himself:

"If silver alone should be adopted as the standard, the paper will fall even below that standard, unless resumption in silver is provided for by law."

Now we do not look upon Mr. Sherman as a financial authority at all, though he is an admirable political wire-puller; but we are surprised that the editors of the *North American Review* and of the *Economist* should have passed over this sentence without seeing its absurdity. If silver alone should be adopted as the standard, what can be the meaning of adopting it as such, if after it is adopted resumption in silver must be provided for by law? Surely the adoption of silver coin as legal tender would be providing by law that greenbacks could be redeemed in silver coin, and if silver *alone* is to be the standard, then there will be nothing else in which to redeem greenbacks.

Lastly, the critic of the *Economist* quotes from Mr. Sherman part of the following sentence:

"Nor is it to be presumed that Congress will do anything 'to impair the public faith pledge to any of its creditors.'"

We thought that there might be some occult financial point in the word *pledge*, but concluded that probably nothing deeper than the word *pledged* conveys, was intended.

The water question still bangs fire. Knowing people stand at the corners of the streets and ask what it all means. Cute people seem to think that there is something more going on than meets the eye. Others declare that it is being fixed, and that the Commissioners understand "division and silence." If the Legislature interferes and agrees to any settlement that does not finally consult the people, there will be a row.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

Shriveled and worn the Old Year lies,
With a fading gleam in his dying eyes.
He is nearly gone—let him go, say we,
For we've known far better years than he.
It's all very well to speak no ill
Of the dead, be it man or year; but, still,
When this grim old fellow shall take his leave
The world will have little cause to grieve.

What were the gifts of the passing year?
War and famine and doubt and fear.
Answer, all lands from East to West,
What has he done to please you best?
India whispers with parching lips;
From her barren rice-fields the echo slips
And is caught on Armenia's table-hight,
Where the sanguined snow is no longer white;
Through Bulgaria's gardens it swiftly creeps,
Where the dead man's face through the vine-leaves peeps;
It thunders along the Danube's flood,
Where the ships drift down in a stream of blood;
Straight over Europe it takes it's flight,
Where the nations arm for the coming fight;
Across the ocean with speed it soars,
And gathers strength on our troubled shores;
Ah! now we hear it distinct and clear,—
'Tis a bitter curse for the dying year.

GRANT IN EUROPE.

A private letter from Paris says: "It is with a sense of burning shame as an American that I allude to General Grant's doings here. If it be possible to find anywhere in Europe a "Hotel des Snobs," it most decidedly is in Paris, the Hotel Bristol, and to that hotel Grant went, bag and baggage. I cannot remember, during a residence of many years in Paris, of half a dozen Americans who have ever stopped at it. It is situated in the Place Vendome, entirely secluded, and with no view before it but a pile of dull grey stone houses, with the Napoleon column in the center of the quadrangle. The hotel is of course sumptuously and luxuriously furnished, as none but sovereigns or titled people of high rank, or millionaires, can afford to patronize it. To this house then, perfectly isolated from coutact with Americans in Paris, Mrs. Grant lugs her husband, for it was simply her doings and not his. I of course called to pay my respects, as an acquaintance who had known the ex-President some thirty years. Judge of my disgust at finding myself confronted with more etiquette than I ever remember to have seen outside of a Palace. Flunkey No. 1 handed me over to Flunkey No. 2, who asked for my card, and presently ushered me into the grand reception room used by the royal families of England and Germany when they are here. Mrs. Grant nodded in a very condescending manner, while Grant, smoking as usual, stammered out 'good morning.' There were one or two other persons present, and so, after exchanging a few words of icy coldness, I left the room. Had any one told me that I should meet with the reception I did, I should not have credited it. The fact is that the Grants have mistaken intended respect and consideration toward the people of the United States for flunkeyism to themselves personally. The English papers would not, of course, and did not, with one or two exceptions, speak otherwise than courteously of the Grants, but many English gentlemen have assured me that Grant made himself thoroughly obnoxious in London society, and Mrs. Grant behaved with a coarseness and vulgarity which was almost intolerable; while the young Hampshire snob, Sartoris, who, by the by, has no special position at all in England, outsnobbed the veriest cockney. And now we are to have these people paraded about Europe for another year as specimens of well-bred Americans! and after that, as Grant's friends over here proclaim openly, he is to re-occupy the White House in 1880.'

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

The editorials of our dailies are distinguished for their thorough discussion of foreign affairs. By liberally subscribing for them one can find out at any moment what the Russians have done, and why they did it; what mood McMahon is in, and why he is in it; whether or no England will interfere with anything, and why she does or doesn't. Also, a complete geography of a country singularly interesting to its inhabitants, what there are left of them, and singularly uninteresting to us, is daily issued in a comparatively unabridged form. To these are added a number of vague speculations as to what might be if something or other happened. Indeed one paper gravely embroils the whole continent of Europe in a single editorial, and advises each country as to the policy to be pursued in case its suggestions are followed up. This sort of newspaper editing has its advantages, which the reader may find out if he can. But, after all, it is embarrassing, if one wants to find out anything about San Francisco, to be obliged to subscribe for a copy of the Boston *Globe*, the Chicago *Tribune*, or the New York *Herald*.

There are people who do not like the Christmas holidays! This stupendous statement will be disbelieved by the young and the happy. But let them look at the man who has more of the gall than of the milk of human kindness in his veins. Let them look at the chronic growler. Let them look at the poor dinnerless devil who has nothing to chew but the end of reflection. Let them look at the Supervisor who, falling into action only on December 1st, finds himself, on December 25th, obliged to take his fingers out of the pie, and go back for a week to the old worn out ways of honest plodding. What matters it that his good wife lines him with plum pudding and brown turkey. Let him be supervisor without any intervening weeks of holiday, and he can have plum pudding and turkey three times a day. It is feared that the first action of the new Supervisors would be to introduce a resolution postponing the Birthday to some distant date. But they have probably concluded that it would be more convenient to postpone the oath of office next time, that is to say, the oath for the board to come.

A Minister of the Gospel is reported as having died of apoplexy. Ministers have died, and worms have eaten them when they couldn't make a better meal, but not of apoplexy. A preacher of the Gospel who dies of anything in that line commits a grave indecorum and offers a bad example. It is full of meaty and winey suggestiveness. It hints at the flesh pots of Egypt. It tells of rioting on wholesome food and reveling in the ordinary comforts of life. It hints at a departure from the Beecher diet. It makes a Minister appear to be like any other man. It seems to say that he has been known to smile, or heard to laugh. It is all wrong. A Minister shouldn't have blood enough to go to his head. He should do his best to die of general debility, or something Ministerial like that.

Professor Gamgee has come to California with a wonderful recipe for making cold air. Cold air is an excellent thing when you want it. We know of several people who would like a little, but they have departed this life and we don't see how Professor Gamgee is going to get at them very well. The Professor, however, has rendered the public an inestimable service by breaking the monopoly which had been usurped by a young man around the theaters, who has been diligently making cold air with a paper fan, with which he has waved himself into notoriety. So far, this is all the harm he has done. If the Professor will now undertake to stop that fan by giving the young man a first-class case of ague chills, with his cold air, the most exigent theater visitors will ask no more of fate.

Mr. D. O. Mills has had an interview with the President. The most pugnacious itemizer could hardly refuse to the gentleman the harmless gratification of heading a paragraph with this line. The freedom of his expression concerning the Chinese question has scared the dailies into a series of editorial convulsions, agitatated the Workingmen's party, encouraged the Chinese, and played the deuce generally. All this excitement could be avoided if people would only stop to reflect that if the President were called upon at this moment to tell who or what D. O. Mills was, he would be staggered to remember whether he were a Chinaman or a newspaper reporter, or whether indeed D. O. was not the brand of a favorite cotton mill somewhere in Yankee land.

Another workingman breaks out in a card. His grievances are—first that he is a workingman, secondly that he is a brunette, and thirdly, that he was charged 25 cents extra for carrying brooms on the Oakland boat, when a blonde capitalist who preceded him with a hundle paid nothing therefor. Our brunette friend's troubles are so easily remedied that we ask him nothing for the prescription: First, make money enough to permit of his laying off and ceasing to be a workingman; next, he must wash his hair in aureoline, which will give it a "deep golden aud perfectly natural hue;" and lastly, he must not carry brooms on the Oakland boat. A rigid following of these instructions will prevent a recurrence of the old trouble.

An American lady has been calling on Mrs. General Grant in Paris, and discovers that that republican dame has taken to "putting on airs." As this phrase is an essentially feminine one, masculine understanding is not supposed to know whether the good lady puts them on over her head, or is inducted into them the other way. Whichever way they go it is a most unbecoming rig, and the sooner some one takes them off of her the better opinion they will have of Americans in Europe, providing always that they have recovered from their playful fancy over there of having no opinion of Americans at all. Mrs. Grant, going about in a complete set of airs, would only be as ridiculous as Mrs. Hayes out on a beer jamboree.

A man in St. Louis has been guilty of the absurdity of attempting to slay his wife with a potato masher. If household utensils must he utilized in this connection, there are many other little articles which offer superior inducements. There is the kitchen can of coal-oil, whose contents might he spilled upon a wife with most satisfactory results, especially when used in connection with parlor matches. The clothes line possesses many facilities, and is an economical resource, as the second wife can use it to hang the clothes on, after the husband uses it to hang the first wife on. Then, again, a man can brain his wife pretty well with a flat-iron. But a potato masher is good for nothing hut to mash potatoes.

The officers of the German clubs have addressed an appeal to the Board of Education requesting that the course of muscular training be continued in the public schools. They clinch their arguments with this satisfactory concluding sentence: "The real results of a thorough and systematic instruction in gymnastics will only become apparent when the school children of to-day have attained manhood and womanhood." There is consolation in this thought, and with this understanding we are perfectly willing that the muscular training may go on. By that time the entire Board of Education may be in States Prison or in Heaven, and the papers will be conducted by other and less deserving editors. At the present juncture we object to having a small boy with a big muscle come down to wallop the Board of Education and all the newspapers because his percentage has heen sent in wrong.

As Manager Hill was wending his way homeward last evening, and chuckling over the California's big houses, he suddenly came upon a cigar store, the proprietor of which had just put out a new sign in the shape of an enormous grotesque figure in wood. The acting Manager stole softly up behind this work of art and delivered a terrible kick upon its unconscious posterior. As Mr. Hill was having his splintered toe tied up in the corner drug-store, he was asked why he had assaulted the figure. "Why," you see, "groaned the actor, "I thought it was one of our *Black Crook* supe's who was drunk, and had walked off with one of my new demon dresses. We have lost a vampire and two elegant 'skuldawelps' already this week." He was carried home on a bill-board.

Five hundred boys are wanted at the Youths' Directory to peddle raisins. As blue bottles are lamentably scarce at the restaurants, and flies worth three cents a dozen, the necessity for raisins is daily becoming more obvious. The only danger is that the five hundred boys would probably come back in the evening with an expression of mute agony on their faces, both hands pressed piteously to their stomachs, no raisins, and very little cash.

The Street Committee are making a terrible cackling about the "China Basin Lease." Why, in heaven's name, don't they each go and buy one at a hardware store and use it?

The welcome news comes from Virginia City that the surface of that scar upon Nature's countenance is gradually sinking. The mutual attraction which exists between the inhabitants of a settlement considerably beneath the lowest level of the Con. Virginia and the Comstock, always led us to hope that the intervening rock and dirt would give way some day.

A man decapitated himself this week by laying his head on the railroad track near San Miguel, just in time for the express train to guillotine him. He made an interesting headless item for the daily papers, which stated that the deceased was about five feet eight inches high; but, with their usual inaccuracy, they only measured him up to the neck, and guessed at the rest.

General Grant has been doing Vesuvius. He sat down on the side of the crater and smoked three cigars, while the inhabitants of Capria packed up their worldly goods and fled, under the impression that the mountain was preparing to inaugurate one of the worst eruptions ever seen.

It doesn't require the faculty of mind-reading to understand what is going on in a young lady's intellect when she receives from "Dear Sam," for a Christmas present, a *fac simile* of the work-box she bought the day before at the dollar store for the China-boy.

The writer respectfully volunteers his services to "assist" at the next *debut* taking place at any of our local theaters. He will read this entire column between the pieces—and more, if necessary. This "amateur" business has got to be broken up somehow or other.

Probably the new Senator will next deny that he solemnly promised, in return for the support of the juvenile element of the Pacific Coast, to endeavor to have empty bottles and old iron made a legal tender so far as circuses are concerned.

"**Anything** in this window One Dollar," said Tim Fair, musingly, the other day. "Oh, these extortionate shopkeepers.! I'm afraid I shan't be able to make any presents this year. Everything is so high. Times too hard."

A loaf of bread passed into Leavenworth Jail contained two files, a bottle of acid and a roll of money. In this vicinity they would have left out the files and the acid as altogether superfluous.

Is there nobody who will volunteer to relieve Major Blakely once in a while at his post at the ladies' entrance of the Palace? The ladies would like a change, if the Major wouldn't.

There is a gentleman named J. C. Sargent who has just had to resign from a deputyship. Is it possible that any one bearing this name is even temporarily out of office?

Why is it there are always just two carpet tacks and one button in every restaurant-made mince pie? Two buttons and one tack occasionally would vary the monotony.

A young lady slipped down on Kearny street the other day just after Mark McDonald had passed. Mark says nothing lucky ever happens to him now-a-days.

The Good Book assures us that the "wicked do not live out half their days." We presume they take out the other half in trade.

The sapient papers advise one to instantly knock down the man who even points a gun at one. The difficulty is to find the time.

To fight a duel in Mississippi, under the new constitution, means no office. Who has McDonald been dueling with?

The press has a patron saint already. We refer to the gentleman who pays his subscription in advance.

Emerson says, "Every failure is a step to success." How successful some of our brokers must be.

The Dime Savings Bank is the best of the lot. Every depositor gets a dime when they wind up.

If Joe Roberts will agree to donate that yellowish red suit to the Piutes, all shall be forgiven.

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

[**The Committee** of the Destitute Children's Dinners Society are appealing to the public for funds. Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Ebury, and other gentlemen are on the Committee of the Society, and donations are received by Messrs. Ransom, Bouverie & Co., 1, Pall Mall East.]

Tune—Poor Children's Dinners.

"My name, sir, 's Bill, but they calls me 'Swipes,'
The boys do down our alley.
'Ow many in fam'ly?—Why, we're nine,
As one more 'd make ten, an' tally.
No, I haint the belderest, sir; she is,
She nussin' the twins; that's Sally.
Would I like some dinner?—O crikey! Yes!
Ah, wouldn't I rarther, jest!
I know a cove what 'ad one wonst,
Thro' a lord, wot lives down west.
'Ad?—Why, be 'ad 'ot meat. an' sich;
But the pudden, he says, were best.

What's my dinner? Why, as to that,
We never sets down to none;
But mother gives us a lump o' bread,
An' a whack, an' says, 'Orf you run!'
And we're 'ungrier than we was afore
Soon after the toke is done.

We gets some treacle sometimes, yer know,
When mother 'as lots o' chairin';
On Sundays mebbe a bit o' fish,
But it's 'elped oncommon spairin'.
'Ungered?—I'd rather think I wos,
As some days it feels past bearin'.

I orfen searches 'eaps of dust,
An' grubs all amongst the cinders;
I know I shall prig some day, I shall,
As I looks in them cook-shop winders;
Tbat smokin' plum duff is too much for me,
An' it's only the glass what 'inders.

An' taint to say that mother drinks,
For she's never at the pub;
But it's horful, sir, that's wot it is,
To be allers wantin' grub,
An' to sniff the airies' day by day,
Well, it most a-makes me blub.

An' then, them shops, where they shows the jints,
An' pile the poultry hup,
It dreffle 'ard on a kid like me,
As aint 'ad no bit nor sup,
But a crust o' bread an' a swig or two
At a drinkin' founting cup.

Yes, Jack, the cove 'as 'ad the feed,
Orfen tells us wot he 'ad;
We set on a step, an' be jawrs on so,
Till we all on us feels 'arf mad—
Why, lanky Joe thrashed 'im well one day,
For makin' 'im feel so bad.

Wot! *I* am to 'ave a dinner, sir!
Wot! a reg'lar blow-out like Jack!
Wot! beef, an' dumplins, an colly-flour,
An' pudden, and such like tack?
I say, it isn't no larks now, eh?
An' yer won't get drorin' back?
A tickut! O, sir, God bless you, now!
But d'ye think you'd mind, I say,
If, arfter all, I gived it to Sal?
I should like to if I may.
She's nussin' all day, sir, Sally is,
An' never gets no play.

Can I give it up?—Well, it's terble 'ard,
But Sal 'ill enj'y it, she will,
An' likes as not if I wos to go
I should make myself quite ill,
An' 'twill be sich a treat for 'er
To 'ave for wonst 'er fill.

Wbat would I say for two o' them cards?
Why, I don't know, sir, that's flat!
But I'd turn a dozen coacb-wbeels, tho',
If tbere's any use in that!
Say?—Why, I wants to yell, I do,
An' to run an' toss up my 'at!

O, sir, I must tell Sally, please,
For 'twill cheer 'er up a bit,
As she's werry mellenkerly like,
Tho' she's only sich a chit;
But the twins, they takes it out of 'er,
Wbich ther' ain't no doubt of it.

She *will* be glad, I know she will;
An' she ain't so rough as I,
Wot can't thank tbe lords an' gen-n'lemen,
'Owever I might try;
But she's a reg'lar scholard, sir,
Tho' she be oncommon shy.

But it seems like a dream, ay, tbat it do,
That I'm to 'ave reel roast beef,
An' pudden, yer says, and mints pies, too,
Why, it's almost past beleef;
God 'elp me to be a better kid,
An' never to be a thief!
An' O, sir, please, there's lots o' coves,
As is 'ungry, jest like we;
There's fifty up our alley, alone,
As plays along with me;
Give 'em a dinner, too, if yer can,
An' it's blest by Heav'n yer'll be!"

—*Truth.*

The West Point cadets won't Prowl around nights as much as they did, in tbe future.

FORTY $1,080,000 DIVIDENDS IN TWO YEARS.

The "Bulletin" of December 15th contained an article on the dividends paid by the Comstock mines. It was shown that out of the hundreds of claims opened on the Comstock Lode since 1860, many of which have been worked to considerable depths, only twenty-two have remembered stockholders in a practical way. It was further shown that of these twenty-two mines, two (Consolidated Virginia and California) paid $57,240,000 in dividends, against a combined total of 47,223,000 for the other twenty mines. Another point, though not particularly referred to then, is that the two mines above mentioned disbursed their dividends in the short space of four years, while it took the other twenty mines fifteen years to disburse the lesser amount. We wish now to call attention to the fact that the bonanza mines have paid, during the past two years, forty dividends of $1,080,000 each. Here is the record:

	Con. Virginia.	California.
January, 1876	$1,080,000	.....
February	1,080,000	.....
March	1,080,000	.....
April	1,080,000	.....
May	1,080,000	$1,080,000
June	1,080,000	1,080,000
July	1,080,000	1,080,000
August	1,080,000	1,080,000
September	1,080,000	1,080,000
October	1,080,000	1,000,000
November	1,080,000	1,080,000
December	1,080,000	1,080,000
January, 1877	.....	1,080,000
February	.....	1,080,000
March	.....	1,080,000
April	.....	1,080,000
May	1,080,000	1,080,000
June	1,080,000	1,080,000
July	1,080,000	1,080,000
August	1,080,000	1,080,000
September	1,080,000	1,000,000
October	1,080,000	1,080,000
November	1,080,000	1,080,000
December	1,080,000	1,000,000
Totals	$21,600,000	$21,600,000

It will be noticed that each mine paid twenty dividends during the above period. The California did not commence until May, 1876, and since then there has been no interruption. The Consolidated Virginia has paid 40 monthly dividends in all in 44 consecutive months. The two mines have paid $43,200,000 in dividends during the past two years. Such a record of prosperity is without a parallel in this or any other country. The Belcher mine managed to pay one monthly dividend of $1,040,000, and the Crown Point mine at the same time paid two consecutive monthly dividends of $1,000,000 each. That was in May and June, 1873, when the bonanza in the Belcher and Crown Point mines was yielding its richest ores. The first dividends from the working out of that bonanza were paid by the Crown Point in June, 1871, and the first by the Belcher in January, 1872. The Crown Point dividends ceased in January, 1875, and the Belcher in April, 1876. In both cases the dividends were frequently interrupted during the above interval, though the Belcher did pay 25 consecutive monthly dividends and the Crown Point 18. The period covered between the two dates comprises 59 months. During that interval the dividends paid by each mine were as follows:

	Dividends.	Amonnt.
Belcher	38	$14,976,000
Crown Point	34	11,040,000
Totals	72	$26,016,000

The bonanza from which the above dividends were paid was the largest and richest that had been discovered on this coast up to that period, and

many thought such a body of ore would never be found again. But this bonanza had not fairly given out before another and richer had been discovered at the opposite end of the Comstock lode, thus keeping up the volume of the precious metals. Starting from the outcroppings of the bonanza in the Belcher and Crown Point mines in June, 1871, the dividend stream has continued to flow with increasing volume. To show the profits of these two bonanzas to stockholders, we will give the dividends from the same to date, as follows:

1871—	Crown Point	$480,000—	$480,000
1872—	Belcher	2,184,000	
	Crown Point	1,860,000—	4,044,000
1873—	Belcher	6,760,000	
	Crown Point	5,100,000—	11,860,000
1874—	Belcher	5,304,000	
	Crown Point	3,400,000	
	Consolidated Virginia	2,592,000—	11,296,000
1875—	Belcher	312,000	
	Crown Point	200,000	
	Consolidated Virginia	11,448,000—	11,960,000
1876—	Belcher	416,000	
	Consolidated Virginia	12,960,000	
	California	8,640,000—	22,016,000
1877—	Consolidated Virginia	8,640,000	
	California	12,960,000—	21,600,000
Totals		$83,256,000	$83,256,000

The above amount has been disbursed within a period of six years and seven months. It would be impossible to find four other Silver mines in the world that can show a dividend roll of $83,000,000 in that period of time. The Consolidated Virginia and California mines have paid sixty monthly dividends since May 1, 1874, of which forty of $1,080,000 each have been disbursed during the past two years. No one outside of mining circles has any idea of the skill and energy required to maintain these million dollar monthly dividends. It is not enough to know that the ore exists in sufficient quantity to meet the expectations of stockholders every month. The Superintendent is required to take out from these two mines from 12,000 to 18,000 tons of rock every month. There must be a suitable selection to make the average good, and the space from which the rock is taken must be constantly cared for to prevent caves, which would interfere with the regular supply, if they did not stop all hoisting operations. As the rock comes out, timbers must go in to shore up, and make everything secure. There are miles of levels, drifts and winzes to keep clear and in a safe condition for travel and work. Water and ventilation must be watched, and blasting operations guarded. All this vigilance and labor are required underground, and much of it from 1,500 to 1,800 feet below the surface. After the rock has been raised in sufficient quantity, there is the care of all the mills, which are kept in constant operation.

A fire or any serious breakage of machinery in the hoisting works or at the mills would peril the dividends. The operations of these mines for a single month are equal to those of many other mines for a whole year. Prior to 1870, the Savage mine was the only mine on the coast that paid dividends amounting to $1,000,000 for a whole year. For nearly two years we have had two that have paid more than that amount every month. To all appearances, the ore bodies in these are not likely to be worked out for some time. There are already indications that before that time other ore bodies on the Comstock lode will be opened, and so the gladsome stream of precious metals will continue to flow for years to come. Besides, the virgin Territory of Arizona is yet to play its part in the bullion product of the world. The discovery of the two bonanzes already referred to has exercised an important influence on the weal of this country and of the world. It would be impossible to enumerate the blessings conferred on the world by the $83,000,000 in dividends paid by these four mines since that auspicious commencement in June, 1871. The comforts and luxuries purchased and enjoyed as the result of the possession of the dividends, and the enterprise conceived and carried out, may be faintly imagined, but it would be impossible to describe them. The benefits are

not alone restricted to the use of the dividends. The gross product of the mines has been nearly twice the amount of the dividends, and the balance between the dividends and the product has been the support, directly and indirectly, of many hundred families. These ore discoveries have been very opportune, and few can fail to see the hand of Providence in them. The material progress of the Pacific coast would be ten years behind what it is but for the bonanzas of Crown Point and Consolidated Virginia. We very much doubt whether the Government would be as near a coin basis, if it had not been for the wonderful bullion product of the Pacific States and Territories during the past six years. In July, 1870, gold was 22 per cent. premium, as measured by Government promises to pay. It has never been as high as that since, and is now less than 3 per cent. premium as calculated on the same basis. The liberal output of the precious metals has enabled the country to retain a larger stock of coin and bullion than at any other period in its history. Those who say the Government cannot resume specie payments a year hence evidently fail to grasp the subject. It has only $350,000,000 in paper to provide for in any event; and, according to the construction placed upon the Act by Secretary Sherman, it has only $50,000,000 to provide for, and there is over $60,000,000 in gold coin on hand with which to commence. It is believed that the $300,000,000 in Legal Tenders will float at par. If that be so, the odd $50,000,000 could be taken up this week, and the Government commence the new year on a coin basis. France is pledged to resume specie payments on the 1st proximo. There would be a happy significance in the United States taking a similar step on the same day, and thus once more place itself on the same financial basis as the other great commercial countries of the world. Once on that basis, there need be no fears about the future supply of coin. Our country will have the same attractions for gold as Great Britain, Germany and France, and will be sure to get its share of the precious metals.

THE LAND OF MIDIAN, THE BIBLICAL CALIFORNIA.

If the Khedive of Egypt can only turn his property in the Land of Midian to good account, he may yet be able to pay all his creditors in full and build himself more yachts and palaces. In the early part of this year it was reported that Captain Burton, of H. B. M.'s Consular Service, the celebrated traveler and Orientalist, had gone to the Land of Midian, lying to the southeast of the Gulf of Akaba, in the Red Sea, and found the country, believed to be the original Ophir, rich in gold, silver, copper, and other metals. He brought back specimens of the rock, and analyses of these by competent chymists show that Captain Burton's is indeed a "great find." So satisfied is the Khedive, that he has requested Captain Burton to thoroughly explore the Land of Midian, and he is now in Egypt preparing another expedition, determined to investigate thoroughly that Biblical country of which he only got a superficial idea in his twenty-day visit last Spring. Concerning the copper he has no doubt whatever, and reports that the hills which contain it are only ten miles from the Coast. Silver he also found in the same range. But the gold he brought back was taken from the beds of torrents that come down from mountains away in the interior. It was in sufficient abundance to make him eager to follow up the torrents to their source, but time did not allow of further travel. His intention now is to penetrate to these "golden hills," and thoroughly satisfy himself as to their nature and capabilities. He estimates the distance under twenty days' march. The Khedive has received several offers of a royalty from persons anxious to work the minerals, but with prudence he prefers to keep himself free until he knows the full extent of the wealth of the country.—*Court Circular.*

Political Catechism. Who own the United States? The people. Who own the people? The politicians. Who own the politicians! The devil. Who are the dangerous classes? The corrupt men in places of honor and trust. What is the present penalty for stealing? If you take a shilling, three months in the lock-up. A million—exoneration and a chance to do it again. What are they called when they are idle? If they are poor men, out of work, they are called tramps. If they are office-holders, they are called politicians.—*Natchez Telephone.*

"MEN WE KNOW."

Claus Spreckles.

"On 'Change" there is no man better known, or more highly esteemed than Claus Spreckles. As a man of probity and honor, a financier of skill, whose word is his bond, a manufacturer who is ahead of all competitors in his own particular line, and a merchant of the good old type, who maintains correspondence with all important ports in the world, he is safe, reliable and well informed, and is, in short, a representative man in the higher business circles. Mr. Spreckles is a native of Hanover, born in 1828, and came to America about 1846, and settled in Charleston, South Carolina, carrying on business there in the grocery line. He subsequently removed to New York, and pursued the same branch of business. He came to San Francisco in 1856. Soon he established the Albany Brewery, which he conducted to a high degree of success, and sold out, with the intention of going largely into the sugar refinery business. He established the Bay Refinery, and, in connection with his brother and others, succeeded with that also, until he saw fit to part with it to a joint stock company. Mr. Spreckles was not long idle. His experience with the Bay Refinery convinced him that he could build another that would be a vast improvement upon it. In its practical working he saw errors of construction that might be avoided, and new ideas occurred to him that would be of great value in the working out of the institution. He accordingly went to New York, and personally superintended the construction of machinery for a new refinery upon a larger and much improved scale. He established the California Sugar Refinery, whose works are at the corner of Eighth and Brannan streets. He has conducted that with such success that his name is well and favorably known all over the world where sugar is dealt in as an article of commerce. He gives employment to 250 men, and refines 50,000,000 lbs. of sugar annually, which comes for the most part from Manila and the Sandwich Islands. His marked success in this enterprise has not been achieved without more than one tussle with strong competitors. Others were determined to divide his undoubted supremacy in the sugar refinery business. His thorough devotion to his business, and his singular capacity to concentrate his mind and energies upon whatever he takes in hand, gave him an advantage over his competitors, which he was not slow to make the most of. He conquered all serious opposition, and stands to-day the unquestioned head of the sugar business on this coast. He is assisted by three sons, the oldest of whom is 24 years of age, and has gladdened his father and mother's hearts by making them grand-parents. Mr. Spreckles has large interests in the Sandwich Islands, where one of his sons is resident. Being an earnest business man, he has never sought office nor public station. He has, however, long been an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, and as a warm and attached friend, Governor Booth appointed him a Colonel on his staff. His career has been that of a business man in the highest and best sense of the term. He has managed his finances with such skill, that notwithstanding the ups and downs of Californian life, he has never been in a tight place; his skill as a manufacturer has placed him above and beyond all rivals, and his standing as a merchant "on 'change" is so well established that his word is taken for whatever he chooses to give it. His career in California has been without fear and without reproach. In physique he is remarkably well preserved, and looks younger than he is. He has, let us hope, in that well, hale and hearty constitution of his, the evidence of many long days yet in store for him, in which to enjoy that high name and fame he fairly merits, and has most honorably won.

J. C. Flood, Esq., has generously divided $7,000 among the charities of the city. They have come at a most appropriate time, the tightness of money having somewhat shrunk donations of late. The distribution has been made with a wise forethought, creditable alike to the head and heart of the donor. The money will do good, and we are persuaded Mr. Flood will feel that it is more blessed to give than receive.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast fading year;
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgivenes spoken
Under the holly bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,
Estranged from hope and gladness,
In this fast fading year;
Ye with o'erburdened mind,
Made aliens from your kind,
Come gather here!

Let not the useless sorrow
Pursue you night and morrow,
If e'er you hoped, hope now.
Take heart, uncloud your faces,
And join in our embraces
Under the holly bough."

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Fredk. Hiller, Sr., of 226 Post street, is in a tight place. If he is not a quack and perjurer, there is a strong obligation upon him to prove that he is not. He appeared some time ago in our black quack list. He then sent to this office a sworn statement, claiming to have been educated, graduated and duly diplomaed by certain German universities and official authorities. We then removed his name from its unenviable position, but sent his statement to Berlin for confirmation. It was not confirmed, but on the contrary was point-blank denied. These denials, explicit and complete as they were in every detail, we published, and pointed out that if they were true, of which we entertained no manner of doubt, then this man Hiller had sworn to a false affidavit, and if so, deserved to go to States Prison. Immediately on these publications appearing, the Homœopathic Medical Board desired this particular Hiller, who calls himself Frederick, and resides at 226 Post street, and is not to be confounded with at least two other persons of a like surname, to rise and explain. His too thin explanation was that "he was being persecuted by his brother, one Dr. D. Albert Hiller, with whom he had quarreled, and that it was this brother who was persecuting him and publishing statements that were false, in answer to his sworn affidavit, which was true." Dr. Griswold was appointed a Committee of One to investigate the affair, and called upon us and learnt what we knew upon the subject; at the same time we truly repudiated any knowledge of or connection with D. Albert Hiller in regard to this matter. Fredk. Hiller's son then called and begged that we would let the question stand over for two or three months until his father could communicate with Germany and get the necessary proofs, as certainly the authorities had made a mistake. We granted that request, and the time asked for has long passed and gone. No evidence is yet to hand, and we have good reason to believe that none that will serve Hiller is coming. That being the condition in which the case stands, a public duty is upon us. This man Hiller obtained a license in San Francisco to practice medicine, by virtue of his false statement. We call upon the Homœopathic Society to see that it is forthwith canceled, and that he is prosecuted for his false oath under the Medical Act.

Seven Babies in One Family.—It was thought worthy of note when, about two years ago, the wife of Mr. Thomas J. Suggs, formerly of this city, but now of Gaston county, gave birth to three children at one time; bu recently *she went herself one better, giving birth to four.* None got away, and the whole quartette is living and doing well. Further than this, the triplets, Mrs. Suggs' former achievement, are all living; and here we have the case of seven children from one mother, and none of them more than two years of age. It is the most remarkable case of the kind we ever heard of, and we doubt if it ever had its parallel in the United States.—*Charlotte, N. C., Observer.*

A WOMAN'S RIGHT THAT CANNOT BE DENIED.

We have never been advocates of certain so-called woman's rights, which in our judgment would prove in practice to be evil rather than good to the gentler sex, whom every manly man cheerfully protects without compulsion of law. Yet it turns out that hereabouts there are some who are not manly men, and are not even worthy of the name of men, and may more properly be classed as moral idiots, without a spark of manhood in their compositions. By an oversight in the framing of the codes, innocent wives and prattling babes are not protected against the outrages of these social monsters. Wife after wife may be married and abandoned, and child after child may be begotten and left to starve, and yet the mother has no redress at law unless she consents to a divorce, which she may not feel inclined to do. She may very naturally be repugnant to her child's mother being denominated a "divorced woman." If she so feels, and acts accordingly, there is no practical redress for her at law. The husband is advised by his lawyer to "*starve her out*," which, perhaps, by previous experience, he is well trained to do. The child may need clothing, may require medical treatment, and even food, whilst the father keeps an expensive mistress. The mother may be dependant upon the charity of a cold world, but what cares he? The policy is to "*starve her out*," and starve her out he can and will, though the whole country side cries *shame*, and the law is powerless to interfere. Strange to say, the codes compel a wife that has separate earnings to support her perhaps idle or dissolute husband, but there is not a word in them to force a husband who, for lust's sake, has abandoned a good wife and lovely child, to support them. We have the word of one of the code commissioners that this was an oversight. It ought to be rectified, for most assuredly a woman's right that cannot be questioned is practically by law denied. The orphan asylums have asked for another important amendment of the law. They ask that fathers who are able to contribute towards the maintenance of their offspring, but refuse to do so, should be punished as criminals. This amendment ought to be passed without a dissentient voice. It *will* pass, or we will know the reason why. No legislator can have a motive for voting against either of these changes of the law that will bear such an investigation as we will give to it. The savage Indian of the plains places his body between his offspring and the enemy, and will never yield so long as the former is in danger. The man-eating Fijian counts his life of no value when engaged protecting his little ones. Even the serpent that crawls will fight man, beast or devil in defense of its young. To the so-called noblest work of God, as he is found in this city, belongs the unspeakable infamy of abandoning and "starving out" his own flesh and blood. If this is not crime, what is it?

AN EMINENT RUSSIAN JOURNALIST.

The most eminent journalist in Russia is M. Katkoff, a friend of the Czar and a pet of the Panslavist party. He conducts the Moscow *Gazette*, a journal controled by the University of Moscow. He has hired it on a lease of twelve years, in consideration of the annual payment of nearly $60,000—an enormous rental; but as the paper has a circulation of 40,000 copies and a monopoly of advertising in the city, he is making a fortune out of it. He speaks English faultlessly, but hates England desperately. He also conducts a monthly review, the Moscow *Gazette*, which occupies a high place in the literature of the Empire, and yet is devoted mainly to the reproduction of English novels and to the criticism of works published in London. There are three other leading reviews, in which serial stories like those of Ivan Tourgueneff are published. While Russia is looking at Englishmen through the eyes of M. Katkoff, a man who once admired them, but who, since the Polish insurrection, has utterly abhorred them, they in turn are learning much about the Empire of the Romanoffs through the medium of St. Petersburg correspondence in the London papers. Mr. Wallace, the author of the freshest and most valuable work on modern Russia, is a correspondent of the *Times*. The *News and Standard* are also well served. The *Pall Mall Gazette* is publishing a curious but very able series of essays on "The Russians of To-day," in which the demoralization of all classes of society is presented with painful realism.—*Baltimore Bulletin.*

"A PRINCESS OF THULE."

BY BURKE.

The wild deer are bounding by mountain and glen,
The wild fowl are calling from moor and from fen,
Through fairy Loch Roag the bright salmon dart;
But the old King of Borva sits thinking, apart:
"Is she happy, so far from the rocks and the foam,
My good little lass in the fair southern home?"

The light and the music come softly and sweet
Where the feet of the dancers keep time with their beat,
Are her thoughts of the pageant so stately and grand?
Oh, they're far, far away in her own mountain land!
Back to the heather her quick fancies go
Like the hurrying feet of the wild highland roe,
And a burden they bear from the far southern home
Like the wail of the pipes on lone hights by the foam;
"Land of the tempest and land of the sun,
Where the mists and the mountains are blended as one,
When the sea-bird is happy, blown far from the sea,
Thou wilt rest in thy beauty forgotten by me!
Lord of the rocks where the dark waters pile,
Proud King of Borva, stern Chief of the isle,
When she dwelt in thy heart, and she sat on thy knee,
Then Sheila was happy and Sheila was free!"

DIVORCE IN TURKEY.

In many things Turkey is a wonderful country, and some of its institutions are marvelous. The law of divorce, for instance, is a choice hit of jurisprudence. Should a lady have good reason to suspect her lord of infidelity, she has but to summon him before her household and make an oath that, "May I cease to be a Moslem if ever I receive him again." He is dismissed *a mensa et thoro*. But should she repent of her vow, or should her penitent husband find means to mollify her anger, through the intervention of friends, or by any other of the thousand-and-one ways which lead to a reconciliation, and should a condonation be agreed to, the law runs that there must be a remarriage, and this cannot be unless both parties admit that they are equally guilty. Since the ex-husband's infidelity was the primary cause of the divorce, it is necessary that at least one such charge be proven against the ex-wife. A society of blind men exists for this purpose. One of them is solemnly deputed to take on himself the part of co-respondent, two witnesses make affidavits and justice is satisfied. A *cause celebre* is privately talked of just now, which illustrates this curious custom. A person of very high position in the household of the Sultan, during the *demenagement*, which took place after the decease of Abdul Aziz, managed, through his great influence in the palace, and by the connivance of some of the chiefs of the "neutral gentry," to become the happy possessor of three beautiful Georgian slaves, whom he established with all privacy in a konak at Stamboul. Some kind friend, or disappointed demander of bakshish, conveyed to His Excellency's legal wife intelligence of the fact. She is a royal personage, and as such has the right of being the sole possessor of her husband. He was brought up before her, proved to be unfaithful, and dismissed. Friends interfered, a reconciliation was effected according to law, and an interval of repose succeeded. But he could not behave properly; a few weeks saw him return to his "Paphian bowers" at Stamboul, and he is once more pronounced a *divorce* by his twice-aggrieved spouse.

Somebody notes the popular habit of lugging into the nearest drug store persons who have become suddenly defunct in the street, and affects to discover a certain grim appropriateness in such disposition of the dead. The practice has a more obvious advantage in the opportunity that it confers for removing the contents of the deceased's pocket.

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS.

Recorded in the City and County of San Francisco, Cal.

Compiled from the Records of the Mercantile Agency of Hope, McKillop & Co., 317 California Street, San Francisco.

Tuesday, November 20th.

GRANTOR AND GRANTEE.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE
Jasper N Killip to C Levy	Ne 19th and Diamond, n 149x125	$4,000
City and Co to Catherine O'Brien	Ne Geary and Central av, n 159:10¾, e 28:4, s 161:8½, w 1:2 to beginning	199
Josephine Hamilton to H Joseph	Ne Geary and Central av, e 138:8, n 160, w 138:10, s 159:10¾ to beginning	1,850
Cath O'Brien to Same	Same	9,250
Daniel Cronin to Ellen Cronin	N Green, 180 w Hyde, w 20x60	Gift
Alexr Wilkie to Philip Hilberen	N Greenwich, 206:3 e Dupont, e 17:2¾x70	1,765
H Meiderich to Eugene Collins	W Sagamore, 200 e Capitol, e 50x125	200
Wm H Lyons to Geo L Bradley	W Shotwell, 185 n 21st, n 120x122:6	5
W P Daingerfield to Alb Dibblee	Ne L end 19th av, n 225, e 240, s 165, w 120, s 60, w 120 to beginning	800
Wm Hale to John Wigmore	Nw Buchanan and Sutter, n 137:6x68:9	5
John Wigmore to Ellen Myrick	N Sutter, 30 w Buchanan, w 38x137:6	3,900
Edw Griffin to Geo Nicholas	Lot 2, blk 15, Market Street Homestead	500
Jacob Harms to Andrew Graham	W Michigan, 350 n Sierra, d 20, w 68, sw 21	1,000

Wednesday, November 21st.

Alvin B Tarr to Joseph Cuneo	Sc Minna, 221 sw 8th, sw 24x80	$4,750
J H Meredith to W Cunningham	W Chattanooga, 260 s 23d, s 35x150	....
Juana A Agama to M B de Silves	Sw Kearny and Union, w 40x77:6	Gift
G Brownstein to Elias Goslinsky	N Post, 60 e Gough, e 40x120	1
Mary Grant to Wells Fargo & Co	E Webb, 125 n California, n 12:6x63:5	5
T S Montgomery to Geo Weleh	Lot 5, blk 167, University Extension Hd	250
J W Hoffshcneider to Wm Ehrke	Lots 3, 4, 5, blk 4, Sunny Vale Hd Assn	750
Cath Coleman to A Germon	Kot 249, Spring Valley Hd Association, surveyed by V Wackenreuder	400
Hugh Mullen to B J Shay	Se Pacific and Hyde, e 25x65	25
B J Shay to Mary Mullen	Same	100
Chas D Olds to Same	Same	5
Aloys Brauer to Leo Hofen	Und 1-7 equsl to 25 acres, Visitacion Rh	800
Same to Same	Sw cor of 50 v lot 406, n 137:6 x e 53:6; n D, 82:6 w 18th av, n 100x50	8,800
Saml C Harding to J Spruance	S Sutter, 182:6 w Dupont, w 50x70	7,980
H M Franklyn to C B Hensley	All interest in Estate of Saml J Hensley deceased	20,000
Hen'ta Holton to Jos'ne Hamilton	Se Howard, 475 sw 4th, sw 25x80	1
Jos'ne Hamilton to Hen'ta Holton	Se Howard, 500 sw 4th, sw 25x80	1
F L A Pioche to Marie L Hoag	Lots 16, 17, blk 13, City Land Associat'n	180

Thursday, November 22d.

J D Sagemiller to Cors O'Connor	S Pine, 111:6 w Jones, w 26x68:9	$8,000
T P Riordan to R L Olsen	W Kansas, 250 n Nevada, n 25x100	600
W L Duncan to C P Reeves	W Shotwell, 175 n 18th, n 50x122:6	2,000
Wm Hollis to Eugene Hoey	N Sutter, 182:9 w Baker, w 22:9x137:6	2,750
T P Riordan to Patk F Benson	S Hill, 105 e Guerrero, e 25x104	1,150
S H Lea to Louisa M Lea	E Sherman, 223 s 18th, e 125 x s 74	Gift
Rhody Kelly to Catherine Care	E Shotwell, 178:9 n 24th, n 22:3x122:6	2,350
D B Provost to M L McDonald	E Market and Brady, ne 207.4½x180	5
Wm W Knight to Peter J Grey	Und ¼ lots 179 to 181, P V land; and lot 2, blk T, R R Hd Assn: and und ¼ of sub 36 of McKee's Tct, San Mig'el Rh	1
Leo Hofen to Catharina Brauer	Commencing sw cor 50 v 409, n 137:6 x e 54:6; and lots 4, 5, blk 398, Great Park Hd Assn; lots 8, 9, blk 12, West End Map 2; and lot 28, blk 5, Flint T'et Hd	8,800

Friday, November 23d.

Fredk Bohme to B Ernst Tittle...	69S D 14, se Vallejo and Kearny, s 68:9, e 68:9, s 68:9, e 68:9, n 137:6 w to beg..	....
Thos Foley to Johonna M Foley..	E cor 29th av and G, se 75x100.....	Gift
Same to Same.....	E Powell, 68:9 n Filbert, n 50x137:6.....	Gift
W F Fitzpatrick to Jno A Jones.	S 19th, 125 w Guerrero, w 2x114.....	1
Same to Same.....	S 19th, 127:6 w Fuerrero, w 22:6x114....	3,325
Jno Moeller to Geo Cooper	Nw 24th and Sanchez, w 25x80	525
Matthew P Nugent to Ptk Connor	S Valparaiso, 122:6 e Jones, e 20x60.....	575
M C Bateman to Wm Sharp.....	Se Buchanan and Broadway, e 137:6, s 137:6, w 68:9, n 9:9¾, w 68:9, n 127:8¾ to beginning.....	10,009
Thos Magee to Margt Morgan....	S Fell, 82:6 e Laguna, e 27:6x120.....	2,900
F D McManas to Mary O'Connor.	S Elizabeth, 105 e Castro, e 25x114.....	500
Peter Freeman to B J Shay.....	S Minna, 97:6 e 3d, e 20x80.....	3,200
B J Shay to M B Kellogg.....	Same.....	3,200
Michl Walsh to Barbara Burger..	N Prospect pl, 100 e Folsom, e 75x100...	750

Saturday, November 24th.

Jas M Reynolds to Edw Qainn...	Sw Leavenworth and Vallejo, w 57:6, s 317:6, w 80, s 40, e 137:6, n 77 to beg...	12,000
M B Kellogg to Wm Mahon.....	S Minna, 97:6 e 3d, e 20x80.....	3,300
Wm T Coleman to Ther'sa Cnche	Lots 9, 10, West End Hd Assn.....	1,000
Isaac S Allen to Helen E Patten..	S Erie, 271 w Howard, w 27, s 115:4½, e 26, n 115:6 to beginning.....	2,300
Edw E Harvey to Richd Ingham .	E Sherman, 197 n 18th, e 125 x e 55.....	5
Henry Zeitska to T S Merchant ..	Ne Pine and Broderick, n 110 x e 55....	3,250
Thos Gavigan to L'rence McNall.	W Steiner, 82:6 n Oak, n 55x110.....	2,200
Wm H Waltz to Frank A Moore..	Se Clementina, 227:6 sw 4th, sw 23:9x80.	3,100
M S Latham to Geo T Marye.....	W cor City Hall av and Market, sw 25x 100.....	24,000
Odd Fell Cty As to E Dioorzazeck	Lot 10, Germania Section plat 4.....	72
E Dioorzazeck to C H Hoffman..	Same.....	85

Monday, November 26th.

Peter Billings to Henry Schwerin	Se Virginia av and Mission, e 40x60....	$ 10
Holly M Upson to R F Rogers....	Nw Larkin and Chestnut, n 137:6x137:6.	4,000
Chas Goor to Eva B Goor	Nw Folsom, 200 sw 8th, sw 25x90	....
Carrie M Smith to David A Finn.	Sw Powell and John, w 85x10.....	
Augusta Von Loehr to Thsa Scho	Lots 6, 9, blk lots 5, 6, 7, blk 19, West End Map 2.....	5 25
Geo F Sharp to Chas A Worth ...	W Octavia, 68:9 s California, s 68:9x137:6	
Michl Byrne to Patk Byrne.....	Lots 33, 34, blk 334 Haley Tract, and lot 6, 7, 8, blk 50, City Land Association..	1,300
Sieg'd Herrmann to H Cohen....	Und ⅓ se Green and Fillmore, e 412:6x 137:6.....	3,000
Nevada Bank to Jno J Corbett...	Nw Mason and Ellis, w 97:6 x n 60; and w Mason, 77:6 n Ellis, n 60x137:6.....	80,000
Jno H Wise to Thos McTeraan..	Lots 25, 26, 27, blk 265, O'Neal & Haley Tract.....	3,000 1

Tuesday, November 27th.

Wm Hollis to Oscar A Tolle.....	N Pine, 119:8 e Pierce, e 27:2¾x137:6...	$2,200
Julia I Bowman to Jno B F Davis	W Dolores, 65 n 24th, n 65x117:6.....	2,750
Isabella Durney to Rt Brotherton	W 19th av, 200 n Clement, w 120x200; O L blk 163; and ne Pt Lohos and 20th aves, e 20x120.....	250
Jno White to Fanny White.....	Ne Polk and Satter, e 110, n 127, w 50, s 60, w 60, s 90 to beginning.....	35,000
Mas'c Cty Assn to Geo J Hohe...	Lot 29 in Section 21 - Northern Add'n..	103
J D Haynes to Clarissa S Blahop.	W Carolina, 66:8 s Nevada, s 33:4x100...	450
Eugene DeSabla to L Stardivant.	Nw Vallejo and Laguna, n 150, w 125, s 12:6, e 56:3, s 137:6, e 68:9 to beginning	5,000
David Adler to Robt Feder.....	S Hayes, 175 w Gough, w 25x120.....	8,250
A C Muecke to M D W S Holland	N Lombard, 165 e Stockton, e 41:3x137:6	12,000
Jos F Loubat to A J Pope.....	N Sacramento, 90:2 w Montgomery, w 20:5x119:6.....	19,000
Jno Scott to Stephen Roberts....	Commencing 137:6 s Broadway, and 137:6 137:6 w Laguna, n 9:9¾ x e 68:9.....	1
Same to M J McDonald.....	Nw Pacific and Laguna, w 68:9x137:6...	12,000
Jno S Barrett to Josepb Hassey..	Nw Minna, 60 ne New Montgomery, ne 40x80.....	5,600
Jno Muller to Johanna Leary.....	Se Stevenson, 175 sw 5th, sw 25x75.....	6,200
B Sequine to Michl Gallagher....	W De Haro, 200 n from sw Center and De Haro, n 25, w 100, s 25, e 25	450
Saml J C Swezy to Jas E Gordon.	Lot 27, South Park.....	3,500

Wednesday, November 28th.

J M Thompson to P Giovannini..	Nw 17th and Douglas, n 110x45.....	$ 650
Same to Peter Schellberg.....	W Doaglas, 137 n 17th, n 27x135.....	300
Same to Michl Mibacb.....	W Douglas, 110 n 17th, n 27x135.....	300
Bertha M L Zeitska to H Zeitska.	Ne Pine and Broderick, n 110x55.....	1
Harrison Barto to Asa Fisk.....	W Sherman, 210 s 21st, s 50x125.....	166
C F Webster to Thos Magee.....	E Mission, 132:3 s 24th, s 35:3, ne 135:1¾ w 35:3xsw 135:1¾.....	1,000
Jos W Ward to Jas Freeborn	Nw Filbert and Battery, n 137:6x275.....	50,000
Wm D Koch to Jno T Bonestell..	N Sacramento, 102:6 w Hyde, w 35xn120	11,700
C P Reeves to Lizzie D Duncan..	W Shotwell, 175 n 18th, n 50x122.6.....	2,000
A Himmelmann to J B Taylor....	S Sacramento, 128:9 e Pierce, e 25x120..	1,950

Friday, November 30th.

Wm Hollis to Robt Day.....	W LeRoy pl, 137:6 n Sacramento, n 23:6 x97:6.....	$1,250
Same to Otto Brandt.....	E Valencia, 177 n 22d, n 35x125.....	3,500
Eliza M Coleman to Jno Walton..	Lot 45, blk 32, City Land Association...	55
Polly Barton to J P Manrow.....	Nw Beacb and Polk, w 275x137:6.....	1
J P Manrow to S F P Wooln F'ty	Same.....	5
Sav and Ln Soc to Henry Bnttner	Se Church and 29th, e 55x115.....	675
Alvinza Hyaward to C Spreckles.	Ne 8th, 125 se Harrison, se 50x165.....	7,830
Masonic Cmty Assn to J M Sabin	Lot 2 in Fountain plot N A.....	118
Jno B Lewis to Geo A Evans.....	Se Heron, 165 ne 8th, ne 20x80.....	1,300
H B Tichenor to Maurice Dore...	N cor Townsend and 2d, nw 137:6x137:6; sw 2d, 206:3 se Brannan, se 118:9x160.	1

Saturday, December 1st,

Jno H Meredith to Adam Green..	W Dolores, 114 s 23d, s 146 x w 25.....	$ 5
Thos Caffrey to Jas McDonald....	S Fultou, 179:3 e Octavia, e 27x206:3....	3,500
Louis Sloss to James Post.....	Lots 26: 27, blk 93, O'Neil & Haley Tr'ct	800
Matthew Crooks to J L Vermell..	Se Berry, 275 sw 5th, sw 45:10x240.....	10,200
John Ward to Danl McMullin....	N Geary, 110 w Larkin, w 27:6x120.....	9,500
M Curran to John B Lewis.....	E Reed, 97:6 n Clay, n 20x51:3.....	4
K A Pidwell to Mitchell & Hobe.	N 14tb, 240:4 e Mission, w 52x116.....	5,200
James Curley to Wm Kenny.....	W Dame, 375 n Randall, n 50x125.....	700
A McDonald to Hugh Scanlan....	Lot 197, Gift Map 1.....	200
S F Sinclair to Geo Morrow.....	Ne B and 38tb av, e 49:5, ne 40, nw 50:1, s 47:3 to commencement.....	100
City and County to Same.....	W 41st av, 417:5 n Pt Lobos av, nw 48:8, sw 349:2, se 66, ne 187:4, n 144:4 to com	....
A T Green to J H Meredith.....	W Dolores, 184:6 z 23d, s 75:6x125.....	5
A P Minear to Geo McWilliams..	Nw Taylor and Lewis, n 28:9x80.....	6,800
Cath Carroll to Owen Carroll.....	S Tyler, 27:6 e Buchanan, e 27:6x120.....	3,187

Monday, December 3d.

Cbas B Elliott to Saml F Elliott..	W Shotwell, 115 n 26th, n 25x115.....	$1,200
Jno W Hahn to Paolino Galli....	Se Montgomery and Union, s 48.9x16:3..	3,000
Ira P Rankin to C F Bassett.....	W Hartford, 124:4 n 19th, n 24:8x125.....	600
Thos T Heald to Emlie Middleton	N Washington, 183:4 w Larkin, n 127:8¼ x w 45:10.....	5
Wm S Bell to Margt Schrieher....	Und ⅛ of an acre of O L lands.....	1,500
Josepb Ringot to Henry F Burns	Ne California and Devisadero, n 100x30.	3,000
Jas Cannon to Chas Wilson.....	W Nebraska, 300 s Yolo, s 100 x w 25...	1,725

Tuesday, December 4th.

Jno M Hepwortb to Jos Blaxome.	Lots 42, 43, 44, in Horner's Addition, bk 65.....	$2,400
Susan Hepwortb to Same.....	E Church, 228 s 23d, s 32x76.....	100
Thos B Coghill to A J Cogbill....	S Clay, 179:2 w Taylor, w 25x120.....	800
Cbristian Rcis to M T B Howard.	Und ¼ e cor of 8th and Townsend, ne 275, se 275, sw 36:4½, th 313:7½ nw 71:2½ to beginning.....	15,000
Henry Cnrins to Jno W Swales..	S 24th, 25 w Vicksburg, w 25x102:8.....	....
B J Shay to Chas Murray	Ne Sansome and Pacific, n 136:6x68:9...	1
Cbas Murray to D P Belknap.....	Same, suh to a mortgage.....	6,000
E A Buzenet to J Godchaux.....	Lot 70, San Miguel Homestead Assn....	300
J Godchaux to Hy Hultman.....	Same.....	400
Paul Carty to T M J Dehon.....	N 16th, 160 e Sanchez, e 20x90.....	500
T M J Dehon to Cath Carty.....	N 16th, 130 e Sanchez, e 30x00.....	1,650
City and Co to Sidney L Johnson.	Ne Baker and Page, n 10:1, se 121:10½, w to beginning.....	....
Same to Paal Rousset.....	Fractional blks, bnd by 49th, H I, J and Great Highway.....	....
Thos Gardiner to R C Hooker....	Ne Hyde and Vallejo, n 87:6x55.....	1
Chas Seffert to Wm H Lawrence..	W Elgin Park, 169 s Herman, s 22x75...	4,500

Wednesday, December 5th.

Wm Hollis to Frank Backe.....	N Sutter, 161:6 e Lyon, e 22:9x137:6.....	$2,750
Thos R Hayes to Ang'lna Pepper	N Clipper, 160 w Noe, w 160x140.....	1,700
Hugh Allen to Geo Milne.....	S Tyler, 110 w Webster, w 27:6x137:6...	3,100
C C Butler to Annie A Congdon..	S Sacramento, 129:9 e Fillmore, e 25:6x 132:7½.....	5
John Hinkle to Jas Lamont.....	N 23d, 100 e Bartlett, e 25x80.....	4,000
G McWilliams to Patk F Kelly...	W Guerrero, 60 s 17th, s 25x80.....	5,500
Wm Hollis to Peter Sandholt....	N Sutter, 137:6 w Baker, w 22:6x137:6...	2,750
Wm Hollis to Chas S Tilton.....	N Vallejo, 25 e Laguna, e 50x100.....	3,000
Wm Hollis to Archibald McNeil..	N Sutter, 184:3 e Lyon, e 22:9x137:6.....	2,750
A McNeil to Annie R McNeil.....	Same.....	Gift
Jas O'Connell to Mary O'Connell	Nw 5th and Tehama, nw 25x75.....	Gift
A J Morrell to Cath Doran.....	W Lyon, 80 n California, n 27:7½x100...	1,000
B F Hobart to Geo T Hawley....	S 23d, 125 w Diamond, s 114 x w 51:8....	600
Jas C Zahriskle to Owen Crummy	Lat 5, blk 210, O Nell & Haley Tract....	400
Ah Quing to Li Po Tai.....	Und ½ e Dupont, 107 n Jackson, n 30x55	3,000
John Black to Chas O'Donnell...	Und ¼ lots 29, 30, 39, Nucleus Hd Assn.	500
Fredk M Eckert to Henry Hutaff.	S Post, 77:6 w Octavia, w 25:10x120.....	7,750
Nevada Bank to Aug Hemme.....	N Tyler, 68:9 e Jones, e 82:6x137:6.....	....
James Dennigan to Peter D Ryan.	S Grove, 130 w Octavia, w 25x120.....	4,500
Benj J Lacy to Bridget Evans....	N Fair av, 152:6 e Mission, e 22:11¾x100	900
Michl Reese to V Wackenreuder.	Nw cor of P B 112, s 300 x e 100.....	8,280

Thursday, December 6th.

Ch'lotta Vernon to Lotta Crabtree	S Ellis, 117:7 w Scott, e 25x137:6.....	$ 1
J J O'Sullivan to P M Collins....	E Devisadero, 52:8¼ n Sacramento, n 25x81:3.....	1
Wm Hollis to Henry E Neil.....	Nw 14th and Valencia, n 70x391:6.....	5
Pac Sav & Ild Assn to T N Wand	N Navy, 160 w Church, w 80x114.....	....
Geo W Frink to H L Searing....	Se Market, 109 sw Sanchez, sw 153x110.	10
Thos Ryan to N Slater, ...	S Vallejo, 92:10½ e Franklin, e 75x100..	....
John Center to Chas Spreckles..	S 16th, 118 e Howard, e 75x100.....	7,450
Warren C Butler to Margt Butler.	E Valencia, 224 n 21st, n 24x90.....	Gift
Jacob V Hoag to Sarah A Hoag..	N Liberty, 205 w Guerrero, w 50x114....	1
Warren C Butler to Jos J Butler.	W Wetmore pl, 112:6 s Washington, s 25 w 83:6, n 30, e 27:6, s 5, s 56 to beg....	1
Auguste Bruns to L S Goodman..	Nw 22d and Bartlett, w 55, n to a pt, ne to Bartlett, s 58:11½ to beginning.....	7,300
Sid L Johnson to City and Connty	Engine lot in blk 524, n Page, 192:9 e Baker, e 25x80.....	1
Michl Cnrran to Same	Street in W A.....	1
W J Gunn to John Nelson	S 30th, 75 w Warren, w 25x125.....	300

Friday, December 7th.

W L Hutchinson to M A Gorham	Lot 10, blk 3; lot 1, blk 23, City Land As	$ 250
Theo Le Roy to Emile Grisar	Potrero Nuevo blk 317.....	1
H M Naglee to F Chevallier	W Powell, 82 n Pacific, n 30x45:10.....	2,800
M Trowbridge to Geo Edwards ..	E Sherman, 149 s 17th, s 74x125.....	5
Jos L Folsom to John Perry, jr...	W Powell, 82 n Pacific, n 30x45:10.....	3,000
Mary L McLaughlin to B Beran..	Lot 23, blk 12, Flint Tract Hd Assn	50
C C Burr to Thos Hayes.....	S McAllister, 55 w Franklin, w 82:6xs 120.....	50
James Croke to Mary Murphy....	Lots 150, 151, Academy Tract	1
Jeremiah Murphy to Edw Graham	Same	1
Edw Graham to Peter Moran.....	Same	200

Saturday, December 8th.

G B H Peck to Geo H Pace, Jr...	½ s Fulton, 177:6 w Lott, s 45, se 229 to a pt, w 92:2, ne 270:9, e 88:9 to beg....	....
Geo H Peck, Jr to H L Dodge....	Same..	500
Chas Halsey to Sav and Ln Soc...	Sw Hyde and Greenwich, w 92 x s 40.....	3,814
Jas P Pierce to Andw Campbell..	S Vallejo, 76:6 e Sansome, e 25x80.....	3,000
T McDonough to E McDonough..	E York, 130 s 23d, s 52x100.....	500
Wm Lewis to Richd O'Connor....	W Farren av, 75 n Eddy, n 25x90.....	910
Louis Mendel to J McFadden	Nw Hunt, 150 ne 3d, ne 20x55.....	1,650
W E Judd to Leopold Heringhi...	Und ½ s line of a tract conveyed to C B Moore by E C Woodbury, dist 10 chains w from sw of said tract.....	2,250
C Pfeister to Mary Horstkemper.	S Post, 247:6 w Leavenworth, w 27:6x 137:6.....	8,500
Wm Mooser to S J Nathan.....	S Post, 30 w Laguna, w 26:6x137:6.....	10,000
Point Lobos Rd Co to C and Cnty	Point Lobos Road.....	25,000
Aug Nark to John Hayes.....	Ne Ellis and Devisadero, e 30x75.....	5,000
Henry S Searing to Geo W Frink	Se Market, 109 sw Sanchez, sw 153x110..	10

Monday, December 10th.

Frances R Phelps to Mary A Silver	Nw 36th av and S sts, n 199:10, w 171:11, s 211:10, e 180 to beginning	$ 5
Wm Hollis to Mary Dunn	S Clinton Park, 205 e Dolores, e 25x75	3,800
Wm Hale to Edw Golden	Nw Laguna and Post, w 62:6x50	5
J H Congdon to W H Fifield	S Eddy, 212:6 w Devisadero, w 50x137:6	4,000
T M J Dehon to Isaac P Kincaid	S 17th, 280 w Church, w 25x85	1,250
W M Pierson to Wm Leviston	Sw Franklin and Vallejo, w 137:6x137:6	5,000
Alvinza Hayward to Richd Brown	Sw Hayward, 100 se Harrison, se 25x80	1,250
H T Holmes to J McG Marshall	Se Diamond and 18th, e 25x75	825
Patk M Gilley to Same	Same	500
Pablo Baca to Mana Resalis	Lots 1451 to 1460 inc'ded, Gift Map No 2	5
Chas Sutton to Mary S Davis	N Navy, 240 e Diamond, e 80x114	500

Tuesday, December 11th.

Geo Edwards to Harvey E Harris	E Sherman, 198 s 18th, s 125	$1,750
John Yule to Wm Hollis	E Fillmore, 100 s Pine, s 27:6x81:3	1
Bar Adler to Leopold Adler	S Sacram'nto, 65:9 w Dupont, w 1:3x68:9	325
S F Sinclair to Mary R Hinckley	W Stockton, 106:6 s Sac'mento, s 21x58:9	1
J McCarthy to Hannah McCarthy	N Geary, 55 w Polk, w 27:6x120	Gift
Louis Mel to Columbus Bartlett	Sw Van Ness and Fulton, s 45x109:0	12,000
S C Thayer to D R Beckford	S 23d, 125 w Castro, s 114x51:8	250
R S Randall to Peter McCann	Und ½ of O L blks 953, 959, 1028 to 1033 1036 to 1040, 1108 to 1111, 1114 to 1116	50,000
E J Baldwin to C L Taylor	S 15th, 190:6½ w Dolores, w 68:9, 157, e 68:9, n 155	1
Daniel Swett to Adam Hackmier	S 24th, 100 e Chattanooga, e 25x114	4
Jos Fredericks to Jno G Sandman	S Pacific av, 137:6 w Gough, w 68:9x137:6	6,600
Pac R E Ass'n to Martin Quinlan	S Duncan, 150 e Church, e 25x100	....

Wednesday, December 12th.

Robt Barton to Bnk of California	S Turk, 187:7 w Taylor, w 87:6x137:6	$ 5
Jas M Daley to T M Stone	Nw of the alley, 93:6 ne Ecker said alley running from Ecker to 1st, nw 26 x ne 24	2,000
Louis R Lull to Henry M Fiske	Lots 1374, 1375, 1376, 1397, 1397, 1399 Gift Map 3	300
J McCormick to Barbara Webba	W Dolores, 234 n 22d, n 26x125	1,800
Edw Stoetzer to Geo Levy	E Jersey, 175 s Solano, s 25x100	750
B Vallerga to Giacomo Perata	Nw Leav'nworth and Filb'rt, n 37:6x43:9	1,700
Wm H Grattan to Frede Herdel	Se Haight and Scott, e 68:3x125	3,700
Same to City and County	E Scott, 125 s Haight, s 12:6x137:6	2
W S Chaffee to Chas Jackson	N Vallejo, 245 c Stockton, n 137:6 x e 30	1
Wm Hollis to Mary Murtha	E Valencia, 176 s 21st, s 35x125	3 500
Jas F Curtis to Mary Roche	W Taylor, 52 s Pacific, s 40x92	4,250
Jas Roche to A F Chardine	Und ½ P B 169; sub to a covenant, 13 covenants page 78	3,082
Danl E Martin to Chrsphr Dunker	Sw Fremont, 297:10 se Folsom, se 23x137:6	4 000
Wm A Howard to Michl Coleman	E Diamond, 75 n 18th, e 125x n 74	1,500

Thursday, December 13th.

Leopold Heringhi to Moses Kahn	Lot 8, blk 10, University Mound Survey	$ 800
Sarah McPeake to Sav & L'n Soc	N Broadway, 96:5 e Fr'nklin, e 89:6x137:6	5
Thos Seaborn to Same	N Broadway, 93:11 e Fr'nklin, e 93x137:6	5
P H Canavan to S W Rosenstock	Nw Franklin and Clay, w 137:6x127:8½	27,000
J D Fry to Wm Sharon	W Powell, 48 n Post, n 22:6x60	5,000
Same to Same	W Powell, 70 n Post, n 1:6x70—same	1
W E Stewart to Cath Stewart	Nw N, 50 sw 10th av, n w 75x25	Gift
Wm Sharon to Jno H B Wilkins	W Powell, 48 n Post, n 24x60	6.500
Thos Boyne to Wm J Gunn	Ne Jersey and Diamond, e 80x114	600
Jas C Collins to Same	Lot 3, blk 35, Excelsior Homestead As'n	400
Unknown owners to C Bonheimer	N Haight, 143 e Fillmore, e 1, n to a pt, nw 1, s 35 to beginning	4
F B Reynolds to A Morrison	W Sanchez, 64 n Army, n 50x110	1,000
Stuart S Wright to Wm Hollis	W Jessie, 216:5 n 21st, n 21:6x75	3,000
Patk Nealan to B J Shay	W Larkin, 49 s Ellis, s 24x87:6	5,720
Jos Sedgley to Electa S Sedgley	W York, 125 s Butte, s 50x100	1
Martin Kedon to Jos McCarthy	N 25th, 240 w Castro, w 80x114	1,050
B J Shay to Jean Auger	W Larkin, 49 s Ellis, s 24x87:6	5,750
Wm Hollis to Jno A Remer	Sw Buchanan and Sutter, s 25x87:6	3,000
Mary C Addonis to Jacob Betcold	Sw 13th av and N, w 75 x s 100	1,250
Adolphus Hollub to H B Wagner	S Tyler, 137:6 w Laguna, w 27:6x120	4,200
Wm Hollis to Maria B Wright	S 21st, 137:6 w Mission, w 22x90	4,000
City and Co to Antonio Raymond	Sw Ark'nsas and Napa, s 282:9¾, w 188:3 n 317:6, e 82 to beginning during life time	.... Gift
Geo McWilliams to Eng Herrick	W Prospect av, 70 s Eugenia, s 23:4x70	300
Geo W Clark to Chas W Cutler	N California, 110 w Baker, e 55x132:7	2,800

Friday, December 14th.

Jas Ballentine to Sidney Johnson	E Powell, 115:6 n Greenwich, n 22x137:6	$3,265
W T Coleman to I F Smith	Ne 24th and Diamond, e 80x114	900
Sav snd Ln Loc to Thos S Deves	S 19th, 80 e Sanchez, e 25x114	375
Wm Hemme to Aug Hemme	Se Clay and Gough, e 27:6x97	9,400
Aug Hemme to Jno H Edwards	N Washington, 78 w Van Ness, w 27:6x 127:8¼	13,500
Same to Joanna H Wilson	Se Gough and Clay, e 27:6x97	8,500
Thos LeRoy to Emil W Pierce	W Church, 200 n 14th, n 25x125	900
Paul Laclarerie to S W Rosenstck	Nw Clay and Franklin, w 137:6x127:8¼	1,060
Joshua Gray to Wm F McAlister	Nw Francisco and Van Ness, n 137:6x 384:9	7,000
A H Baldwin to Fred S Osgooc	E West 12th av, 150 s Pt Lobos av, s 25x 120	350
Elizth Lindermnn to T Lindermsn	E Dupont, 100 n Sutter, n 20x60	1

Saturday, December 15th.

C Nicholas to B Constantine	Sw Prospect and Lizzie, s 70x70	$ 900
B Constantine to T McInerney	Same	350
H W Larkin to G McWilliams	W Howard, 95 n 21st, n 76x245	26,000
Samuel Crim to Henry W Larkin	Same	5
H W Larkin to Geo McWilliams	Same	26,000
John P Twist to Geo E Hinckley	E cor Harrison and 1st, ne 71:6x69	7,500
Philo White to E F McMullan	N California, 112:6 w Hyde, w 25x137:6	6,000
Chas H Burton to Benj O Devoe	N Grove, 85 w Buchanan, w 52:6x120	8,000
Philo White to Charles Singer	N California, 87:6 w Hyde, w 25x87:6	5,000
Thos Magee to Thos Fallon	S Fell, 55 e Laguna, e 27:6x120	2,800
Chs Weiderhold to W Weiderhold	Ne Beacon, 68:5 se Castro, e 50, ne 130,	....
O F Cty Assn to Andw Spanlding	Lot 37 in Wildey avenue	75

Monday, December 17th.

David Porter to Jss Lawson	N Sacramento, 137:6 w Powell, w 137:6x n 137:6	18,000
John G Kellogg to P H Canavan	Nw Clay and Franklin, w 68:9x127:8¼	1
Pleas'nt Val'y Hd to D Norcross	Lot 28, blk 297, in said Homestead	1
Ford H Rogers to Same	Lot 3, blk 34, Excelsior H'd Association	1,000
Excelsior Hd Assn to F H Rogers	Same	300
Jas S Reynolds to J B Townsend	N McAllister, 185 w Larkin, w 21:3x120	150
Edw Roper to James S Reynolds	N McAllister, 137:6 w Larkin, w 68:9x120	134
Roh't Brotherton to T O Donnell	E Laguna, 80 s Union, e 80 x s 19	1,000
Bay View H A to J M Robertson	Ne 30th av, 150 se G, se 75x100	500
Op House & Art Bg A to J Coffin	N Mission, 115 w 3d, n 275 x w 110	5,097
R Brotherton to R Richmond	C Stevenson, 110 n 18th, n 25x80	1
Same to A J McPhail	S Walker, 131:3 w Webster, w 25x s 120	1
Monson Russell to R't Brotherton	N Pt Lobos av, 70 w 21st, s 25x100	600
Cors Donovan to D A Hulse	E Guerrero 76:6 s 21st, s 25x100	1,475
Wm Hale to Anna M Powers	E Laguna, 137:6 s Pine, n 22:6x80	5
S O'Donnell to Hib Sav and Ln S	Ne Dupont and Vallejo, n 150:3x83:6	42,050
W Meyer to Frank A Moore	Se Tehama, 153:4 ne 9th, ne 24:3x80	3,000

Tuesday, December 18th.

Edwd E Potter to Julius Jacobs	E Cemetery av, 162:6 n Sutter, n 27:6x 120:8	$1,500
Luke Dillon to Anna M Gillman	N Fulton, 276:3 w Broderick, w 25x138:6 reserving the right to hold possession	
J J O'Brien to R H Brown	Ne Jackson and Steiner, e 137:6x117:8¼	$5,150
J M Rusrell to Geo D Russell	S 25th, 152:9 e Sanchez, e 50:11x114	1
Hannah Londsb'rg'r to H Lndsb'r	Lots 12, 13, 14, blk 5, Mission W 30th St Ex Hd Unton	1
John Landers to Antonia Borel	Nw Market, 90 sw 15th, sw 50, nw 115, ne 5:5½, e 58:6¾, se 76:11⅛ to beg	4,000
Warren Lond to Jno Spruance	S Sutter, 182:6 w Dupont, w 50, s 70, e 25 s 50, e 25, n 120 to beginning	1,500
J H Meredith to Wm G Buchanan	W Chattanooga, 225 n 24th, n 2:11¾, w 150, s 813:11¾, e 50, n 111 to beginning	515
Wm Hale to Joseph Lalb	S Post, 87:6 e Buchanan, e 50x137:6	$ 5
Geo W Fink to Jas Henry	S Pt Lobos av, 75:4½ e Henderson, e 25:1½, s 108:5½, w 25, n 110:8 to beg	725
C B Jennings to Timthy L Barker	Und ⅛ sub Outside Land blks 950, 867, 858, 775, 776, 761, 762	1
Same to Same	Blks 65, 54, 47; and lots 2, 3, 6, blk 74; all in Excelsior Hd Assn	1
Stephen Ostrander to M Brennan	Sw Noe and Clipper, w 80x114	1,100
Annie Loesb to Eliz'th Kilborn	Nw Howard, 75 sw 7th, sw 25x90	1
T H Holt to A S Easton	Lots 1 to 6, blk 852; lots 1 to 8, blk 872; lots 1 to 6, blk 944; lots 1 to 4, 9 to 12, blk 954, etc. Outside Lands	190
Jno Ivancovitch to Andw Olcese	Se Stockton and Jackson, s 28:6x78:10	24,500

Wednesday, December 19th.

Chas Buchner to Jno Cardoza....	S Garden, 250 nw Bryant, nw 25x75....	3,500
Francois Veyrat to Celina Veyrat	Lots 74, 75 Gift Map 4.....	100
Thos Fallon to Geo Edwards.....	W Fair Oaks, 183 n 22d, n 61x117:6.....	5
I Friedlander to Saml G Beatty..	W Jones, 87:6 n Eddy, n 50x137:6.....	31,000
A S Baldwin to Mary E Baldwin .	N Geary, 24 e Jones, e 38:6 x n 77:6.....	Gift
Julia Bornemann to G Edwards..	Sc 17th and Douglas, s 75x125.....	5
Wm H Graves to C F Webster...	E Mission, 132:3 s 24th, s 35:3xnc 135:1¼	100
Andrew Birrell to Elkan Shreer..	S Sutter, 25 e Octavia, e 25x110.....	6,250
Jno T Barry to B J Shay.....	Ne Sansome and Pacific, n 137:6x68:9...	500
Wm Matthewa to Mgt Matthews..	N Sutter, 100 w Lyon, w 22x100.....	Gift
A W Stone to John Bergin.....	Lot 25, blk 297, Pleasant View Hd Assn	320
R C Johnson to Anna Kittredge..	W Front, 20 s Washington, s 40x68:9...	5
T J Fitzgerald to J F Liston....	S Green, 177:6 w Hyde, w 27:9x77:6	4,500
H H Ralston to Clinton Gurnee..	S cor Stanford and Brannan, sw 80 x se 156:3.....	1
Sylp'na Rushmore to D Gallagher	Sw Geneva, 220 se Brannan, se 55x64...	2,300
A H Doscher to Jno B Messing...	Nw Folsom, 100 sw 8th, sw 25x90.....	1
Johanna Doscher to Same.....	Same.....	4,730
Jas Strathern to Margt B Scarles.	N Ellis, 90 w Buchanan, w 90x125.....	10
Wm A Searles to H Lippmann....	" " " w 25x100.....	2,200
Patk Kelly to Jno Flaherty.....	S 20th, 50 w Dame, w 24:10x125; part of lot 50, blk 27, Fairmount Tract.....	400

Thursday, December 20th.

J H Hirshfield to Cerline Honig..	N Hancock, 155 w Sanchez, w 25x114...	$ 1
C McAllister to Gustave Mahe...	E 1st, 206:3 s Harrison, e 137:6x68:9....	14,465
M McDonnell to Odd Fels Sav Bk	E cor 1st and Harrison, ne 71:6x69.....	13,426
Jno L Love to Martha C M Love.	Lot 3—W A 296; lots 2 to 5; lots 1 to 6, blk 441.....	1
Jno P Jones to Same.....	Lots 2 to 5—W A 376; lots 1 to 6—W A 441.....	1
M Cassullo to G B Finnocchio...	S Union, 188:3 w Kearny, e 17:9, s 57:6, w 17, s 2:6, w 12 inches, n 60 to beg...	650
German Faraco to Same.....	Same.....	650
Cor's Collins to Frank Grundel..	N Pacific, 100 w Larkin, n 127:8½, w 106:3, s 27:8¼, e 79:3, s 100, e 27 to beg	2,850
Chas A Low to Reuben H Lloyd..	E Kearny, 37:6 n Pine, n 100x68:9.....	5
Peter Folger to Mary Badlam.....	W Salina pl, 53 n California, n 2x30.....	5
Edw F Palmer to John G Ayres..	Nw cor North Point and Hyde, w 137:6x 136:6.....	2,400
Giles H Gray to Antoine Borel...	E 45th av, 43:8 n C, ne 44:11, nw to 45th av, s to beginning.....	5
Eugene L Sullivan to Jno Benson	O L blks 193, 194;.....	40,000
Wm Hale to August Hahn.....	Ne Post and Laguna, e 25:6x95.....	5
C B Greenfield to F W Appearins	N O Farrell, 132 w Steiner, w 22x82:6....	3,500
Jas C Flood to C H Shillaber.....	E Hoff av, 207:7 s 16th, e 102 x s 130½deg	1,500
Martin R Roberts to J C Reis....	Sw Front and Pacific, s 61:8, w 137:6, n 5, e 8, n 56:8, e 129:6 to beg...	1
Alice J Allen to John Collins	Lot 4, blk 11, Noe Garden Homestead...	880

Friday, December 21st.

Frnest Hayn to R Stevenson.....	S Clay, 212:6 w Leavenworth, w 2:6x 137:6.....	$ 500
W H Grattan to Timothy Doland.	S Halght, 68:9 e Scott, e 68:9x125.....	2,800
Jno G Day to Richard Rivers....	Ne Palmer, 162 se Warren, se 50, ne 57, nw 52:6, sw 73 to beginning.....	357
Thos Magee to Jas S Porteous...	Sw Oak and Baker, w 133x275.....	1
Luigi Arata to Francesco Arata..	S Grnwich, 171:10½ e Stockton, e 17:2¼ x137:6.....	1
Wm Hollis to Roger D Magee ..	E Leavenworth, 90:6 s Clay, s 23:6x100..	4,530
Jno Hnnt jr to Jno G Klumpke...	Lots 101, 191, West End Homestead Asn	500
Geo T Vincent to Jno Hunt jr....	Lots 16, 101, 191, same.....	5
Cnas C Judson to Michl Lynch...	Commencing 125 s Ridley, and 29:7 e Church, s 19 degrees 20 min e 137:6, n 82 deg 45 min e 2[illegible]6:7¼	....
Saml Keyston to Jno T Smith....	Nw Valley and Church, n 64x100.....	1,500
Wm Morrissey to Julia Morrissey	W Sanchez, 28:6 s 16th, w 100 x s 25th...	Gift
C P Robinson to Mary R Mercado	Subs 23, 25, of P V lands 182 to 193.....	Gift
John Scott to Stephen Roberts...	N Pacific, 68:9 w Laguna, w 68.9x127:8¾	9,000
Jacques J Rey to Henry Frank...	N Commercial 115 w Davis, w 40x55 .	6,000
Oscar Foss to J W Northam.....	N Eddy, 141 e Devisadero, e 29x137:6...	7,500
Same to Same.....	Ne P and 16th, ne 50x100.....	1
Timothy Sheehan to J E Murphy.	E Cook, 414:10 n Pt Lobos av, n 25 v 120	500
Abner Doble to Clement Blethen.	Ne Jackson and Scott, e 275x127:8¾....	19,000
John E Tracy to Thos McTernan.	Se 29th and Sanchez, e 80x114.....	1,000
Geo Kennedy to Wm T Hunter...	N Clay, 80 e Broderick, e 25x127:6.....	4,600

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On the 10th, 20th and 30th of every month.

NOTE.—April 1 and July 1 coming on Sunday, the China Steamer will sail April 2 and July 2.

NOTE.—September 16 and 30, and December 16 and 30 coming on Sunday, the Panama Steamers for those dates will sail September 15 and 29, and December 15 and 29.

NOTE.—May 20, June 10, September 30 and December 30 coming on Sunday, the Victoria and Puget Sound Steamers will sail May 19, June 9, September 29 and December 29.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1877.

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P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier. Oct 4.

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RICKARD'S PATENT OXIDIZING AND CHLORIDIZING FURNACE, For Roasting Copper, Silver and Other Ores, prior to Leaching or Amalgamation!

The most striking advantages which it offers above all other recent inventions of this nature may be briefly summed up as follows:

1st. Its Cheapness—The cost of its erection (ex-royalty and freight) not exceeding $1,500, for a capacity to roast and chlorodize twenty tons per day, viz.: brick work, $1,000, and iron work, including blower, $500.

2d. Short time required for erection, viz.: 14 days, after providing all materials, with a sufficiency of labor.

3d. No expensive, heavy or complicated machinery being necessary, involving heavy freight to the district where it may be required, brick and clay, generally obtainable on the spot, being the chief materials required in its construction.

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5th. It does not easily get out of order, and is readily repaired by an ordinary mason or blacksmith when it does.

6th. The royalty, or license to use it, is exceedingly moderate, removing thereby all temptation to evade or infringe the patent.

7th. Calculating labor at $3 per day, and wood at $6 per cord, the cost of roasting is but little over $1 50 per ton (ex-salt when chlorodized), at these high California rates for labor and fuel.

One of them is now in the course of erection by the Aztec Gold and Silver Mining Company, at their mill in the Aztec District, Santa Rita Mountains, Southern Arizona. At their office, 302 Montgomery street, rooms 14 and 15, a model may be seen, and working drawings, with all further information necessary to enable any ordinary mason to construct the furnace, may be obtained from

COL. J. D. GRAHAM.

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1,000 SHARES OF STOCK IN THE PHŒNIX GOLD MINE FOR SALE.

The Mine is located in Amador county, Cal., on the great mother lode, near the old and famous Amador and Keystone mines; has an 80 Stamp Mill, Splendid Water Power, Canal and Timber Privileges, a 40-foot Ledge—explored to 1,100 feet in depth; has paid over 1 per cent. per month on par the past year, and with present developments should pay 2 per cent. hereafter for many years. The Mine has no debt. Capital Stock, 10,000 shares of $100 each, and the proprietor, Mr. A. Hayward, now offers 1,000 shares at par, with the option (to original purchasers and not transferable) of returning their stock to him, on ninety days notice—at the expiration of six months—at cost, and 10 per cent. per annum interest, less dividends declared. Merchants' Exchange Bank Stock taken at $75 per share.

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113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,

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JAMES G. STEELE & CO., Chemists and Apothecaries,

Nov. 10. No. 316 Kearny street, bet. Pine and Bush, S. F.

ASSESSMENT OF LANDS BENEFITED BY WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

Notice is hereby given, that a certified copy of the Assessment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont-Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California, to authorize the Widening of Dupont street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23, A.D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

WM. FORD, Tax Collector of the City and County of S. F.

San Francisco, October 22, 1877. Oct. 27.

TAXES—TAXES—1877-78.

Notice is hereby given, that a certified copy of the Assessment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (Subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1877-78, has this day been received; that the State, City and County TAXES for said fiscal year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 1, City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

TAXES will become Delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY in January, 1878, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per cent. will be added to the amount thereof,

WM. FORD, Tax Collector of the City and County of S. F.

San Francisco, October 22, 1877. Oct. 27.

MONTGOMERY AVENUE TAX.

Notice is hereby given, that a certified copy of the Assessment Book of Real Estate, which is subject to Assessment to defray expenses incurred by the opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect Taxes thereon.

Said Taxes are for the Fiscal Year of 1877-78, and are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 1, City Hall. All Taxes remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY of January, 1878, will have Five per cent added thereto.

WM. FORD, Tax Collector of the City and County of S. F.

San Francisco, October 22, 1877. Oct. 27.

W. MORRIS. JOS. SCHWAB. J. F. KENNEDY.

MORRIS, SCHWAB & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in Moldings, Frames, Engravings, Chromos, Lithographs, Decalcomanie, Wax and Artists' Materials, 21 Post street, nearly opposite Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Feb. 4.

THOMAS DAY,

Importer of every variety of Gas Fixtures, Crystal, Gilt, Steel and Bronze, and a full assortment of Marble and Bronze Clocks and fine Bronzes; also a full line of Plumbers' Goods. 122 and 124 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Jan. 27.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento. | J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, S. F

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers, corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco. April 1.

CASTLE BROTHERS.—[Established, 1850.]

Importers of Teas and East India Goods, Nos. 213 and 215 Front street, San Francisco. Jan. 13.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"

CALIFORNIA

MAIL BAG.

DECEMBER, 1877.

Illustrating the Wealth, Progress and Development of the Material Interests of the Pacific Coast, together with a complete Resume of all Items of Interest gathered from the Weekly issues of the

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS LETTER

AND CALIFORNIA ADVERTISER.

PUBLISHED ONCE A MONTH WITH

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GENERAL CONTENTS.

	Page.
A Wort	
Rai	71
At the I	73
An Anti	73
After t	79
(Po	110
A Usefu	4
A War I	7
A Moth	8
Arizona	11
A Tend	89
A Wom	rs 106
Arizona	30
Augusti	31
Amendi	53
Art Jott	59
Amendi	68
Gambling	107
Arizona	112
British Food Supplies	7
Beef for John Bull	47
Bonanzas Looming Up	107
China Town	21
Captain Burnaby in Asia Minor	21
Civil Service Reform	31
Crow-Which	37
Cure for Poisonous Bites	38
Call Me Not Dead, (Poetry)	47
Chinese Enterprise	61
Chinese Labor in America	82
Doctor Making in San Francisco	20
Death of Senator Morton	33
Debtor and Creditor Account of the War	70
Die Jahre Hoonmen und Getren	83
English Fears of American Manufactures	48
Extinguish the Gas	107
French Affairs	16
Freights and Charters	56
France	74
Fall Coursing Meeting	102
Facts and Fancies	113
Gates' Great Pedestrian Feat	10
Giants	36
Geo. Pen Johnson	43
German Military Tactics	58
Golden Rod, (Poetry)	62
Gathered Roses, (Poetry)	64
Government Prospecting in Australia	64
General Grant and Protection	72
Gaucho Horseman	85
Give Him Justice	100
How to Fill Shorts	69
Influence of the Sun	38
In Memory of John Lathrop Motley, (Poetry)	90
I Know a Bank, (Poetry)	96
Judge Ferral's Decision	106
Lines to Bess, (Poetry)	11
Langenbeck on the Cause and Cure of Consumption	15
Lectures on Life Health	61
La Belle Morté, (Poetry)	68
Love in Large Families	81
Let Us Have Peace	87
Lies of the Day	108
Letter from the Sandwich Islands	114
Mrs. John Mackay's Splendid Entertainment in Honor of Gen. Grant	86
New Caledonia—the French Convict Settlement	50
Special Brevities	32
Social Skeletons	54
Sie Haben Hent Abend Gesellschaft, (Poetry)	95
Silver Inflation	109
That Trial Trip—Ex-Governor Latham and his Friends	5
Thiers' Opinion of England and the English	14
The World, the Flesh, the Devil	17, 65, 99
The Present Crisis in France	19
Town Crier	22, 40, 75, 92
The Curse of Killarney	28
Turkish Inhumanity	33
The World's Hotel of the Four Winds	34
The Russo-Turkish War	39
The California Bear	44
The Oliver-Tobin Nuptials	45
The Fall of Man	49
The O'Conor Railroad Law	51
The World's Consumption of Tobacco	53
The Breaking Up of a Notable Firm	60
The London Economist on the Hostility to Chinese Labor	62
The Rimless Sea, (Poetry)	63
The Mines of Arizona	64
They All Do It	66
The Future of Mining Shares	67
The Original Ophir, (Poetry)	71
The Days of 1850 and 1855	78
That Exchequer Case	78
The Belief Increasing	79
The Resumption Act	82
The Dove's Delay, (Poetry)	85
To his Wife Just Before Dinner, (Poetry)	86
The March of Progress	88
The Rose in October, (Poetry)	89
The Apothecaries' Hop	90
The United States Senate	95
The War	96
The Books Girls Read	97
The Workingman's Little History, or the American Sovereign and His Crown	101
The Electric Light in Lighthouses	101
The Fall of Kars	104
Thanksgiving Day	105
The Free Labor Exchange	106
The Texas Pacific Railroad	109
Unearthing Art Treasures	9
When the Birds Wake Up	6
Witicisms of the Late Sir George Rose	9
Will of Harry Meiggs	57
Why he Stopped his Mail Bag	60

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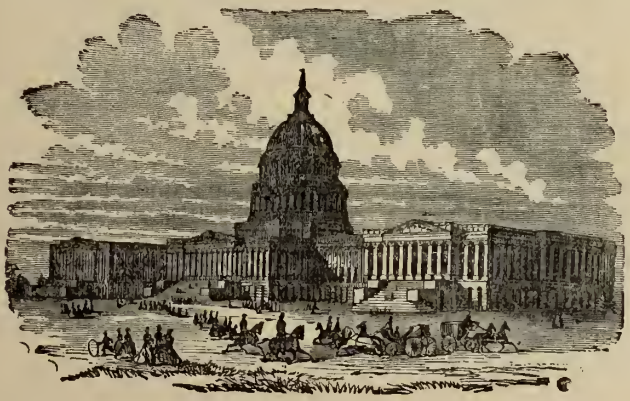

MAIL BAG.

DECEMBER, 1877.

SAN FRANCISCO:
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Street.

CALIFORNIA MAIL BAG.

A WORTHY NOTICE OF CALIFORNIA'S GREAT RAILROAD.

The tendency of all great corporations is to grow greater, and this is particularly the case with railroads. Whether the consolidation of transportation interests is ultimately to redound to the public good is a vexed question. Certain it is that the absorption of railways by the main trunk lines is, according to the interest of owners of that kind of property, whether the public derive any advantage or not. These remarks are called forth by a retrospect of the successive stages of development of the great railway corporation of this coast, the Central Pacific. From a trunk line between San Francisco and Ogden, 883 miles long, it has spread over the entire coast, stretching out its right arm toward the fertile grain fields of Oregon, and with its left grasping the mineral wealth of Arizona, and operating 1,700 miles of track. In 1875, with the Oregon and Visalia divisions, and two insignificant branches, it had 1,214 miles of track. Since that time, a combination of circumstances has enabled it to join to itself the Southern Pacific Railroad. That corporation, in order to comply with its charter requirements, and thereby save their land grant from forfeiture, and to secure the benefits of the earliest possible through connection with San Francisco—while concentrating its forces on the Los Angeles division and a through line to the East across the Territories—deemed it expedient to enter into a contract of lease with the Central Pacific, and leave the completion of its main stem to the future. Under the stimulus of this new arrangement, the Southern Pacific has been pushed on with incredible rapidity. While silence reigned in nearly all the railway workshops throughout the United States, in Southern California mountains were tunneled and deserts were spanned. Three hundred and fifty-one miles of track were completed in 1876, and since then the Colorado has been reached and crossed by a bridge, and long trains of material and supplies have been going forward for months, preparatory to extension through Arizona. The Santa Monica and Los Angeles Railroad, eighteen miles long, owned by Senator Jones, together with its franchises and tunnel work in the Cajon Pass, was purchased some three months since. This little road threatened for a time to become a local rival, as it was proposed to extend it out through the Cajon Pass to a junction with the Utah Southern and Union Pacific. It was thought that Jay Gould could be induced to co-operate, and a Committee of Los Angeles merchants went East to ascertain his views. Whether Gould refused to assist, or Senator Jones was unable or unwilling to do his share, has not transpired, but the bantling now sits quietly under the wings of the C. P. R. R. This road, short as it was, by connecting with the Pacific Coast S. S. Co., was a competitor for the interior trade. Having obtained the road, arrangements with the steamship line to check competition was an easy matter. The slaughter of the steamship trade, via the Gulf of California, with the Colorado river, was also speedily accomplished. Thus has this great corporation spread itself along the Pacific coast until it is absolute master of the situation, and seems destined to be the richest and strongest in the United States. The total value of the property owned by it, according to the last annual report, is $149,666,063, not including its 11,000,000 acres of land. Whatever objections may be made to the management of this Company, it has certainly been characterized by wonderful vigor and consummate ability. As its stock is in few hands, it is controlled with singleness of

purpose and purely on business principles. The great cost of maintenance, and the heavy grades to surmount on its main line, may, perhaps, preclude the possibility of reaching rates on overland goods current on Eastern roads; yet it has, despite all prophecies to the contrary, built up a paying business. Its through freights have risen from 98,657 tons, in 1872, to nearly 200,000 tons, and while they still consist mainly of valuable material, such as wool, tea, salmon, wines, dry goods, sugar, tobacco, hardware, etc., the tariff is being adjusted each year so as to add to the quota of bulky articles transported. Shipments of barley, for example, last year aggregated 757 car-loads, while 2,101 tons of green fruit were moved Eastward. A decrease of 19 per cent. in the tariff in 1876 was followed by an increase of 22 per cent. in the freight carried. It is to be presumed the struggle for the Southern transcontinental route will be renewed in the present Congress, but there seems to be no probability that the Central Pacific managers will be thwarted. The chances for Tom Scott's bond scheme are very small. Every convention that has met in the Northern or Western States thus far, whether Democratic or Republican, has opposed the granting of subsidies in any shape to railroads or other corporations. With the exception, perhaps, of the Gulf States, the sentiment of the people seems to oppose the policy of subsidizing. As Mr. Scott cannot go on without Government aid, and the Californians can, the issue is scarcely doubtful. The Company, which has built a road across the desert, and has spanned the Colorado, and is now rapidly completing the first thousand miles of railroad extending south towards the Mississippi Valley and the Gulf States, can build another thousand miles on the same terms—that is, without a bond subsidy. It is ready, as we understand, to push the road two hundred miles into Arizona within a few months. The practical solution of a Southern railroad is in the construction of it. That is the solution which the Southern Pacific Company are working out, not on paper, but on the borders of Arizona Territory.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

OUTSPEEDING THE STORM.

On the 11th day of October the New York *Herald* cabled the information to London that a great storm was crossing the watery waste which separates the two Continents, and would strike the British Isles on the 15th instant. The 14th was a warm, beautiful day, such a one as invites the thousands of the great city into the parks and public promenades, and the warning whisper which the New World sent to the Old was almost forgotten, when, from a clear sky, the storm burst like a sirocco upon the Island. The tempest raged for seven hours, and was the severest and most disastrous in its effects that has been known for years. The science of meteorology has made wonderful progress, when the storm signal can be displayed four days in advance. That mysterious personage at Washington, who goes by the familiar name of "Old Probability," is growing more accurate each month, and so clearly are traced the great atmospheric disturbances that the shipping at any port is now never caught unprepared. When the signal service leaves the shore, and extends its benign influence over the vast solitudes of the ocean, the sea is robbed of half its terrors. From that cauldron of the Western Continent, that cave of Aeolus, the Carribean Sea, where are born the great storms that go forth upon the highways of commerce to their work of destruction, the wires speed the news that the fierce king is abroad. Swinging around the circle of waters that wash our southern shores, to gain the impetus for its nightly march, the hurricane leaps the Florida peninsula and strides towards the coast of Europe. The great storm which swept away so many towns on the Texas coast in 1875 not only crossed the Atlantic, and rocked the "tight little island," but continued its dreadful march across Europe, and spent its fury on the wastes of Northern Asia. Let us hope that the day is not far distant when the mysterious influences which govern the rainfall may be opened to the gaze of science, and want and famine be known no more, and that none will sow without the certainty of reaping.

The fine meshes of the law have scooped in a Chinese ten cent gamble, but they somehow fail to corral the bigger fish.

THAT TRIAL TRIP---EX-GOVERNOR LATHAM AND HIS FRIENDS.

The man who gives you a pleasant day's outing upon the waters of our beautiful bay, and so enables you to drink in the pure ozone of the ocean, to the great benefit of your mental and physical condition, is a benefactor in whom you, at least, have more personal interest than in that other philanthropist who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. To Milton S. Latham, President of the North Pacific Coast Railroad, we are indebted for that pleasure. Wednesday was the time, and the trial trip of the company's new steamer, the *Sausalito*, was the occasion, of our day's recreation. There were about sixty invited guests on board—good, solid men, every one of them! They were men who, for the most part, had entered upon the sere and yellow leaf of the autumnal period of their lives. We were the youngest and gayest of the crowd, as will easily be imagined when we give the names of a few that will serve as specimens of the whole company. There was Judge J. McM. Shafter, Colonel Peter Donahue, Milton S. Latham, Joseph Eastland, Captain Oliver Eldridge, Captain Geo. Wright, Captain Bradbury, Major Rathbone, Warren Leland, who represented "The Palace," its owner, and all its guests, and, to do him justice, he filled the bill. The day was as lovely as a day could be; the air was perfectly transparent, the bay placid, and the grand panorama that every one who has sailed on the bay knows of, was ever before the excursionists. Schlott's band of ten pieces enlivened the occasion with fine music. Leaving the Pacific Mail Company's wharf, the boat made a large circuit toward Hunter's Point, then sped past the city, exchanging salutes with every steam craft afloat. She passed Market-street wharf at 11 o'clock A. M., and arrived at Vallejo at 12:37, having made, en route, a considerable detour toward Black Point. At Vallejo, the boat was visited by several of the naval officers from Mare Island. During a stay of several hours here, a splendid collation was served on board, and toasts were responded to by Governor Latham, Mr. McShafter, and Paymaster Doran, U. S. N. Governor Latham was in all his glory, evidently on excellent terms with himself, most kindly disposed towards his company, and highly delighted with the occasion generally. He talked of the change the bay presented that day compared with its appearance when most of those present had entered it as early pioneers. If, in those days, he said, it had been predicted that a steamer capable of making twenty miles an hour would be built in the East, be transported by rail across the entire continent, and find full employment so soon on our bay, he would have been classed as the wildest of dreamers. Judge Shafter thought "the State was in an exceptional degree indebted to three men—Leland Stanford, Milton S. Latham, and Peter Donahue. They were the fathers of our railroad system. Time was when the valleys echoed delight, every little running rill leaped with joy, and even the smiling morn beamed with additional glory [the metaphors here began to be as light and airy as the champagne], when the approach of the iron horse was announced. All nature seemed to welcome it. Lately, however, in certain quarters, the promoters of railroads were viewed as public enemies. That was an ephemeral view that was destined to pass away and be forgotten, or if remembered, then only to be regretted.." But we don't intend to report the speeches. We simply give this slight taste of their quality, from which the character of the whole may be judged. The lunch was excellent, the champagne of the best, the speeches brief, pithy, and of most excellent flavor, whilst the whole company were a most happy and jovial set of rare old boys. Then there came the return trip of something over 28 miles. Twenty-eight miles in one hour and nineteen minutes! It was the quickest trip between Mare Island and San Francisco on record, and it was only her trial trip—the first time steam was ever let into her machinery. The *Sausalito* is a beauty. She is the sister of the *San Rafael*, belonging to the same company—alike in everything, except that the boilers are placed a little further forward in the *Sausalito*, to make her sit better in the water and increase her speed. The *Sausalito* was built by Lawrence & Foulks, Greenpoint, L. I., only the outside sheathing of the hull being left to be supplied here. She was then taken from the stocks and shipped by rail across the continent to San Francisco, and put together here. Her machinery is by Fletcher, Harrison & Co., of the

North River Iron Works, N. Y., and consists of two flue boilers 28 f long and 8 feet shell, with steam chimney 12 feet high; a low-pressure walking-beam engine, with a 50-inch cylinder, 12-foot stroke, working up to 1,800-horse power with 50 pounds of steam. Her paddle-wheels are 27 feet 6 inches in diameter, with 7 feet 9 inches face. The hull is made of white oak, chestnut and hackmatack timber, with outside sheathing and decks of Oregon pine, and inside ceiling and kelson of yellow pine. The work of reconstruction here was done by Henry B. Eels, shipjoiner; Geo. W. Prime, machinist, and F. Van Gelson, engineer, who was sent out by the builders, and the work was done here under the supervision of Capt. Geo. H. Bradbury and W. W. Waddell. The dimensions of the *Saualito* are: Length of keel, 200 feet; main deck, 215 feet; beam, 32 feet. She has a large carrying capacity. Her passenger accommodations are ample and well arranged. There is an after-cabin on the main deck for ladies, with a wash-room attached, and a general cabin on the upper deck, handsomely finished and frescoed, with promenade decks forward and abaft. The trial trip yesterday was a signal success. Captain Bradbury was in command. She is intended to run between the city and Point San Quentin, and to alternate with the *San Rafael*. The North Pacific Railroad has made a good showing since its birth. It was completed in May last, and the first train crossed Russian river on the 21st of that month. Its earnings and expenses for five months were as follows: May—earnings, $36,593 70; expenses, $21,150 28; net, $15,443 42. June—earnings, $37,150 60; expenses, $22,044 27; net, $15,106 33. July—earnings, $33,324 70; expenses, $20,233 50; net, $13,091 20. August—earnings, $37,716 07; expenses, $23,546 21; net, $14,169 85. September—earnings, $41,254 62; expenses, $23,462 99; net, $17,791 63. The road has not enough rolling stock to do its business. At present over fifty car-loads of freight, or three trains, come down the road daily. There are over 5,000,000 feet of lumber, 15,000 cords of wood, 2,000 cords of bark, over 100,000 sacks of potatoes, and thousands of sacks of charcoal awaiting transportation. The company expect to provide greater facilities by Spring, having ordered three new locomotives. The success of the road is evidence that the company is in possession of a property that will yield large and ever-increasing profits; whilst this is so, the boon conferred upon the country through which it passes is incalculable.

WHEN THE BIRDS WAKE UP.

A French ornithologist has lately been investigating the question of at what hour in Summer the commonest small birds wake up and sing. He states that the greenfinch is the earliest riser, as it pipes as early as half-past one in the morning. At about half-past two the black-cap begins, and the quail apparently wakes up half an hour later. It is nearly four o'clock, and the sun is well above the horizon, before the first real songster appears, in the person of the blackbird. He is heard half an hour before the thrush; and the chirp of the robin begins at about the same length of time before that of the wren. Finally, the house sparrow and the tomtit occupy the last place on the list. This investigation has altogether ruined the lark's reputation for early rising. That much-celebrated bird is quite a sluggard, as it does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, and a number of hedge-row birds have been up and about.

The first specimen of a live whale ever exhibited in Great Britain has been received at the Westminster Aquarium and deposited in a tank specially prepared for its reception. He is a white whale, of the kind called Balugo, an Arctic genus sometimes found on our coasts, and was captured about eight months ago on the coast of Labrador. He is 9ft. 6in. in length, measured over the rise of the back. In ordinary circumstances he weighs 1,000lbs., but as he has been reduced to living on his own blubber for the last fortnight, he would not now scale so much.

O YE TEARS!

If you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day, and to-night, and to-morrow,
And may be for months and for years,
You shall come with a heart that is bursting
For trouble, and toiling, and thirsting;
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying,
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces;
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows with a motion
So gentle, and lovely, and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless,
To him who hath suffered and hears,
You shall surely, without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long-curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

—*Arthur O'Shaughnessy.*

BRITISH FOOD SUPPLIES.

The British Inclosure Commissioner, Mr. James Caird, in his recent address on the condition and prospects of British Agriculture, delivered before the Economy and Trade Section of the Social Science Congress, stated some remarkable facts touching the food supplies of Great Britain. Within the last quarter of a century there has been a progressive increase in the quantity of bread consumed per head of the population. "At present," he said, "we depend wholly on foreign countries for that increase, and for all further addition by the annual increase of the population. The annual increase of wheat needed for our normal augmentation of numbers, would amount to the whole yearly produce of Scotland." Mr. Caird argues that the price of bread is less liable to fluctuations when England brings its grain from so many different countries, than it would be if it depended more largely on its own fickle crops. When the East fails the West is bountiful, and *vice versa*, so that there is always a chance of a good average supply. Thus, in 1872, when the American supply fell short by one half, "the abundance in France and Russia filled up the vacuum at no greater cost. But in the preceding year the conditions were reversed. France, which in 1866 had given us nearly one-third of what we required, could spare us nothing, but the plenty of Russia and the United States made good the difference." Every year, as Mr. Caird says, England is opening up new sources of food supplies, and he speaks very hopefully of the wheat trade with British India, although this year the famine must, of course, give it a considerable but temporary check. It is well worth noting that in case of a foreign war, or a simultaneous failure of the crops abroad, the British farmers have only to revert to the acreage they had under wheat in the year 1856 to meet the deficiency, and thus he wholly independent of any foreign supplies of that grain.

A dainty dish for epicures is mentioned in the *Live Stock Journal*, which states that the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation has received two edible dogs from China—tiny, fat animals, resembling pugs about the head. They are usually eaten when two months old, after being fed exclusively on rice and milk, and are roasted and served up in slices with soy.

OUR DEATH RATE.

The mortality in San Francisco during the past year was 20.06 per thousand, as compared with 17.6 the preceding year. So says the Medical Officer of Health, and there can be no mistake. Notwithstanding an unparalleled growth of wealth and population, notwithstanding a complete absence of that squalid poverty which so largely contributes to the mortality of European cities, notwithstanding the existence of ample space, and an amount of house accommodation scarcely to be found in any other city in the world; notwithstanding a general increase in domestic comforts, if not luxuries, and a general standard of intelligence which older cities might fairly envy; notwithstanding natural advantages of site and climate which may be equaled, but cannot be surpassed, elsewhere, yet are we compelled to admit that our rate of mortality is fast approaching that of older cities, that our little ones die by hundreds, nay thousands, of preventable diseases, and that our beautiful city is but a sepulcher, gaping to receive the victims of epidemics which find welcome food and shelter beneath its whited walls. But Dr. Meares' statistics scarcely tell us all we ought to know, for if we extend our observations we shall find that the rate of mortality is understated by including the Chinese. Thus the population is estimated at 300,000, of whom 30,000 are Chinese. Among the latter there were 525 deaths, or at the rate of 17.5 per thousand, and among the whites 5,645 deaths, or at the rate of 20.9 per thousand, and this excess of white mortality is no doubt due to the number of infantile diseases from which the Chinese, having but few children, are comparatively free. This unexpected result leads us to remark on the delusive nature of a simple statement of the death rate. We cannot compare populations of a different kind, or form any conception of their real sanitary condition by a comparison of death rates. Take, for example, London and San Francisco. London is an old city, from which a large number of persons emigrate to all parts of the world. The emigrants are mostly in the prime of life. The young and the aged, among whom the mortality is always great, are left behind. There are parts of London to which these remarks are specially applicable, and, as an evidence of reasoning from averages, we may note that the mortality in London varies from 10 per thousand in some districts, up to 40 per thousand in others. While in San Francisco there is a huge preponderance of males, nearly all incomers in the prime of life, the mortality among whom should rather be compared with that of an army of soldiers, whose annual rate of mortality may be set down at about 8 per thousand. Even in San Francisco there is a great difference in the death rate of the different wards, as, for example, the rate in the fourth ward was 18.9 last year, and only 10.3 in the fifth, a difference probably due as much to peculiarities of population as to conditions suitable to the propagation of diseases. Now, granting that San Francisco has a large majority of well grown children and persons in the prime of life, it will be instructive to know something of the normal death rate for such classes. In England, a vast number of children have been taken out of the wretched homes in which they were subject to a very high rate of mortality, and have been placed in institutions, the sanitary condition of which is such that typhoid never originates within their walls, and never spreads when attacked from without. The mortality of such children is only about 3 per thousand per annum, or less than one fourth that of children of the same age outside. Or, again, note the mortality of adult males in the prime of life, as represented in the English prisons, which are provided with all the best sanitary appliances. In these prisons, formerly the homes of jail fever, there is now no such thing as epidemic disease. They are probably the best models of attainable sanitation in the world, and the mortality has been steadily and surely reduced, until now it is estimated by Mr. Edwin Chudwick at only 3 per thousand per annum. But again, to prove how much the actual death rate comes under the direct control of sanitary science, we may allude to Glasgow. In this city there were formerly huge blocks of ill-drained, unwholesome, and overcrowded dwellings, in which the mortality rose as high as 60 per thousand. By a recent act of Parliament, these buildings have been destroyed, and model dwellings have been erected in their place, in which no fevers occur, and in which the annual rate of mortality is less than half that of the general population. Mr. Edwin Chudwick, from whose interesting address to the Brit-

ish Social Science Association we have largely quoted, states his conviction that under a proper system of sanitation the annual mortality of cities on new sites may be reduced to 10 per thousand. So that it is open to the citizens of San Francisco to reduce their death rate one half—in other words, to save upward of three thousand deaths a year. Mr. Chadwick estimates that one third of the saving of life will be effected by an abundant supply of pure water, that is, by skin cleanliness, and the remainder will be brought about by improved structural arrangements and good administration. Until the sympathies of the population have been aroused, and a wholesome public opinion formed on sanitary subjects, it is hopeless to expect any such result.

WITTICISMS OF THE LATE SIR GEORGE ROSE.

Lord Langdale, referring to the diminutive church of Langdale, said "It is no bigger than this dining-room." "No," replied Rose, "and the *living* not half so good." His spontaneous wit was best matched by Douglas Jerrold's. For example, a friend said, when overtaking him in the street, "I thought it was you walking so fast." "Ah! you know the rose by the stalk!" was the rejoinder. On a friend expressing pity for some undertakers' men, on duty on a severe Winter's day: "Poor fellows," said the friend; "they must be frozen!" "Frozen," replied Rose, "they are mutes, not liquids." There was grace in his comment when introduced to two sisters, Mary and Louise: "Aye, *Marie Louise*, the sweetest pear I know." Lord Brougham's motto, *Pro Rege, Lege, Grege* Rose suggested should be read "*Pro 'Rege' lege 'Grege.'*" At a Whitebait dinner of lawyers, at Greenwich, when the Chairman announced that an omnibus would be provided by him to convey all his guests to town, Sir George almost immediately said:

> "The Grecian of old bade his comrades entwine
> The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine;
> Which our excellent Chairman interpreted thus,—
> Begin with a Banquet and end with a Buss."

Many of Rose's witticisms were technical, but none the worse for their professional flavor. When a clerk was angry at losing his overcoat in Rose's Court, he said: "If the suit's defective we can't proceed." Of a joker, whose jest failed in the telling, Rose remarked: "Don't you see? He has tried a joke, but reserved the point." Hearing of a picture, "Elijah Fed by the Ravens," being given as part of some security, he observed that it was "the first instance on record of an accommodation Bill." When asked by his rector as to having prayers daily in the church, Rose had no objection, but hoped service in his house would be considered good service. And again, when Judge Rolt complimented him on his young looks, Sir George put his hand on his head and said: "This d—d poll may not disclose the fact, but," opening his mouth, "this Indenture witnesseth."

UNEARTHING ART TREASURES.

Professor Curtius, of Berlin (the eminent historian of Greece), has lately issued a report of the German excavations at Olympia in the second working season (1876 77.) The results are of the first importance and value. Some of the heads of the group, by Alcamenes, representing a battle of Centaurs and Lapiths, were found uninjured, and others but slightly damaged. They belong to a school anterior to the Parthenon sculptures in the British Museum, though the artists were pupils of Phidias. One of the most unexpected finds last season in Olympia, which will delight all lovers of Greek art, is that of *the original work of Praxiteles*, representing Hermes and the infant Dionysus, described by the Greek topographer, Pausanias, from personal inspection, when he visited the Temple of Olympia, some seventeen hundred years ago. These excavations are made under the superintendence and at the expense of the German Government. It has gencrously agreed to hand over to the Greek authorities whatever may be found, reserving only to itself the right to take casts, photographs or drawings of all art treasures that may be discovered.

GALE'S GREAT PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

The greatest pedestrian feat on record was successfully brought to a close on the 6th of October last, at West Brompton, London, by William Gale, who succeeded in walking 1,500 miles in 1,000 hours. Gale is a native of London, but has lived the greater part of his life at Cardiff. He is over 40 years of age, 5 feet 3 inches in hight, weighs 112 pounds, and is said to have nothing in his appearance to indicate the great athlete. The match excited the greatest public interest throughout England, and towards the close of the performance the attention of medical men was largely attracted to the ground. It was in reality a match against time and sleep, and a chief point of interest in it was its contrast to Captain Barclay's famous walk of 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, nearly 70 years ago. Captain Barclay, born in Scotland, was an officer in the Twenty-third regiment; from his youth he was distinguished for athletic feats, and was especially conspicuous among his brother officers for pedestrianism and his power of enduring fatigue. Before commencing his walk he went into active training for eight months, while Gale had scarce any preparation. Barclay walked a mile the latter part of one hour, and another mile during the first part o the next hour; thus he was able to rest an hour and a half at a time, while Gale could only rest for little more than half an hour, as he walked his mile and a half at the commencement of each hour. His average pace was 20 minutes by day, and 27 to 28 minutes by night for the mile and a half. The most extraordinary thing about Gale's feat appears to have been his ability to do without sleep. In the accounts of Barclay's performance it appears that he suffered from an inteuse desire to sleep, and often pistols had to be fired close to his ear to awaken him. Gale, for six weeks, never failed to be punctually on the ground within a minute of the ringing of a little warning bell; the daily records of his walk state that punctually almost to a second he appeared at the door of his hut at the beginning of each hour. It is related that on one or two occasions he fell to the ground from having dropped off to sleep while pursuing his weary walk. In the matter of diet, neither of the men seem to have been under any special regime or restriction. Captain Barclay, we are told, took daily from five to six pounds of animal food, besides bread, vegetables and a proportionate abundance of liquids, such as porter, wine, tea and ale. Gale did not restrict himself to any system of diet, although rarely indulging in strong stimulants. Captain Barclay, after he had walked for some time, began to suffer from pains in the right leg, which ceased to trouble him during the last week. Gale's condition was good until near the finish of the first 1,000 miles, when he began to suffer from severe pain in the left knee, arising from the swelling of varicose veins; the pain prevented his getting the half hours' sleep which was absolutely essential to success, hence there was great probability of his breaking down, as at one period he had not slept for over forty-eight hours. The application, however, of elastic bandages succeeded in reducing the veins and greatly alleviated the pain. Barclay commenced his walk the 1st of June, 1809, at New Market Heath and finished on 12th July. At the time it was called "a matchless performance," and there is no authentic record that it has ever been performed. Gale commenced on 26th of August last at Lillie's Bridge Grounds, West Brompton, and finished his task on 6th of October, not having slept for forty minutes at a stretch during the interval. His walking was closely scrutinized from commencement to finish by five gentlemen appointed for that purpose, to say nothing of the backers and opponents, some of whom were always present. The judges took turns to accompany him in his walk, one or more being with him night and day, and a strict record of the time and distance was kept. His last mile was walked in ten minutes, eight seconds, and the mile and a half in fifteen minutes and fifty-two seconds. His performance is unprecedented. It is not likely that it will ever be equaled.

The coal of the Placer Mountains coal-mines in Arizona Territory possesses, according to Prof. Raymond, the hardness, specific gravity, fixed carbon, and volatile matter, of anthracite; it ignites with difficulty, but burns with intense heat. The supply is declared to be "inexhaustible."

LINES TO BESS.

[BY A LAW STUDENT.]

Believe me, Bess, when I declare
A title-deed my heart,
And you the party of the first,
And I the second part.

To you I've given my whole love,
With no Remainder over;
If you betray that trust, I will
An action bring—of trover.

Now don't Demur when this you read
But own you feel compunction,
Or I my suit will Prosecute,
In spite of your Injunction.

My Case—it's one in Equity—
I've Pleaded with precision;
You know the Points; why will you,
So long Reserve Decision?

You owned to an Attachment once,
When I the question Mooted;
But now it seems to me you act
As if you were *non-suited*.

I make no Dilatory Plea;
I'm driven to distraction;
You know how long I've Courted you:
Come, in my case Take Action.

If you resist a Civil Suit
I'll bring at Cupid's Session,
And there, a Plaintiff lover, ask
For Judgment by Confession.

But if, in spite of Judgment mine,
[then,
You will not hear me still,
I'll get an Order from the Court
To administer your Will.

Don't fail to File an Answer-Brief
To this, my Declaration,
Lest, losing patience, I shall make
A Cross-Examination.

—*N. Y. Puck.*

OUR LETTER FROM PARIS.

Students---Illustrated Journals---Marriage.

—— PARIS, October 1st, 1877.

Editor News Letter:--I had intended to give some details of a noisy night passed by myself and an American friend in a student's hotel in the Latin Quarter, but life is too short for the detailing of such a history, above all, where life marches so swiftly as in Paris. Let it be enough to say in passing, that no man living tranquil nights should ever allow himself to be seduced by cheapness into becoming the fellow-lodger of half-a-dozen stranger students. If he is acquainted with them beforehand enough to know their habits, well and good, or if he has accurate information from an independent and trustworthy source; but let no one trust as to the character of a house and its inmates to the report of the *concierge*, or care-taker of the establishment—to be a *concierge* at all, it is absolutely necessary to lie often and lie well, as, in other words, to make a New York republican editor of a concierge, nothing is wanted but a tall tower.

Exceptions aside, the freshman Parisian student does not destroy his health by hard study, yet as a rule he does seriously injure his health long before he wins his degree in law or medicine. I have seen too many students in too many countries not to have a right to speak with a certain authority. I see these young Frenchman every day in the fencing schools and swimming baths. Their physical condition leaves much to be desired in comparison with that of the alumni of the average American, British and German Universities, and this, too, in the face of the increased and praiseworthy attention now given to bodily culture by the educational authorities of this country. But, you understand that great reforms, though they may be begotten, cannot be born in a day. It takes time to cast in a new mold the youth of a whole nation, a nation whose male leaders of fashion wore corsets, a nation that blasphemed roast beef and worshiped hash in a thousand forms, a nation that thought itself Greek because it loved wit and beauty and military glory, but forgot that the central pillar of Greek, as well as of Roman greatness, was the careful national culture of physical health and strength. There is nothing so good but that its excess is bad. The Roman Empress Faustine kissing a gladiator was the last degradation of the antique idea; the last degradation of the modern may be seen any night in the Mabille, or the Bullier. Or, rather, I should say, guessed at from what is seen there; before its deeper depths we must be allowed to veil our faces with our wings. Four lines which Lever puts into the mouth of Mickey Free seems to sum up the tastes and the life of the typical *etudiant*:

"I ne'er had a ganius for work,
It was not the plan of the Bradies;
But I'd make a most illigant Turk,
For I'm fond of tobacco and ladies."

A glance at the University regulations of Paris will show that as a preliminary to each degree, there is exacted from every student "*a certificate of good life and morals.*" It would he interesting to know who furnishes these documents. For it is an open, undisguised, notorious fact that half the applicants for these degrees, half the owners of these certificates, may be seen any afternoon in public accompanied by ladies whose only certificate, if they have one, is a police card. There is very little bashfulness in any section of Parisian society about advertising such relations to the world, yet among business men, among politicians, it is evident there do exist many prudential reasons for not allowing one's adversaries, at least, too much opportunity to point a moral or adorn a tale at one's expense. But the student seems practically independent of everybody, and of such public opinion as happens to exist. His parents, his relations, generally live in the country, far from the great town where they presumably imagine that their young olive branch is industriously turning himself into a tree of knowledge. I do not say that he is not doing so, hut it is too often the tree of the knowledge of evil alone.

It is to he said in his favor that there is much to push his investigations in this direction and little to hold him back. Begin with the leading illustrated journals. It would he unfair to mention names, for in the matter under discussion they are all pretty much alike; and it is unnecessary to mention names, because one has only to open the first that comes to hand in any cafe, or to look into any news-vendor's window, for a proof of the charge—not made here for the first time—that as a rule the illustrations are essentially indecent. The point of the joke is generally of a sort not permissihle in English now that Charles I. is no longer king. Certain things are always to he taken for granted, e.g., when there are three of a party, a young man and an old man, the latter with a wife younger than himself, it is never necessary to say, it is perfectly understood that the old husband is what Moliere calls a *coucou*, or, at best, what Balzac calls a *predestine*, that is to say, that he is already a dishonored man, or that he predestinated to become one. Again, in another party of three, where it is a household composed of husband and wife and a not positively had-looking serving-maid, it would be a needless verbiage if the artist explained that there existed in germ or in actuality a criminal relation between the master and his servant—hah! any fool knows that. To speak concisely, the whole institution of marriage under all circumstances, the virtue of woman, the morality of man, these are the things which tickle most easily and most surely the laughter of Paris; to laugh at these is the thing that is popular, is *the thing that pays*, pays in novel writing, pays in play writing, pays in caricature drawing. Chesterfield has died too soon; his place should he in the Paris of to-day *with* "the morals of a blackguard and the manners of a dancing master!" as roared gruff old Johnson of him—his sentiments on marriage are so singularly *apropos*. This pious father closes his 148th letter to his son in these words: "I have at last done the best office that can be done to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation hetween my hrother and his wife, and a definite treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight, for the only solid and lasting peace hetween a man and his wife is, douhtless, a separation. God hless you!"—a slight variation of the "Bless you, my children!" of the heavy father in a melo-drama as he consecrates the union of his daughter and the hero.

The main moral protection of a young man in America is the fixed star of marriage, to which he may always aspire if he leads a cleanly, sober, aud honest life. In Paris, marriage is a too ridiculous thing for a smart young man to think seriously of, except, perhaps, as a means of making a little money or acquiring a certain position. But to think of it as a be all and end all—*allons donc!*

There is a phrase I hear sometimes applied to the society around me, and it becomes tiresome: "Vice has lost all its grossness here and half its evil"—an adaptation from Burke. But what in the name of all the dictionaries is meant hy "*all its grossness?*" Unwilling to exaggerate anything, I admit that a Parisian can in words skim round and round a

dangerous point without tripping in a way impossible to a man speaking another tongue, but that is simply a result of habit. The English-speaking stranger habitually avoids the public discussion of matters which are the daily texts of respectable French citizens, and when the stranger ventures on the slippery ground, he is likely to daub himself much more completely than his more skillful neighbor. Practice makes perfect. Be it remarked, however, that the polish is only of the words; the grossness of the idea always remains, nay, is hightened by the contrast. And outside of the domain of words, surely there lives no competent and informed judge who will pronounce that the vice of the boulevards and the public halls has parted with any great part of its grossness. In sad and serious truth, the grossest vice is more offensively prominent in these places than anywhere else in civilized America or civilized Europe. Much more than this. There is an effort observable all over the surface of even trade and business life to tickle by appeals to the least noble side of human nature. The bootmaker tries to catch your attention and draw your custom by full length casts of female limbs encased in his best cut gaiters. The greengrocer advertises his fruit by portraits of the frail and fair to whom even the apron of fig leaves is denied. Do you seek lodgings? the toothless old *concierge* will show you rooms whose principal attraction consists of tinted statuettes clothed only in their paint. You cannot enter a tobacconist's and buy a box of lights but you will find a fleshy young person dancing the can-can on the lid, or a company of nymphs in the bath who do not seem the least capable of sympathizing with the emotion of Diana on being surprised by Actaeon and his hounds. All this constant reaching after ignoble sensation disgusts me; it seems unworthy of healthy men; it smells of the drug store and the seraglio and the eunuch.

And the women—what effect has all this on the women? Let Jules Michelet answer: "Soon, if we do not take care, we shall have no longer two sexes, but two peoples." Mutual contempt, separate interests, the one using the other as an instrument of pleasure or as an instrument of gain—the words "husband," "wife," scratched out of the dictionary of life and replaced by "*maquereau, maquerelle*," words which, thank heaven, have no exact equivalent in the English language. And the children—how does this state of society react on them? To use a somewhat Beotian form of expression, it acts upon them most fatally of all by, if possible, not allowing them to come into existence. You know the last word of Athenian degradation: "Would that without women we could have children!" Very well, the opposite of that is the reigning sentiment of to-day in Paris. From the Palais Royal to the Odeon, you shall not meet a second-hand book-store but will furnish you with half-a-dozen cheap popular treatises containing full information on the medical and surgical aspects of this question. Mr. Bradlaugh and his *Fruits of Philosophy* would be perfectly safe here.

Any amount of press-freedom for that kind of thing, but publish in pamphlet or newspaper only three lines against the politics of the government, and presto! the shadow of the gendarme falls across your page.

An amusing story reaches me through a private source from Paris. At a third-rate *cafe* in the city, frequented by Bonapartists and a few old Legitimists, has been kept a tame parrot, celebrated for its ill-nature and its aptitude for learning the latest slang phrase. The nickname of the "Marshal" has been bestowed upon Poll by his admirers on account of a real or fancied resemblance in the bird's countenance to that of the President. During the last fortnight the "Marshal" has been taught by the landlord—who is a strong adherent of the present *regime*—to scream out, to the intense gratification of the customers, MacMahon's famous declaration: "Here I am, and here I shall stay!" An old Gambettist, who dwells next door to the *cafe*, and who has repeatedly suffered from the pranks of the parrot during the bird's incursions on the small garden at the back of his premises, felt himself aggrieved beyond endurance at this last infliction, and determined on revenge. He set a trap accordingly in his garden, and awaited the next onslaught on his pet marigolds. Within a very few hours the screams of the parrot announced his capture, and his enemy rushed out bent on handing him over to his owner and demanding satisfaction for the bird's tricks. No sooner had he reached the garden than Poll, firmly fixed in the trap, screamed out as defiantly as ever, "Here I am, and here I shall stay!" "Pardieu!" yelled the old Repub-

lican, delighted beyond measure at the joke, "that you may if you wait for me to release you; and if your crack-brained prototype, the President, proves as true a prophet as you have been, I'll forgive all your misdeeds, past and future."

THIERS OPINIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

March 27th, 1852.--Our conversation this morning was rather desultory. "The English," said M. Thiers, "are the only people that I respect, the Italians the only people that I love; all the rest—the Russians, the Germans, the Spaniards, the Americans—excite my detestation and contempt, or more frequently both. But among your institutions there are some so opposed to my sympathies and judgment, that I would not submit to them in order to obtain all your wealth and all your civilization. I have seen things in your chateaux at which I could scarcely avoid expressing my indignation."

"What could they have been?" I said.

"I mean," he answered, "the sacrifice of a whole family to one of its members. It is your detestable right of primogeniture which forces you to make slaves of a hundred millions of Hindoos in order to enable an English younger son to consume the revenue that would have fed fifty Indian families, and to bring back a proconsular fortune. It is primogeniture which make half your gentlemen exiles, and half your ladies old maids."

"Like all foreigners," I answered, "you exaggerate enormously the influence of our law of primogeniture. In the first place, it applies only to fee simple lands—to a rental not amounting to thirty millions a year. In the second place, it acts only as a will or settlement. And, thirdly, it is only within a very narrow circle that what is called 'making an eldest son' takes place. I have made thousands of wills and settlements, and not one in a hundred was based on any principle but that of equal partition. Where there is a fine place, an historical name, or a local influence which has lasted for centuries, a testator or a settler naturally gives to *one* things that cannot be divided without being destroyed, but those who are tempted to act thus necessarily form a very small class. As for India, it is the appanage, not of the aristocracy; but of the bourgeoisie, who are quite unstained by the vice of primogeniture."

"How then," he answered, "are we to account for the number of your old maids? In France, marriage is the rule—with you it seems to be the exception."

"That arises," I replied, "from the difference in the proportion of children to a marriage. In France there are only three, in England nearly five. As a third of the children that are born die under age, a French couple has seldom more than one daughter to marry. An English family consists often of six or seven. The population of England has more than doubled since I was born—that of France does not double in less than three hundred years. If our families were as small as yours, we should have as few old maids."

"A Catholic," M. Thiers said, "is bad enough, obstinate, prejudiced, inaccessible to evidence or to reasoning, but a Protestant is a hundred times worse, and an English Protestant the worst of all. This is what makes your diplomacy so detestable, so blind, and so violent. Palmerston was a mere impersonation of the English character, insular from top to toe.

"Well," he said, "this is a subject on which we shall not agree. *Every* Englishman believes the absence of a *habeas corpus* law to be the lowest depth of human degradation.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Land that has been flooded by the sea is generally barren for years afterward. According to a German chemist the cause of this barrenness is the presence of an excess of chlorine salts; such land has a tendency to remain damp, and there is a formation of ferrous sulphate, which is highly injurious to plants. The land should be drained as quickly as possible, sown with grass or clover, and allowed to rest.

LANGENBECK ON THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

I am sure now of what I suspected long ago, viz., that pulmonary diseases have very little to do with intemperance or with erotic excesses, and much less with cold weather, but are nearly exclusively (if we except tuberculous tendencies inherited from *both* parents, I say *quite* exclusively) produced by the breathing of foul air. The lungs of all persons, minors included, who had worked for some years in close workshops and dusty factories, showed the germs of the fatal disease, while confirmed inebriates, who had passed their days in open air, had preserved their respiratory organs intact, whatever inroads their excesses had made on the rest of their system. If I should go into practice and undertake the cure of a consumptive, I should begin by driving him out into the *Deister* (a densely wooded mountain-range of Hanover), and prevent him from entering a house for a year or two.

The ablest pathologists of the present time incline to the same view. "There *is* a cure for consumption," says Dio Lewis, "though I doubt if it will ever become popular. Even in its advanced stages, the disease may be arrested by *roughing it;* I mean by adopting savage habits, and living out-doors altogether, and in all kinds of weather."

That low temperature in open air does not injure our lungs has been recognized even by old-school physicians, who now send their patients to Minnesota and Northern Michigan quite as often as to Florida; and is conclusively proved by the fact that of all nations of the earth, next to the inhabitants of the Senegal highlands, the Norwegians, Icelanders, and Yakuts of Northern Siberia, enjoy the most perfect immunity from tubercular diseases. Dry and intensely cold air preserves decaying organic tissue by arresting decomposition, and it would be difficult to explain how the most effective remedy came to be suspected of being the cause of tuberculosis, unless we remember that, where fuel is accessible, the disciple of civilization rarely fails to take refuge from excessive cold in its opposite extreme—an over-heated artificial atmosphere—and thus comes to connect severe winters with the idea of pectoral complaints.

There is a rather numerous class of beasts whose lungs seem able to adapt themselves to an atmosphere almost devoid of oxygen, but the human animal and the Quadrumana do not belong to that class. Monsieur de la Motte-Baudin, who was connected with the scientific staff of the *Jardin des Plantes* as their "menagerie-doctor" for more than twenty years, never omitted to dissect his deceased patients before turning them over to the taxidermist, and invariably found that *all* monkeys had succumbed to some variety of phthisis, while the lungs of the badgers, bears, and foxes, were perfectly sound. The three last-named animals are natural cave-dwellers, and have been provided with organs especially contrived to resist the effluvia of their burrows; while the *Simiæ*, like man, are open-air creatures, whose proper atmosphere is the cordial air of woodlands.

Among the natives of Senegambia pulmonary affections are not only nearly but absolutely unknown; yet a single year passed in the overcrowded man-pens and steerage-hells of the slave-trader often sufficed to develop the disease in that most virulent form known as galloping consumption; and the brutal planters of the Spanish Antilles made a rule of never buying an imported negro before they had "tested his wind," i. e., trotted him up-hill and watched his respirations. If he proved to be "a roarer," as turfmen term it, they knew that the dungeon had done its work and discounted his value accordingly. "If a perfectly sound man is imprisoned for life," says Baron d'Arblay, the Belgian philanthropist, "his lungs, as a rule, will first show symptoms of disease, and shorten his misery by a hectic decline, unless he should commit suicide."

It is distressingly probable, then, to say the least, that consumption, that most fearful scourge of the human race, is *not* a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," nor a "product of our outrageous climate," but the direct consequence of an outrageous violation of the physical laws of God.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Teachers it seems had to choose between a convention in September without Carr's address, or Carr's address in October without a convention.

AT THE DOG SHOW.

Our own dog, "Jack," we left behind,
(He's old, lame, lazy, almost blind;
And down town will no longer come,
But makes love to the cat at home),
And went to see the canine show,
Where only dogocrats may go.
There divers kinds of dogs we saw,
Which we had never seen before.
Yet, somehow, we were less amused
By those tied up, who four legs used,
Than by the loose ones, who we knew
Could only walk erect on two.
We found the counterparts of all:
Both smooth and hairy, great and small.
Both hounds of noble pedigree,
And base-born whelps of low degree.
The human Newfoundland was there,
With kind, and yet majestic air.
And him the puny Black-and-Tan
Jostled as if he was a man.
The Bulldog, grim and beetle-browed,
Swaggered defiance at the crowd.
The mighty Mastiff grandly stalked,
And by him Lady Greyhound walked.
So tall and delicately slim
She seemed a fitting match for him—
The dog of mettle and of limb.
King Charles, not large, but bright of eye,
Bowed low before the gay Miss Skye,
Who shook with mingled art and grace
The dainty crimps that fringed her face.
The hoodlum Poodle, shallow brained,
The scorn of wiser canines gained
By pranks that proved him badly trained.
In short, all kinds of dogs were there
In human shape—the cheap, the rare,
The plain, the middling, and the fair,
With short, long, straight, and curly hair.
Some noble brutes looked more like men,
While there were human "mugs" again,
Which, willingly, no dog would own
While he could earn an honest bone.

FRENCH AFFAIRS

It is believed that the weight of M. Thiers's name had produced all its effect, and that his death left the Republican party at least as strong as it was before. That party is as well off as any great party ever was in this world for leaders with strong and cool heads. Prince Bismarck himself is not cooler, steadier, or more practical than Gambetta has now become. The truth is that the President has clearly lost beyond recovery the confidence of the grave and sober party who would have followed M. Thiers, and who will follow M. Grevy. The Left Center and how often has the saying been repeated that France is Left Center—is above all things the party of law, the party of the constitutional letter. And what is now forced on these respectable politicians, whether candidates or voters, is that the President is no longer, if he ever was, the man of law and form and constitutional precision, but has engaged himself definitely in violent and arbitrary courses. The violent heat, the impatience, the fanaticism, the blindness, the folly and infatuation which used to be imputed to the Republicans of an earlier generation, have now all passed to the other side. Lawlessness, sinister counsels, and the most odious political immorality are now the marks of that strange and motley band of Clericals and Bonapartists, Orleanists and partisans of divine right, the collection of honest blockheads, of Jesuits, of Cassagnacs, of dupes, who call themselves the party of Order.

The judgment in the case of M. Gambetta is a striking illustration of the absence of all scruple in the reigning party, and of the extent to which the administration of the law has been demoralized. We are not speaking of the impolicy of the prosecution; that is a different matter. M. de Fourtou would not be the first prosecutor who would have done better to leave things alone, nor who had made a mistake in thinking that the law was on his side. But that a judicial functionary should regard law itself as a pliant and elastic instrument for doing the dirty work of faction, is one of the most odiously significant indications of the spirit of the reactionary party.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Every time an actor or a singer takes a benefit it appears that it is necessary to enact the solemn farce of getting Smith, Brown and Jones to sign a letter (which he presumedly writes himself), begging him to accept the same as a token of their esteem for his colossal abilities. With equal solemnity it appears to be also necessary that he should write a reply assuring Smith, Brown and Jones that he is deeply touched by their most unexpected invitation, and that he respectfully appoints a certain day for the reception of the compliment. However, "it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," and as the newspapers get a piece or so out of the publication of the correspondence, and the comedy is a very harmless one, further allusion to it is perhaps unnecessary.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

[By a Truthful Penman.]

Ladies, fair ladies, beware of hair-washes. A medical friend informs me that it has lately been discovered that the active ingredient of all washes for subduing gray hair is lead, which, uniting gradually with the natural sulphur of the hair, forms a black sulphuret of lead, which is really the darkening agent. We all know how deleterous, and even fatal, is the application of lead in any chemical shape to the pores of the human body; what, then, must be the mischief produced by its being continuously, and often daily, rubbed into the delicate skin of a lady's scalp! Here, however, is a practical illustration, vouched for by Mr. Brownfield, of Norwich, England. The wash had been used for two years, but only very moderately, and during all that time there was general *malaise* and loss of muscular power. About three months since, two days after an effectual application of the wash, a slight epileptic fit occurred, and six weeks afterward, a similar application was followed by palsy of the extensor muscles of the left hand. In this case, probably another dose might have produced paralysis; but by this time suspicion was aroused, and by the steady application of antidotes the symptoms are now disappearing. The profits of selling these washes are said to be so tempting that, since the secret of the darkeniug agent has oozed out, numerous hairdressers, both in town and country, are manufacturing them and pressing them upon their customers.——We have the following story from a shooting-party in Perthshire, England. There were two keepers out, one a very large bulky man, the other being comparatively small and puny. The big man got badly shot; whereon all his companion in arms was heard to say, by way of sympathy, was: "Rin, maun, rin; keep rinning, so that we may not have to carry ye so fur!"——It is announced that the piano-tax has been increased to fifteen roubles a year in Russia. Here is a hint for Sir Stafford Northcote, who is only too likely to want some new taxes next Spring. A piano-tax would cause even Radical husbands and brothers to bless the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and if, at the same time, he would compel all street organ-grinders to take out a license he would deserve still better of his country.——Mr. Clark, a builder in Wolverhampton, recently engaged some German workmen. His English hands threatened to strike if these men were employed; and this threat Mr. Clark met by discharging all his English workmen. He will now, it is supposed, endeavor to fill their places by German operatives. ——It is well known that the Empress of Russia, like the Empress of the French in July 1870, was an eager advocate of war, and ill disguised her impatience for its commencement. Meeting Prince Gortschakoff, on one occasion, in company with General Milintine, Miuister of War, and Von Reutern, Minister of Finance, she accosted him. "Eh, bien! quand estce que nous allons faire la guerre?" "Je n'attends que ces messieurs," was the reply.—*Atlas.*——The last sensation in ballroom manners comes to us from the Transvaal, England's newly annexed colony. The ball was given in honor of Sir Thsophilus Shepstone. The ballroom was only eighteen feet by twelve, lighted by four candles on the wall, and a much smaller room opened out of it, lighted by two candles stuck into black bottles. The floor was of mud, and after each dance was profusely watered, till a perfect bog was made in one spot. The young ladies were prismatically gorgeous in their dresses. But the one great feature was that each of the chaperons had an infant on her lap, whom she openly and without disguise fed from Nature's fount. We commend the idea to ladies in London, who have reached the limit of display of charms possible without the excuse of the infant.——The other evening a serious young man from the country attended a Wagner concert at Covent Garden. The music, however, failed to please him, and he was heard to remark on leaving the theater that, after all, there was no composer who could approach Handel. "The grand march in *Tannhauser* may be very fine," said he; "but for good soul-stirring music there is nothing like the *Sabre of Messiah.*"—*Atlas.*——Funny people these Bishops! One of them, objecting to the capture of the whale for aquarium exhibition, brings forward a text to enforce his views, and is immediately answered by a gentleman who quoted another text in refutation. A bishop, asked to

attend the laying of the foundation-stone of a church, writes as follows: "I am sorry to say I cannot attend at your stone-laying, but I trust the material stone will be the neucleus of many lively stones, built up in the spiritual temple to the glory of the great Architect for whom we work. I am," etc. Can any one explain what this means?—*Atlas.*——M. Jules Prevel, in the *Figaro*, tells two characteristic stories of Rachel. It is well known that a singularly strong affection bound together the members of the family; but the instincts of the "Hebrew Jew" was always superior to more tender interests. When she was on the point of starting for her American tour, she said to her brother Raphael Felix, "But suppose I was to meet with an accident; everything depends upon me; and if I was to die, what would become of you, poor dear creatures?" They all declined to entertain the idea of so inauspicious an ending to a triumphal entry. "However, never mind if I do," she said to her brother; "all you have to do is to embalm me, and exhibit me at so much per head." When her sister Rebecca, aged twenty-seven, was dying of consumption in Paris, Rachel went to nurse her. One day the poor invalid had to take a nauseous draught which nothing could persuade her to do. "If you will," said Rachel, "I will give you that big necklace you admire so." "Not you," said the moribund. "Moreover, I will add those bracelets, which you appear to fancy." "O, that I am sure you will not!" "I vow I will," said the generous *tragedienne*. "Very good then, dear Rachel, I believe you; but you must give me a bill for them at a short date!"—*Atlas.*——A lady in general conversation the other day, by ingeniously cooking her dates, was reducing her age to an astonishing limit. Her daughter, whose partly French blood had brought her a keen wit, interposed with the remonstrance, "At least leave nine months between our ages, mamma!"——"My Pantaloons!"—A very absent-minded member of the French Institute was reading the newspaper in the Casino at Dieppe, the other day. Engrossed by what he was reading, his left hand unconsciously pushed the files of newspapers on the table. Each moment he pushed farther from him the pile of newspapers. Beyond them was an inkstand. Presently the inkstand went over the side of the table. It fell on the white trowsers of a Paris banker, who naturally—put yourself in his place—was furious. The guilty party offered his best excuses without appeasing the banker's wrath, who shrieked that his bran new pantaloons were ruined. "But, sir, I will cheerfully pay for them; be good enough to give me your card and I will send the money to your hotel." "To my hotel! Sir, I don't know you. I must instantly have the thirty francs those pantaloons cost." The guilty party drew forth the thirty francs and paid them; then he said: "Now that you have been paid, I hope you have too much the delicacy of a gentleman to remain in my pantaloons. You know these pantaloons are my property, and I insist upon their immediate delivery to me. You had no confidence in me; I have none in you. My pantaloons." In vain the banker protested against such haste. The crowd that had gathered around the disputants said the member of the institute was right, and the banker, after sending a servant for another pair of pantaloons, surrendered the ink-stained ones amid the laughter of the bystanders.—*Paris Correspondence of New Orleans Picayune.*

The Prospects of Fiji.—Mr. Gorrie, the Chief Justice of Fiji, has addressed an entertaining letter to his friend, Mr. T. B. Potter, on this youngest of the British colonies. He says people at home have not the slightest idea what a magnificent colony it is, or how interesting it might be for rich men in London and Manchester if they would only go out and have a look at it. The sugar plantations on the Vita Levu—the largest island—are already growing enough to employ two crushing mills, which are worked on co-operative principles. There is room for seventy mills, says the Chief Justice, on the river Rewa alone, and where the Crown land grants are all out there will be occupation for over two hundred mills. Fiji cotton had a high reputation in Lancashire a few years ago, but it did not pay as it was then grown. It is now being raised on sounder financial principles, and answering well. Mr. Gorrie tells us that the only thing wanted is capital. Good securities go a-begging at 10 per cent., and the Bank rate is treble ours.—*British Trade Journal.*

THE PRESENT CRISIS IN FRANCE.

The smoke of battle still hangs like a pall over Bulgaria and Asiatic Turkey, and to the horror of the fierce conflict, still undecided, is about to be added the cruel suffering of Winter. Anxiously as the whole civilized world has watched the strife and its bearings upon peace or war among other nations, there is equal cause for painful suspense in consequence of the condition of parties in the present French republic. When in May last Marshal MacMahon dissolved the Chamber of Deputies, his act was perfectly constitutional and in accordance with the vote of the Senate; but this act left the Senate still a constituted body, linked to the Executive, but powerless at the elections. For it is a curious fact that at a general election that is for Senators and Deputies the Government has more power than at an election for one individual Chamber. In addition to which, the dissolution of the Second Chamber, an arbitrary, even if necessary action, created a sympathy for the dismissed Republican majority of 363, and indeed Gambetta so much relied upon this crown of martyrdom that he prophesied a return of 400 Republicans of the Left to the new Chamber. On the other hand, the Government relied upon its perfectly organized system and drilled Prefects in the Provinces. It had not much hope in the cities, but depended on the Provinces, if not for a majority in the Lower House, at least for such a material reduction of the strength of the Left as would render them powerless as against the President and the Senate. And MacMahon's government had reason for hope because authority has vast weight with the French people, and these were called upon to make their choice between the sole representatives of authority and that which was represented to be a crowd of political adventurers eager for office. To a certain extent both sides were disappointed, yet both have reason for congratulation. The Government did not get a working majority, but they gained forty votes from the opposite party, whilst the Left, although they did not obtain their vaunted numerical strength of 400, yet still remain in the Chamber of Deputies in the proportion of three to two. The elections over, the opponents marshal their forces preparatory to the struggle to begin next week. It cannot be denied that the majority of the Left in the Chamber of Deputies is more united than that of the Government. In the one case, a common interest binds them, if only the selfish object of accession to power; the other clings together from very fear of clashing aspirations, causing them to fall to pieces. The problems to be solved in the next few months, and upon which, possibly, the tranquillity of Europe may depend, are: First, the attitude of MacMahon; secondly, the course of the Senate; and thirdly, the action of the Chamber of Deputies. The position of President MacMahon presents this paradox: He was elected by the voice of the nation President for a term of years, which does not expire until 1880, consequently he is legally the head of the Government until the expiration of that term, so that unless he voluntarily resigns his high office, no adverse vote, however grating it might be, can deprive him of it. Again, the President has still the power to dissolve the Chamber, but in order to do so, the assistance of the Senate is necessary, and herein another dilemma arises. The majority in the Senate for the first dissolution was twenty, since which time it is known that some members of the Left voted with the Government, as they now regretfully affirm, through ignorance of the object of the movement, and it is said that they cordially approve of the very temperate and logical manifesto issued prior to the elections by the Senate minority. Now, as it only takes eleven of these waverers to change their votes, it will be seen that the MacMahon Government cannot too strongly rely upon the Upper House. With respect to the Chamber of Deputies, if it depended upon Gambetta, wily, unscrupulous and ambitious as he is—the very Architopel of his party—matters would soon be brought to a crisis and the catastrophe hastened; but Grevy has more moderation and more weight, and Jules Simon, who it is to be hoped will recover from his severe illness, has greater talent and a higher character than his colleague, and a majority of the nation is in favor of a temperate Republic, and not the anarchy of Communism. There is another powerful party in France, and that is the clerical; in fact, the recent elections may be said to have been between the clerical and the anti-clerical parties; and it is noteworthy that the priests lost much of their influence. Even in Brittany, the strongbold of religion and legitimacy,

the people, while respecting their pastors, disregarded their injunctions, and voted for the Republican candidate. The Chamber of Deputies threaten to refuse to vote the supplies. The Senate have intimated that they will not interfere with the prerogative of the popular Assembly. It will remain then with the President either to form a new Ministry, to dissolve the present Parliament, to resign, or to usurp absolute rule. This latter would produce the greatest evils. Personal government would throw the country open to monarchical competitions, and renew that dark phase in French history which expresses contempt for Parliaments and reliance upon the sabre. Meanwhile Versailles is emptied of its Senators and Deputies, who have gone to attend the elections to-morrow for Conseilleurs d' Arrondissemens and Conseillieurs Généraux; but it was a generally expressed opiuion, at an informal meeting, that a Ministry composed of moderate members of the Left, in coöperation with moderate Conservatives, would conciliate the Chamber of Deputies, and meet with the unanimous support of the Senate. We shall have more decided news in our next issue, and can only hope that wise and calm counsels will prevail.

DOCTOR MAKING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We have at hand an illustration of what we have so often said about the kind of doctors that are of home manufacture. Two pretentious schools are at work in our midst, and their graduates have their shingles out on every street, and in every little town throughout the coast. Accepted as students, without any evidence whatever of education, two courses of lectures by Gibbons, Bates & Co. seems to constitute them full-blown medicos, and forthwith they start out to kill or cure, as best they may. The other day, judge, jury and learned counsel were engaged in a solemn trial for murder. Life and death were being weighed in the balance. That most delicate, but most abused, of all pleas—insanity—was the defense. In support of it a Dr. Keefe, of the University of the Pacific, was called. Before graduating at the institution, of which old man Gibbons is the head, and young man Gibbons the tail, he had been for two or three years assistant in Wakelee's drug store; he had, also, been a student of Dr. Shorb's, and therefore possessed advantages beyond his fellows. He was no worse, but much better than most of them. Indeed, he is said to have been "the most promising student of his year." Now, let us see what sort of a figure a more than average San Francisco made Doctor cuts. The following is a verbatim report of his testimony: Henry O'Keefe testified that he is engaged in the practice of medicine. Had known the defendant some time. "From his appearances I came to the conclusion that he was laboring under some form of insanity." *Cross-examined.*—Have been practicing about three years. Received my degree from the Medical College of the Pacific. Have not examined many cases of insanity. Think Velbert's case was emotional insanity. Cannot recall the name of any author on insanity that I have read. Mr. Murphy mentions about a dozen authors, but the Doctor has not read any of them. Do not think I have read much about emotional insanity. Would discriminate between eccentricity and insanity. If a man should exhibit consciousness of an act after committing it, and should offer to give himself up, I should consider him sane. Mr. Murphy.—Is moisture of the skin an accompanying symptom of temporary insanity? Dr. O'Keefe.—It may be. Mr. Murphy.—Is it not invariable? Dr. O'Keefe.—No, sir. Mr. Murphy.—Have you ever seen a case where it did not exist? Dr. O'Keefe.—I have not examined more than two cases. Mr. Murphy. Is there not some recognized rule by which the medical profession determine the state of a man's mind? Witness.—Yes, sir. Mr. Murphy.—What is it, Doctor? Witness.—I don't know. Mr. Murphy.—That's all, Doctor. Comment is needless. Such are San Francisco made Doctors.

Pigeon-flying in the Black Country, a favorite Sunday amusement, is likely to be suppressed, as the Walsall Town Council have passed a by-law prohibiting the practice in the public thoroughfares.

CHINA TOWN.

Let it now and for ever more be distinctly understood that the existence of the nuisance known as China Town has no necessary connection with the question of excluding Chinese from the State. If several of the dailies will bear this in mind, they will be spared the use of their most effective thunder. The Chinese quarter of the city may be admitted to be a disgrace to it, and yet the larger question of the wisdom of permitting hard-working, law-abiding men from China to emigrate into the country, like people from everywhere else, would remain untouched. We have our own opinion about China Town. It is, as it has long been, a filthy nuisance, which sanitary laws, duly enforced, would speedily cure. They ought to be so enforced. Indeed, they ought not to have been allowed to remain so long in abeyance; and that they have been is a poor commentary upon our supposed desire to affect the Chinese with our better civilization, and to render their presence as tolerable as possible. We suspect, however, that its Caucasians, and not the Mongolians, who are most to blame for the non-clearing out of China Town. In the first place, the politicians seem to like to keep the place in its present condition, else why do they not, as they easily might, effect a change? At election times it serves their purpose to point to the nuisance as evidence against the Chinese. If the voters generally were as logical as they might be, they would retort that "the nuisance was rather evidence of the inefficiency or insincerity, or both, of the ordinary politician." Then, again, the white property-holders obtaining high rents, as they do, through the overcrowded condition of their buildings, prefer that things should remain as they are. Certain it is, that when any one seemed in earnest about a change, those having property interests succeeded in keeping things as they were. It is all very well to blame John Chinaman for this evil; he never retaliates, or hits back. Abuse him as you will with words, he understands not, and so it is an altogether safe pastime. If those who abuse him, in this connection, would turn their attention to his landlords, publish their names, and pointedly appeal to them for greater cleanliness, there would at least be something more brave and manly in the operation. Your unco good sort of people frown upon the wicked *demi monde*, but smile at the church-goer who lets his property for base uses, and consoles himself with an increased rental. In like manner, your anti-Chinese pretender abuses John for overcrowding tenements, but has not a word to say against the white property-owner who encourages the practice and profits by it.

CAPTAIN BURNABY IN ASIA MINOR.

Those who were delighted by Captain Burnaby's adventurous "Ride to Khiva" will not be disappointed by his last work, just published, "On Horseback Through Asia Minor." It is full of interesting matter, and will be eagerly read by thousands on both sides of the Atlantic. Captain Burnaby confesses that he never believed in the possibility of such a resistance as the Turks have offered to their invaders. Yet the shrewd traveler might have been inclined to reconsider his opinion had he given its weight to the characteristic criticism of his own English soldier-servant who accompanied him:

"I never see such fellows as those Turks; they don't seem to be able to muster a grumble among them, no matter what they have to undergo. Why, sir, some of them soldiers, as we saw at Sivas, had not received a day's pay for twenty-five months, and they seemed quite content and happy-like; while, as for rations, it's true that the men fill themselves to bursting when they get a chance, but when they have to go without their grub, they don't grumble. I wonder, sir, what the soldiers in our camp at Aldershot would say if they had not received a ha'porth of pay for two years, and had to march sometimes from morning to night with nothing inside them save a whiff or so of tobacco."

The weight of Widow Van Cott is 170 pounds—and all true goodness, o.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

A sanguinary red bulldog was one of the most marked featnres at the Beuch Show, in the early part of the week. So abnormally savage was this creature that his food was always thrown to him from a convenient distance, and his drink pushed within his reach by means of a long pole. He was in a state of sullen fury from the moment he arrived at the Pavilion, and made numerous furious attempts to hreak his powerful chain and attack the other dogs and the spectators. On Thursday afternoon, while Colonel W. H. L. Barnes was standing ahout the middle of the hall, and explaining, douhtless, to Mr. Pond and some other gentlemen, his failure to orate as advertised on the opening night, a terrific outcry was heard in the direction of the hulldog department. The red dog referred to had, in some way, slipped his collar and instantly seized a small child, the daughter of Mr. Enos Rockley, the lumber merchant, whom it was apparently tearing to pieces. There was probably not one of the group of gentlemen referred to lacking in physical conrage, but the two things every man shrinks from "tackling" unarmed are a rattlesnake and a hulldog. However, Colonel Barnes instantly rushed forward and seized the canine demon hy the throat. Fortunately, the beast's fangs contained more of the child's dress than its flesh, and by tearing the former, the other gentlemen released the girl from her dangerous position, and with only a bad looking flesh wonnd. The scene that followed was horribly exciting. The douhly enraged dog turned with terrific snarls upon the Colonel, who held him with both hands by the throat. The animal weighed over fifty pounds and was nnusually powerful, and after an exhausting struggle the Colonel, who is fortunately an exceptionally strong man, fouud his only chance was to hold the dog bodily np from the floor at arm's length. All this time a messenger had been dispatched to obtain a pistol from a Mission-street saloon, there heing none among the hystanders. At the critical moment this arrived, and the muzzle heing inserted into the ear of the foaming brute, his canine intellect was distributed rather unpleasantly over the clothes of the spectators. "How do you feel, Colonel?" was asked, as the dog stopped kicking. "I feel," said that distinguished lawyer, as he held up his still cramped and livid hands, "I feel like a little brandy." It is to be hoped he got it.

Thirteen missionaries leave us to-day for "furrin parts," and their friends will gaze on their faces this morning for the last time. It is a melancholy reflection that several of them are women, and that the fair hands that to-day wave adieu from the steamer's deck will, in all probability, be served up as a native fricasee within six months. A missionary's heart is highly esteemed hy many races of savages. It is supposed to be the tenderest morsel of the entire animal, and the best tribes in heathen lands always allow their pastors from three to four months to get fat after their arrival, before they devour them. A lean missionary is a most insipid dish and very indigestible, but your oily middle-aged minister make an elegant barbecue, and should always be eaten hot. The Patagonians esteem young babies very highly. Their most popular mode of dressing them is to singe the hair off and then skewer them with the liver under the left arm, somewhat like a spring chicken. They are then stuffed with the native truffies, and when served are split down the back and carved like a roaster. Many savages pole-ax their missionaries and then cut their throats, but the meat is said to be better if they are stuck in the neck and then scalded. This question, however, has never heen definitely settled. There is a large field for missionaries in many parts of the world where cattle are scarce, and it is very gratifying to observe that America is bravely furnishing her just proportion of this most nutritious diet.

It is a sad slur on our reputation as a city that at this moment we are actually permitting the cashier of the defunct Fidelity Savings Bank to languish in prison on the paltry charge of receiving deposits after he knew the institution was insolvent. Little jokes of this nature should never be resented hy depositors, and their action in the present instance savors strongly of ill temper and bad taste. The proper course to take would have been to present Mr. Brown with a small boat and insisted on his drifting out to sea, where he would find just as many gulls as he has met with in San Francisco.

The story of Enoch Arden is all very well, in its way, and good enough for a man like Tennyson to put into verse, but the cold facts of our last sensation, which might be entitled "Thirty-three Years, or the Missing Milkman," ought to give Mr. Longfellow a chance to lay out Enoch Arden flatter than a squashed frog. Metaphorically speaking, now is the time for Mr. Longfellow to jump on Enoch Arden; to sit on that individual and raise the starry banner over his humiliated British carcass, and he ought to avail himself of the opportunity. Scene first might represent young Coleman Stevens in his cottage, in Orange county, N. Y., milking a goat and giving all the cream to Martha, who has been just married to him, and is blushingly stitching at a baby's long clothes. Scene the second would introduce Mr. Stevens in the light of a base deceiver, peddling milk in California with the aid of a small cow and a large pump. About 300 lines should, at least, be written now about the deserted and patient Martha, who, with her babe, makes a modest living in the East by teaching the large letters of the alphabet for a small compensation in a village school, waiting for Coleman to become a millionaire, and for the completion of the Pacific Railroad. If the poem is illustrated, this would be a good place to put in a cut of a locomotive, which come now very low and is quite effective. Then comes Martha in 1877, with her babes, a remarkably fine child, thirty-two years of age, and swoops down on the bigamous dives in San Francisco, and asks for a divorce and half of the old man's pile. Here again she gets the cream, just as she did in 1844; and there is another point to the story which should be worked up dramatically, and that is, the terrible revenge which society has on the milkman. For thirty-three years it has drunk his milk and never murmured at the water, or growled over the chalk. This might be done by means of a chorus, introduced in the style of Aristophanes. In the last act a glimpse might be given of Martha and her babe drinking champagne at the Palace Hotel, and Coleman tearing out handfuls of hair, and weeping over a depleted bank account. All the standing jokes about milk and cream could be well gotten off by way of a wind up, the whole to conclude with a grand moral, and a display of literary fireworks.

The privilege of hobnobbing with the great is sought by many, but attained by few. We know of but one distinguished fellow-citizen who is in the full enjoyment of a practical knowledge of how it is done. He may always be observed ambling along contentedly with the lion of the hour. If it chance to be a warrior, he submits with the placid content of a baby gorging on Clarke's chewing candy, to have "Marching Through Georgia" dinned into his suffering tympanum so long as the lion's tympanum be similarly afflicted. If it be a prima donna, he smiles with all the malignancy of a woman, and helps her to abuse her rival. If it be a representative of the Cannibal Islands, he gnaws at a bone of fried baby or fricaseed woman with a relish which speaks well for its toothsomeness. If it be an infidel orator, he eschews the bible, and swears by Tom Paine. If it be a distinguished divine, he introduces him to a pretty woman. If it be any of our own nobs, he congratulates them on their thorough knowledge of the English grammar. Thus, it will be seen that by a limited understanding of human nature and an unlimited cheek, any nobody-in-particular may float forever in the light atmosphere which surrounds the temporarily great. But it is infinitely easier and more to scramble along with the less.

People have been actively engaged in wondering where Pond and Andoe found enough dogs to make a dog show. The impression had gained ground that the entire population of dogs had been drowned in Lake Merced. It is certain, at least, that the waters of that lake are strongly flavored with dead dog, dead cat, dead whale, dead sea-gull and various other deads, and that the flavor of many different breeds of each stands out with a sharp distinctiveness which makes the sipping of a glass of water quite an epicurean study. It is quite an interesting spectacle when a semi-circle of people have a little Merced kettledrum and sipping, like old tea-tasters, speculate as to how long the dog has been dead, which flavors each particular sip. They can generally calculate to a nicety. If there be any who have not observed this singular quality of Merced, we can only courteously attribute it to the fact that, not being canibals, they don't recognize the taste.

Nothing angers the average Irishman so much as seeing a Chinaman working for his living, so it is not to be wondered at that on the road between San Rafael and Saucelito laborers out of work got very irate last week at seeing a gang of Chinamen building a kiln of about 800,000 newly made bricks. Fired with desperation the McGraths and O'Rooneys determined to ruin the invading Mongolian. "Its building a brick house and carrying a hod, the dairty loafers are," cried Miles McGinnis; "and byes we'll be after burning that same house down to-night if its all night we work." They noticed that there were several interstices in the layers of the bricks, especially near the ground, and the immigrants from county Cork resolved to burn the entire structure to the ground. They accordingly passed the following night in hauling wood from the foothills, which they inserted under the bricks and ignited. The astute heathens were slightly surprised at finding the kiln perfectly burnt next morning, but they smiled that indigenous Tartar grin, pocketed their coin and murmured, "Melican man heap good to Chinaman—dam fool all same."

Mr. Strother is in a passion because the Water Commissioners will not hurry up their report. It is barely possible that the popular heart will refuse to be stirred to its depths by this announcement. The vital interest of the subject is likely to be somewhat interfered with when the people naively inquire who is Strother? Strother, we would reply, at the same time asking pardon for intruding such obscurity, is the owner and companion of a couple of small dogs, who daily frisk before him on his way down town, after the manner of the supes in a theater paving the way for Julius Cæsar. He is also the godfather of Fleet street, a thoroughfare which nobody knows by its disagreeable and unsuggestive new name. In addition to these two absorbing occupations, Mr. Strother is also a Supervisor. As the law, however, does not oblige a man to criminate himself, he will not long be forced to answer to the latter charge. His interest in the water question can only be explained by a newly-developed desire on his part to make the acquaintance of an element long strange to him.

On Monday night last, the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mme. Fabbri's accession to the operatic stage, was celebrated by what purported to be a musical entertainment. To an academy of sciences it would have appeared rather as a convention of antiquities, a circumstance which made juiceless the abundant supply of kisses dispensed with a liberality quite commensurate with the value of the article. Fabbri kissed till her lips were blistered, De Murska till she was blue, Fritsch till ruin stared her in the face in the single item of lip salve. Members of the press and musical pupils emerged from the side door in various stages of dilapidation and colored with a variety of paints unwittingly transferred by the *prima donna* in a manner eminently suggestive of the Widow Grass, the Penge mystery, and other choice murders. As these mournful wrecks of men and women filed out completely crushed in body and spirit by the unexpected fusillade of affection, the disinteresting observer could not help reflecting that Fabbri had held her kissing picnic just twenty-five years too late to make it altogether successful.

Wanted.—A couple of fat and juicy young negroes, to be fed to the Cuba blood hounds at the Bench Show. Apply to the door-keeper, Mechanics' Pavilion. The above advertisement, which our readers have doubtless noticed in all the other papers, was also offered to us. We refused, however, to let it appear in any part of this paper, under any consideration whatever. We desire to say to Mr. Pond that if the above is simply a joke, it is in the worst possible form and taste, and is liable to turn loose upon an unprotected community an endless number of bad puns from the minstrels. If he is serious, then we must inform him that he contemplates a very inconsiderate action. The cutting up of colored persons for feed, or for fish bait, is decried by all Christian persons, and we are not sure but that it is a misdemeanor, and punishable by a fine. It is high time the practice were stopped at all events.

Somebody in England is out with a new book on the subject of George the Third's alleged madness. If he was any madder than we were last week, to see four of our best jokes attributed to the Boston *Post*, he must have been very queer, indeed.

It is given out that the course of instruction in the public schools is to be so modified that sewing is to be taught in all the girls' classes. It is a fine accomplishment, as admirable as it is rare. Indeed, the only drawback to its introduction is the reflection that a large body of useless but harmless young women will be thrown out of employment. What more hopeless sight than the hapless female teachers struggling with the unfamiliar needle, while abstruse problems solve themselves in their heads with all the ease of a School Director closing a contract. How absurd for a woman, who knows the diameter of Saturn's rings to an inch, or the influence of the trade winds upon the Democratic party, to pass the shifting needle through the simple folds of the tunic, or the intricate mysteries of the polonaise. Yet what are we to do with her? Young men evince a strong disinclination to marrying her. She knows too much. Old men are similarly averse. She knows too little. In this desperate strait there is but one terrible alternative. The teacher must be taught to sew.

The "Bulletin" says: "The late startling development of crime in this city has attracted the attention of the pulpit." We had not known it was so bad as that. Even yet it is difficult not to think that this singular state of affairs has been brought about by a tendency on the part of the clergymen to put their faith in Savings Banks. They can not be interested in crime, in the abstract, after a long and successful season of apathy. The *Bulletin* further says: "We are glad that the pulpit is now coming to the front as a teacher of morals." In this pean of rejoicing, beads of families cannot conscientiously join. The pulpit code has latterly been, to put it mildly, somewhat eccentric, and its promulgation will be received with some dismay, were it not that the public were happily encased in an armor of impenetrable indifference to the givings out of both the pulpit and the *Bulletin*. The *News Letter* is the only real exponent of good morals after all, and begs leave to decline the indorsement of the pulpit.

A sack coat is advertised at the police office, which was taken from two persons. It is not stated how these two unhappy people who lost the coat distributed its advantages—whether one wore the inside and the other the outside, or one the left side and the other the right side. The point to be observed is that two people who, in these hard times, are satisfied with one coat, are entitled to consideration, and it should not have been taken from them to restore to its rightful owner. It may be urged that they stole the coat. Such puerile reasoning is behind the times. Where could the rightful owner in these times have got money enough to buy a coat with? Duncan and Lewis are really the only men nowadays whose circumstances justify a visit to the tailor.

The public will remember that when the new Stock Exchange building was erected, a copy of the *News Letter*, among other things, was placed in the corner stone, as is the custom at the dedication of important edifices in this vicinity. Just as luck would have it, there is not another copy of that particular edition procurable, and the one placed on our office file is missing. This is awkward enough when we are about to be sued for libel in consequence of some facts told in an article published in the same number. It is obvious that we must have the corner stone copy to go into Court with, at any risk. We therefore beg the brokers to find some other meeting place by the first of the month, at which time we shall begin tearing down the building. It is hoped that this ample notice will suffice.

The majority of the ministers of the gospel acknowledge freely the assistance rendered them by the press, and it is a beautiful thought that so grateful is the press to the ministers for the acknowledgment, that it is constantly offering them a competency and even opulence by suggesting to them that they should get up prize clubs and earn a piano or a sewing machine once a month. Many persons suppose that this is the fulfillment of the prophecy about the lion lying down with the lamb, while others are of the opinion that it denotes the willingness of the cockatrice to rent a suit of rooms from the asp. At all events it guarantees an occasional square meal to the preacher, and as such, is a national benefit.

> "**Worth** makes the man and the want of it the fellow,
> The rest is all but leather and prunello."

It is only at rare intervals that we have a chance of realizing how thoroughly applicable the words of the eight beatitudes are to this meek, poor, mournful, hungry and thirsty, merciful, clean-of-heart, peace-making and persecuted community. Such an opportunity was afforded us last Friday, when the *Chronicle* published six woodcuts, purporting to be dogs. Anything more calculated to excite the passions of a mob was never devised. They had all done duty before, either as maps of the seat of war or the Los Angeles Railroad; but it was a little rough to ring in a plan of the house where Jennie Bonnet was murdered and call it "The Dog Joshua, just three years old." The city shivered with one ghastly shake that extended from its withers to its hocks, and then went about its usual work. Truly, we are long-suffering and slow to anger.

Alice Harrison is one of those phenomenal artists who are funny of the stage as well as upon it. If reports be true, this lively little soubrette says more impromptu good things in a day than most of our professional newspaper wits in a month. When returning to this city, overland, lately, on the same train were Crane and Robson. The bridge at Omaha had just lost a span, so that the passengers were ferried across the Missouri on flatboats. About half-way over the river, the boat struck on a sand-bar, to the loud expressed disgust of Mr. Robson. "Hush," said the irrepressible little Harrison, pointing to Medill, of the Chicago *Times;* "there's a newspaper man, and the first thing you know he'll be telegraphing something about the 'Two Men' being stuck on 'Sandy Bar again."

It is very gratifying to notice that our Recorder elect, Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, possesses many qualifications which stamp him as a very fit man for the position he will shortly occupy. This week he has been acting as one of the judges in our local dog show. The average politician and officeholder is rarely capable of distinguishing a bull pup from a canary, his knowledge being usually confined to an appreciation of twenty dollar pieces and a superficial acquaintance with the letters which compose his name. Colonel Barnes was advertised to pronounce the dogsology, but failed to put in an appearance. He has, consequently, not been troubled with fleas to the extent that he would have been had he fulfilled his promise.

The daily papers, in an unwonted spirit of enterprise, have embellished their columns with a correspondence from those thriving cities, Oakland and San Jose. Unfortunately those places are absolutely uninteresting unless destroyed by earthquakes, consumed by fire or shaken to their centers by a big clerical scandal. We would, therefore, respectfully intimate that a correspondence from the Potrero or Washerwoman's Bay, would be more wildly exciting. They get up some very respectable little sensations in those directions for a Sunday morning's reading. Also, if the idea be not altogether unreasonable, a little New York news would not be altogether amiss.

A judge and jury, together with several other persons who might be better employed, are trying to find out whether Velbert was insane when he killed his wife. Notwithstanding that it was the only sensible act of his life, and that he deserves some reward for having performed one meritorious action, would it not be well to hang him as high as Haman first and settle the question afterward. If this expeditious way of cutting the knot would but once come into repute, the rarity of Gordon knots would be astonishing. It is not egotism, but simple justice to ourselves, to say that we constantly thus elucidate puzzles which stagger the lawyers.

President Hayes appoints a Thanksgiving Day because we have had good rains, good crops, etc., and have not suffered from sickness, pestilence, etc. The President needs to be reminded that California is in the Union, and that we have had none of that out here. Possibly he is a delightful satirist whose humor is so obscure that it is like truth, deep in a well. In such case people will unhesitatingly submit and eat turkey and plum pudding with all the subtle irony which befits a follower of the meek and lowly Hayes. But turkeys taste absurdly alike, whether eaten in irony or in earnest.

Hypocrisy is the deference which vice pays to virtue when virtue pays well.

Mr. Dennis Kearney, in an outburst of magnanimity, has given Nob Crocker all the time between now and the twenty-ninth of November in which to remove a fence. The inflammatory Kearny labors under the hallucination that a nob works like a united workingman, and pulls down a fence at the rate of a picket a day. If Kearney's modest demands be not complied with, it is his mild intention to celebrate his Thanksgiving by removing the obnoxious fence himself. His little party promises to be rather a jolly affair. The only obstacle to its complete success may be that another band of merry-makers may choose to celebrate their Thanksgiving by the removal of the obnoxious Kearney. Unfortunately, as between Kearney and the fence, there is not much choice. Both are nuisances. Neither is useful, beautiful, or eatable. It will, therefore, be peculiarly appropriate to dispense with them on Thanksgiving Day.

The efforts of one of the *savans* of the State Teacher's Convention, the other day, to inaugurate a rule that the children be drilled on one half of the proscribed programme for six months and examined, then those branches to be dropped and the other half to be taken up in like manner, is an indication that the present educational mania has reached its farthest verge. 'Twas said in the East, a few years since, that the art of "teaching the young ideas how to shoot," was fast changing into the hands of the most expert showmen in the country; but, methinks Barnum himself might sit at the feet of this modern Gamaliel. That our youth are expected to spend a dozen precious years at school in order to pass muster on a given number of educational conundrums, instead of being practically fitted for the duties of life, seems to be the prominent idea of these pedantic pigmies.

A French interviewer remarks of Grant: "He is one of those men who must be seen at work in order to be judged properly, and, as thus regarded, the General must be very interesting." This remarkable statement plunges the mind at once into labyrinths of thought and speculation. Can it be that General Grant's sublime modesty has prevented his ever being thus discovered? Or is it true that the French interviewer's imagination is unto the Americans as the force of a strong Drummond light to the pale flicker of a damp match? The former proposition is too extravagant to be credible; the latter too fantastic to be entertained. In such an emergency every one will be driven back upon the old opinion both of Grant and the Frenchman. This dispenses altogether with the idea of considering the subject in any light.

The action of Charles Crocker, of which the working men complain, is clearly an *off-fence* against his neighbor, and if the objectionable structure is torn down the working men will be operating on *de-fence*. The rumor that the Board of Health will order the fence removed for sanitary reasons, does not state whose health is to be preserved.

Now that Dom Pedro has reached home, it remains to be seen whether he will send over any of those preserved quinces, put up by his aunt, of which he was eternally bragging and promising to send everybody a jar of.

A correspondent wishes to know what kinder gartens the Teacher's Convention discussed, impudently asking whether they be those he has noticed banging out of bath room windows.

Dear departed Duncan so distracted the press of San Francisco that it has dropped the Senatorial question, and will, we presume, kindly allow the Legislature to make the election.

All the space of our brilliant contemporary, the *Pacific Life*, is devoted to dogs this week. This is a bit of egotism on the part of the proprietor we did not expect.

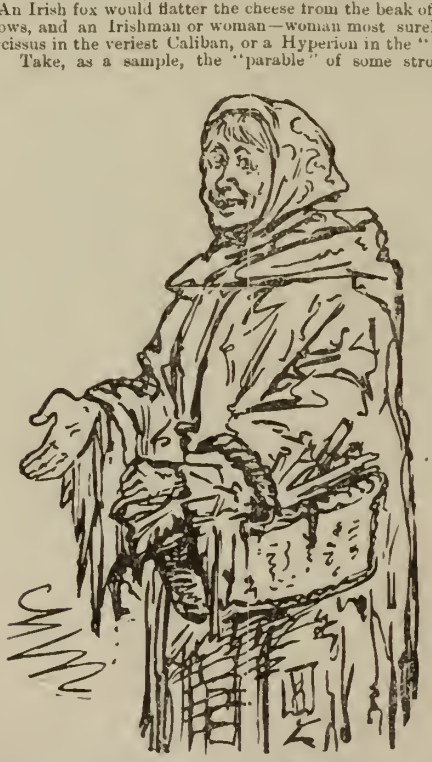
Mayor Bryant did not invite the newly elected county dignitaries to dinner because they are *Supper-visers*.

It is reported that Governor Irwin has pardoned the *Chronicle* reporter now confined in San Quentin.

Faith and hope transform the discords of the present into the harmonies of the future.

THE CURSE OF KILLARNEY.

There are many things, coals for instance, and honesty, and fine weather, which they are generally "out of," in Killarney; but for noise, "touts," and "soft sawder," these three, commend me to the Gap of Dunloe. An Irish fox would flatter the cheese from the beak of the mildest old crows, and an Irishman or woman—woman most surely—would find a Narcissus in the veriest Caliban, or a Hyperion in the "Satyr" of Cheapside. Take, as a sample, the "parable" of some strong, long-



legged Irish woman, Eileen, perhaps, or Biddy, with an indomitable energy, and a basketful of trinkets, of bog-wood and arbutus. "More power to ye, miss, it's plisant 'tis, to see your pretty face; ye're the prettiest party that was in the Gap to-day, and this handsome young gintleman, too, God save him! Look, now, sur, at this chard-case—half-a-crown, sur. Yes, 'tis, sur," etc. And so on, in a voice half-coaxing, half-whining, all through the pleasant drive to the Gap, and the pleasant ride through it, only ceasing at the boat's side to begin again at any landing place you like to choose. Let Harpagon clutch his money-bags as he will, I defy him to keep the strings tied through the Dunloe Gap. The Celtic shark has, as Mr. Gladstone would say, "all the properties of a good shark;" it is quick to clutch, and strong to hold, with a powerful maw; and a capacity worthy of a whale. Nay, in its powers of locomotion it is something more than a shark. It rows, rides, runs, walks, crawls, and if only its prey were to take to the air, it would soon find means to fly. Fine specimens of the genius rush hooting from the mountains, and rise moaning from the earth; trees, rocks, banks, ditches, are filled with their cries, and Echo answers, "plase." Poor Echo! the nymph has plenty of work on her hands here. Her priests are every-

where. One of them hails you from afar—"Sthop there! Halt, your honor!" And while "your honor" stands and tremhles, and catches his breath, a cannon roars through the gamut in the glens, and a French horn toots the "Last Rose of Summer," till the eternal hills screech in æsthetic torture, and hemoan their immortality. Another, a hoatman, prompts a servile "voice echo," and you are fain to look unconscous while a cave, the mouth of some tall rock, chatters of "half a sovereign—in your hand—all in gold—when you land,"—and as the light hreeze waves some clinging shrub near its summit, you could swear the cliff was winkiug. Still the place is not without its pleasures, which no tricks of Irish "boys" could spoil. Your first day, if you have yielded to the stream, and allowed your host to "manage" for you, was probahly in this way: First, came a drive of eight or nine miles, enlivened hy pretty peeps of lake or castle and hy the driver's local legends. In due time you meet your would-he guide, the self-styled "Captain of the Gap," who gives you, perhaps, a glimpse of coming joys by his significant offer to "kape the others off ye." But, possibly, you preferred to face the danger and run the gauntlet of all the "boys" with horns and ponies, rather than consent to have the scenery "described." If so, you had your reward. At the Gap's entrance "up and spoke" Kate Kearney, with small trace left of her grandam's fabled heauty. Cheered with goat's milk and a certain "dew" from a certain private still, you drove on refreshed, with all your scenery before you, till the driver stopped at a small house some way up; and then you rode, or, if you are young and strong and energetic, walked through the Gap itself (a really pretty cleft, in character not much unlike Glencoe), up by a twisted road, through a stream of goat's milk and a whole sonata of echoes, to the Gap's head, and then down by a rocky way, half path, half watercourse, to the road, and on, with your hack to the Black Valley, to the Lake itself.

Here you come upon your boat, ready and waiting, with your lunch-basket on board, and in less than three hours you are taken down to Ross Castle, on the Third or Lower Lake. But this part is "really very quite awfully pretty, you know;" you glide quickly down, threading a maze of rocky islets, carpeted with heath and arbutus. Now, steadily pulling along a clear hroad reach, now carried swiftly on a current which becomes a lesher, your boatman stopping now and then to tell quite horrid tales of the eagles' doings near the lake, and, perhaps, if you are in luck, to point, with a little shriek of excitement, to one of the "vermin" themselves, high up, and making swiftly for the mountain. And there are cormorants, and "scarecrows," and moorfowl by the dozen, and here and there a rock, with curious shape and mane, and a thousand other "dear delights," right down to the Castle itself. And then, for other days, there is Muckross Abhey to see, and mountains to climh, and sboals of fish to catch, so that, after all, when you "sit down," like Bishop Butler, "in a cool moment," and think over your few days at Killarney, you will surely feel that yet you were not unhappy. The truest pleasures are the unconscious ones, and when you come to think of it, the lakes and rocks, the riding and the climbing, and the—h'm, well, the goat's milk, and—yes, even the echoes, were very jolly, after all—quite charming, and—yes, positively, you must work round to Killarney again next year.

But why should we not have Killarney without these adjuncts in bare legs—these human musquitos, who sting at every step, with many-tongued requests, that always mean money? Who will remove the curse from Killarney, and set the traveler free? It would be infinitely preferable if a poll-tax were exacted on the tourist's entering the district, the gross sum to be equally divided among the handitti of boatman, bare-legged children, the raisers of echoes and dispensers of goat's milk, a receipt for the tax to insure immunity for the stranger, who would fain be at peace to look on the hlue lakes and the purple mountains the while he breathes the soft caressing air.

Angora Wool in Australia.—We fear it is among the things not generally known that Australia has entered into competition with Asia Minor as a grower of the finest quality of Angora wool. An Angora fleece is now valued at 14s. per head on the average, against 8s. 6d. for the merino. It weighs from 4 lbs. to 9 lbs., and sells in the colony for 3s. 6d. per lb.

PRESENT CONDITION OF FRANCE.

Colonel Stoffel's famous report on the military strength of Germany, as compared with that of France, was neglected before the war, and denounced after as treason. The Colonel was then military attaché at Berlin, and, with extraordinary sagacity, warned, in vain, the government of Napoleon the Third of its faults and its dangers. In the same cool, courageous spirit—and, perhaps, with no better success—Colonel Stoffel is now addressing his countrymen through the Paris *Ordre*. He says: "Owing to the hatred of parties, the offspring of so many revolutions, no Government, be it what it may, can maintain itself in France without the support of the Army." And he asks "whether it be not the fact that it would be overthrown violently by a coalition of all the hostile parties if it did not possess material force?" And he adds: "What else is this but permanent civil war?" According to Colonel Stoffel the political instability of France has hindered its progress upon every line, but especially in the matter of education. He declares that "Defective methods of instruction have left the youth of France for many generations in a condition of deplorable inferiority," while their school system is morally unsound, as well as intellectually unfruitful. It corrupts the youth of France and trains it to disobedience, indiscipline and the contempt of authority. France is growing richer in wealth, but poorer in manliness, with an army recruited solely from the poorer classes and destitute of those qualities which hard work and continuous effort can alone impart."

AN ANTI-TEETOTAL GOVERNMENT.

According to an old resident in Russia, who writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Russian Government is implacably hostile to the Temperance movement, fearing it will diminish the principal source of its revenue. By the latest returns, the liquor duties yield to the Imperial exchequer the vast sum of 800,000,000 roubles ($160,000,000) a year. The notorious impecuniosity of the Government has induced it to treat teetotal leagues as illegal secret societies. The most summary measures have been taken towards forcing the people to contribute to the revenue by their intemperance. Policemen and soldiers are employed to flog the teetotalers into drinking; some, who doggedly held out, have had liquor poured into their mouths through funnels, and were imprisoned as rebels. The clergy, at the same time, were ordered to preach against this new form of sedition, and the press-censorship has laid its veto upon all publications in which the immorality of the liquor traffic was denounced. Recently a Polish schoolmaster was condemned to sweep the streets, in a convict gang, for raising his voice against "King Vodki." In Russia no one can now advocate temperance principles with impunity.

The exegesis of consumption very nearly justifies Michelet's paradox—that the greatest evils might be easiest avoided. "There is no excuse for famine," says Varnhagen von Ense; "we could all live in clover if we did not misapply a large portion of our arable land to the production of tobacco, opium, and other poisonous weeds, and send ship-loads of our breadstuffs to the distillery. I am sure that if the spontaneous productions of the soil furnished us mountains of grain and rivers of honey, we would still manage to use it up in the manufacture of intoxicating poisons, and complain of hunger as before. If any one should doubt this, let him reflect on the fact that, while we are surrounded by a respirable atmosphere of more than 800,000,000 cubic miles, *civilization has contrived a famine of air!*"—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Cheapest Plate of Meat.—From the River Plate.—*Judy.*

A small boy, who has not sat down for three days with any degree of comfort, says that the new song entitled, "A Dream of Home and Mother," is one of the most painfully affecting things he ever heard.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Old Zach Chandler, in his retirement, is studying the civil service question. He has arrived at opinions of his own. He contributed $30,000 toward Hayes' election, and worked like a beaver, yet, so far from controlling the Administration, as he thinks he ought, he has not influence enough to procure the appointment of a country Postmaster. He, therefore, loves not the civil service reformers. He says "they are not themselves competent to carry on large business enterprises," as, for instance, running a national party Committee, or stealing a Presidential vote. He thinks "that great apostle of civil service reform, George William Curtis, although he can write good editorials, if put in charge of Harper's publishing house, would bankrupt it in a year." From which Mr. Chandler apparently deduces the conclusion that we need not pay any attention to what Mr. Curtis says about civil service reform. Mr. Chandler has a plan of his own. He said: "There were no patent, strictly defined rules for civil service. What did men do in the management of their own business? If they found an incompetent man they discharged him and put a competent man in his place; if they found a lazy man they discharged him and put an industrious man in his place; if they found a dishonest man they discharged him and put an honest man in his place; and when they found a good man, when they had a competent man in their employ, they promoted him, whether he was in a Government office or on a farm." But that is the precise thing that has not hitherto been done. The Government has not "promoted competent men." At the instance of our Chandlers competent men have been dismissed to make way for local politicians that were thoroughly incompetent and often worse. That is why reform is needed, and why the President's honest installment of it is popular, despite the ravings of Chandler, Conkling & Co., who see that under it their occupation is gone.

PETROLEUM.

Herr Hofer, a member of the Austrian Commission at the Centennial Exhibition, writes that since the discovery of this product near Titusville, in Pennsylvania, in 1859, the quantity obtained in that interval of eighteen years is 2,802,500,000 gallons, of a total value of $230,000,000. The price has undergone great fluctuations. In 1867, the average price per gallon was 38 cents. In 1869, it rose to 80 cents. In 1870, it declined to 56 cents; and the average for the first six months of 1876 was 32 cents a gallon. The quantity exported in 1861 was 1,277,182 gallons, from which year the total increased without interruption to 67,840,708 in 1866. The quantity has been increasing ever since, and in 1875 nearly 200,000,000 gallons were exported. Herr Hofer doubts whether petroleum will long continue to be so rich a source of revenue to the United States. We do not agree with Herr Hofer in this opinion, for whilst the Pennsylvanian supply may diminish, it is obvious that Southern California can more than make up that deficit. Who that has ever sailed, as the writer has, for ten miles or more on a sea (off the coast of Ventura county) covered with the film of petroleum, can doubt that, sooner or later, a practically inexhaustible supply of petroleum will be furnished by Southern California.

Thiers on France.—"What a nation," he continued, "is France! how mistaken in her objects, how absurd in her means, yet how glorious in the results of her influence and of her example! I do not say that we are a happy people, I do not say that we are good neighbors: we are always in hot water ourselves, and are always the pest and plague of all who have anything to do with us; but, after all, we are the salt of the earth. We are always fighting, always inquiring, always inventing, always destroying prejudices and breaking up institutions, and supplying political science with new facts, new experiments, and new warnings."

What we call repentance is only an inverted regret at our inability to do over again what once gave us so much pleasure.

SPECIAL BREVITIES.

A New Remedy for Wakefulness.--To those whose brains will not subside when the time for rest has arrived, Dr. John L. Cook, of Henderson, Kentucky, proposes a very simple method of securing prompt and refreshing sleep without the aid of drugs. When the mind is active, the circulation in the brain is correspondingly active; we breathe more frequently, and the movements of the heart are more rapid and vigorous. On the other hand, when the mind is at rest, as in healthy sleep, the circulation in the brain is notably diminished, the heart-beats are less rapid and forcible, and the breathing is perceptibly slower. In the wakeful state the mind, as a rule, is intensely occupied, whence we may infer an increased amount of blood in the brain. Dr. Cook's suggestion is to withdraw a portion of this from the head, or lower the brain-circulation, by taking deep and slow inspirations—say twelve or fifteen a minute. By this means the action of the heart will become slower and feebler, less blood is thrown into the brain, and very soon a quiet feeling, ending in sleep, is induced. As by a slight effort of the will any one may try this, we leave the question of its value to the test of actual experiment.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Silver King North, of Arizona.—We are pleased to be able to announce that the developments upon this well known property give every indication to its owners of extraordinary merit. Capt. John W. Gains left this city on the 24th ult., and will hereafter permanently superinteud its workings. From his well known qualification as a practical and scientific miner, we anticipate, very soon, the shipment of a quantity of valuable ore. Judge Walsh has just returned from Arizona. We may give a resume of his observations in our next.

New Ice Breaker.—A Norwegian engineer, Meinerk, has invented an ice-breaker for keeping far northern harbors open through the winter. The machine, as briefly described in the *Moniteur Industriel Belge*, is in form like a plowshare, and is driven by two engiues. Two centrifugal pumps throw a stream of water on the fragments of ice as they retreat behind the vessel, and drive them back into the channel made by the plow. In summer the plow may be converted into a powerful dredge.

Stocking Poisoning.--In a case of poisouing by colored stockings which is recorded in the *Lancet*, the patient suffered a severe itching of the feet with great pain, "like penknives darting into the feet and legs." The cuticle was raised in several places on the soles and sides of the feet, and there was a discharge of fetid pus. Chemical analysis proved that the stockings worn by the patient had been colored with coralline, which is known to produce poisonous effects on the skin.

Hurtful Hospital Secretions.--A square metre of the wall of a surgical ward in the Paris Hospital la Pitie was washed—an operation that had not been performed during two years previously—and the liquid wrung out of the sponge was immediately examined. It contained micrococci in abundance, some micro-bacteria, epithelial cells, pus-globules, aud ovoid bodies of unknowu nature. The sponge used was new, and had been washed in distilled water.

The Chemilette.--The ladies of the present day are making a vast improvement in the old-fashioned underwear used by the past generation; we refer to the Parisian uudersuit, or chemilette. This article of ladies' dress is cut so as to combine both chemise and drawers, forming one beautiful, close-fitting garment. The Princess skirt and flounces are buttoned to the chemilette below the corset, thus reducing the whole contour of the figure two to three sizes, giving the wearer that trim and willowy appearance so much courted, and permitting that ease and grace in motion impossible to obtain in the old style of dress.

San Francisco next to New York and Paris.—There are very few first-class restaurants in the world. Of this few, Paris has perhaps a dozen, London has none, New York has two or three, and outside of New York there is really not one in the entire country with the exception of that attached to the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

New Books Received.—"Forbidden Fruit," from the German of F. W. Hacklander, by Rosalie Kaufman. Boston: Estes & Laurat. Biennial Report of the State Controller of the State of California. Selections from "Epictetus." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

DEATH OF SENATOR MORTON.

The place that knew him will know him no more forever. The Senate of the United States has lost one of its foremost members. In that first assemblage of the nation his mind was probably the boldest in conception and his will the most tenacious. Though for many years past physically weak, he was in other respects a remarkably strong man. A keen and not overscrupulous partisan, he was detested by his enemies. A bulldog tenacity enabled him to pull through many a fight that seemed a losing one, and hence he was trusted as a safe leader by his party friends. He was born in Indiana in 1828, and graduated at Miami College, studied law, was admitted to practice in 1846, and in 1852, when 29 years of age, was chosen one of the Circuit Judges of his State. By 1856 he had got well into political life, and in that year ran for Lieutenant-Governor. He was defeated, but in 1860 ran again for the same office and was successful, with General Henry S. Lane, of Mexican war renown, as Governor. During the following year Mr. Lane was elected United States Senator and Mr. Morton, at the age of 38, became Acting Governor of a great commonwealth. In 1864 he was directly elected Governor, and in 1867 followed General Lane to the Senate at Washington. He was sent to the Senate for a second term in 1873, which term expires March 3, 1879. It will be observed that he held the Governorship of Indiana during the whole war of the rebellion. It will be remembered that during his term of office a Democratic State Legislature adjourned without passing an Appropriation Act. Morton, nothing daunted, contrived expedients by which he borrowed money and carried his State through the war. His was a turbulent, determined spirit that never was so happy as when overcoming obstacles. He perfectly reveled in the difficulties that beset the late Presidential election. The sincerity of his patriotism and his personal honesty were, however, beyond question, though the means by which he attained his ends were often angrily debated. He has left the Senate at perhaps a fitting time. If the era of good feeling and reconciliation has really set in, the strongly partisan mind of Senator Morton would have been, perhaps, a disturbing element there.

TURKISH INHUMANITY.

The butchery of the battle-fields, shocking as it is to humanity, and not more to humanity than to military common-sense, is after all less horrible than the reign of terror which the Turkish government encourages in the provinces. It is more horrible, because for the cruelties inflicted by the Turkish Irregulars on harmless women and children, there is not even a pretext of military necessity or expediency. They are unredeemed, uncompensated, unexcused abominations, and they serve, even if there were nothing else, to stamp the character of the government that deliberately sanctions them. Apart from the barbarities of the lawless wretches who are systematically let loose, the hanging of pacific and timid citizens in Bulgaria has gone on to a degree that disgusts and wearies even strong partisans of the Turkish cause. A new Governor-General, Ahmed Vefik, was sent to Adrianople, and it was hoped that he might replace indiscriminate condemnation and executions by something like justice. No improvement, however, is reported, and the courts-martial are as busy and as merciless as ever.—*Fortnightly Review.*

In a certain Methodist Episcopal congregation in Ohio was a class-leader named P——. In his every-day talks he had the habit of using the phrase "best known to myself," or "ourselves." One Sabbath morning, the minister being absent, Brother P—— opened the meeting by prayer, beginning, "O, Lord, we have assembled here for purpases best known to ourselves," etc. Alas! too true. How many the purposes for which people go to church on Sunday! But they never go to Bradley & Rulofson's but for one purpose, and that is, to have a photo taken in the highest style of art.

THE WORLD'S HOTEL OF THE FOUR WINDS.

Every wind brought customers to Madame Dijon. They came from Upsala in the North, from Melbourne and Sydney in the South, from Canton in the East, and from many places in the West; but all with the lightest of purses. Madame's establishment was the international hotel of impecuniosity. The bulk of her customers hailed, however, from under the star-spangled banner; and hence her hotel, in the street of the Four Winds by the Luxemburg Gardens, was specially adapted to American manners and customers, and could boast hominy, beans and bacon, and, I think, griddle-cakes, and other national aids to indigestion, in its bill of fare. On *fete*-days Madame Dijon would gratify her guests hy hanging out the stars and stripes. 'Chautez moi le Yankee Doodle, Monsieur Ulysse,' would she say to Mr. Ulysses Slap from Ohio, when that sallow citizen looked sad. Thus she kept the national *fetes* of Yandeedom, and punctually professed enthusiasm about American independence in July; for on these occasions her guests made a wild leap from her *petit bleu* to her Aye Mousseux, a dreadful compromise between champagne and eau de seltz.

It was a wonderful hotel to which the four winds blew guests. They came trooping across the long yard under our windows twice a day—at noon and at six in the evening—on their way to the shambling, noisy, steaming, *salle-a-manger*. Thcy were boarded by the weck or month at the rate of a trifle over half a crown per diem; and for this they had a breakfast of two *plats* and a dessert, and a dinner of soup, salad, three *plats*, and a dessert. Bread was at their absolute discretion, and they could have a little *carafe* of wine for five sous. 'This is very hlue to-day,' said Monsieur Ulysse one morning to Madame Dijon, holding up his glass to the light; and the hrisk little body retorted, 'It will rccall to you, Monsieur Ulysee, the *beaux ciaux* of your great country.' Ulysses laughed and drank. Sometimcs we were startled with a furious beating of knife and fork handles upon the tables of the *salle-a-manger*. Madamc Dijon had gratified her guests with a national dish. Sometimes resounding cheers told us that it was a popular guest's hirthday, and that Madame Dijon's Ay Mousseux at four francs was being uncorked. Sometimes two or three American medical students had invited a few friends from the Ecole de Medicine with their *etudiantes*. These hospitalities generally happened on Sunday mornings, the ladies being at leisure. They were hard-working needle-women, flower-makers, boot-closers, and getters-up of fine linen. The *etudiante* who was temporarily devoted to Monsieur Ulysse made roses, and only roses, from the heginning to the end of every year; while her friend, who was mated to a Prix de Rome, was a daisy-hand. They worked very hard, lived in heated rooms, ate very frugally; but they laughed and sang and danced through their Sundays, and sometimes through their Mondays; and they wore cxquisite linen and pretty dresses, neither loud nor aping those of their betters; and, their holiday spent with their lords, they returned demurely, patiently, contentedly—Laure to her roses, Berthe to her daisies. Madame Dijon cleared her *salle-a-manger* after the dancc and the supper of *galette* and wine, and admonished her students that they must be very quiet for some time to come, or hcr respectable lodgers would give her warning.

The respectable lodgers at the Four Winds were a humdrum set of people, such as you might find in any economical *bourgeois* quarters on the left bank of the Seine. The first floor was occupied hy a young French *menage*, the head of which had just lost half his wife's *dot* on the Bourse. They were economizing, and hiding away from their rich acquaintance. On the same floor was an English family, bent on an economical life. On the second floor was an artist who had become *range*, having been admitted to the Salon and been spoken of by Theophile Gautier, and who, on the strength of these honors, had married a modest little body, from his *pays*, with fortune enough to furnish their rooms, and buy the *pot-au feu*. Opposite them, on the same flat, were three young ladies, who were feather-dressers by trade—a business that appeared to involve many calls from young gentlemen—*courtiers* in feathers, we presumed—and late hours. These ladies' hearts seemed to be as light as their plumes; some said that their morals were as fragile. This Madame Dijon indignantly denied; but then madame's ideas were not severe in this particular.

Every morning, betimes, we remarked an old lady in a dingy dressing-robe, and with black lace tied over her head, drawing water in a bucket in the courtyard. She was as wrinkled as any old gipsy, and her hands were dried until they looked like claws. Glancing at her you would have taken her to be an old gentleman's nurse, or even a *femme a tout faire*. But on a close inspection, and after marking the respect with which the *concierge* and others in the hotel addressed her, it became plain that she was not accustomed to draw water in a courtyard.

Madame de Grandsire was a marquise, and of an old *souche*. The widow of the Marquis de Grandsire, who had figured at the court of Charles X. and a daughter of the ancient Breton house of De Fortenbras, she took the punishment of the world with a brave light heart. She had married Hector de Grandsire on emerging from the Sacré Cœur, and had passed direct from the quiet of a convent to the bustle and glitter of a court. Her *dot* was one becoming a De Fortenbras. In her marriage *corbeille* lay all the sumptuous fripperies proper to her rank, and to the position of her husband. That bit of lace tied coquettishly about her wrinkled face was a *chiffon* saved from the *corbeille*, and it comforted her as she carried the bucket of water to the third floor of a house in which, in her youth, she would not have put her foot, save on one of her rounds of charity. But the sharp pinch of misfortune had brought her to be a dweller—and of the humblest rank—in the hostelry of the impecunious. She had graced her husband's *salons* under the Bourbons, and she graced her *mansarde* under the Empire. She never complained, nor moped, nor sighed for the old times; but with a stately curtsey accepted what the gods provided, and felt herself as much the marquise with a bucket as with an ostrich fan. She lived with her daughter, who gave music-lessons, who never forgot that she was a De Grandsire, and who looked down with infinite disdain on the *bourgeois* families who employed her. We became, very gradually, intimate with the marquise and her daughter; and they presented to us such a picture of dignity under all the lowering influences of poverty as our own great army of beggars on horseback might study with advantage.

Such a *menage* as that which the Marquise de Grandsire set up in the third floor of the Hotel of the Four Winds could not be managed in England. Society would have had nothing to do with it. Our *nouveaux riches*, who are getting the upper hand everywhere, would laugh it to scorn. But see how the sometime gentlewoman of Charles X.'s court showed herself superior to fortune.

The Marquis, her husband, had dissipated his wife's fortune and his own when he embarked for America on some new speculation, leaving wife and child dependent on relatives. He was never heard of afterwards. The pittance on which the Marquise and her daughter were compelled by the niggardliness of their kindred to live did not certainly exceed two thousand francs, that is, eighty pounds a year. Madame not only lived on this, but she managed to go out into the world, appear at quiet *soirees*, and even receive her intimate friends. The lady who filled the bucket in the courtyard in the morning swept her own rooms, cooked her own dinner, and made her own bed. She cast off the shabby dressing-gown in the afternoon, had her hair dressed by her daughter, and, wrapped in her lace and furs (a Frenchwoman who once possesses these things never parts with them), went gaily forth to pay visits in the afternoon, or to spend a gay evening, among her equals. In their sight and in her own, her poverty did not derogate from her dignity.

Madame was so rigid an economist that nothing would persuade her to exceed the sum allotted for each day's wants. A little coffee, some eggs, a *bouillon*, a herring, an *orgeat* on cold nights—these were the simple elements of the daily fare of the two ladies Their heads covered with warm *capuchons*, and cosy in the furs of their days of splendor, they walked to and from their balls and routs on winter nights, and we could hear their laughter as they went up-stairs in the small hours to their third floor.

"Je n'ai pas encore organisé ma toilette d'hiver," said Madame de Grandsire, sitting in state in her poor little *salon*, to a visitor who was pressing her to accept an invitation.

The organization was one that required skillful fingers and an inventive head. Mademoiselle was in the simplest robes, and she had aunts who made her presents, but Madame had to rely entirely on her own resources. "People don't make presents to an old woman of sixty," she would say, with a laugh, as she went over her lace for the fiftieth time, and took counsel on the possibility of adapting it to the fashion of the day. "With good lace one is always dressed," was a motto of hers. While poverty had left the dignity of the Grandsire ladies intact, it had hardened their pride. They shrank with horror from any favor or service that appeared to indicate a knowledge of their straits. Madame de Grandsire never thoroughly forgave Madame Dijon for having, one Christmas morning, begged the Marquise and her daughter to accept some beef and plum-pudding, which she had prepared for her English and American customers. The old lady, who dined that day on a herring and an egg, shook with anger when she described to us the liberty which had been taken with her.

Madame de Grandsire was a puzzle to Mr. Ulysses Sap, of Ohio, when he saw her, as he crossed the hotel-yard to his breakfast, busy at the pump. The old *concierge*

touched his hat to her; the feather-dressers, passing out with their work, respectfully wished her good-morning; the postman, saluting her, handed her a letter with a coronet upon it. And yet she looked like a woman who had not a cent in the world! A Marquise in that fig! It was a most excellent joke to Mr. Ulysses Slap.

And Monsieur Ulysse was to Madame de Grandsire one of those rude young boarders whose gross manners Madame Dijon tolerated because it was her *metier* to feed them. Had Madame de Grandsire ever come in contact with Monsieur Ulysse while she was drawing water in her old dressing-gown, and with what hair she had in curl-papers, she would have retorted upon his swagger with the phrase of her old friend, M. Guizot (whom she had received more than once at her table), that he could never rise to the hight of her disdain.

Mr. Slap laughed outright when Laure, the rose-maker, told him that the old lady was a *grande dame*, and that it was not *gentil* on his part to poke fun at her. His American friends laughed with him at the bare idea of human dignity without almighty dollars, of rank without the "fixings." And they never could be persuaded to regard Madame de Grandsire in any other light than "the old woman who fills her bucket every morning in the courtyard." Madame Dijon protested that Monsieur Ulysse and his friends were *des bons enfans*, but Madame de Grandsire insisted that they were *des mals eleves;* and so the two ladies parted. The Marquise went away, and died in an attic in the Faubourg St. Honore, nearly opposite Lord Lyons' kitchen windows; and lately the papers had a touching account of the funeral of poor Madame Dijon, at which many of her grateful boarders attended. For she was good to the stranger in difficulties, and patient to her own hurt towards the student who could not pay his bill.—*The World.*

GIANTS.

We are shortly to have another Chinese giant in London, whose hight considerably exceeds that of the famous Chang. Yow-Shan, the new monster, stands already 8 feet 3 inches in his stockings, and has not yet done growing, whilst Chang's full stature was only 7 feet 9 inches. But Yow-Shan is not so shapely and comely a giant as Chang. He has a remarkably and abnormally small head, with feet and hands as remarkably and abuormally large. A huge, ungainly creature is Yow-Shan, with a supernatural appetite. His daily quantum of rice is a bucketful—about as much, in other words, as would suffice for a dozen ordinary men. Yow-Shan's parents allege that his growth to this enormous size was so sudden and rapid as to justify them in terming it miraculous. Up to the age of seventeen they declare that Yow-Shan was the smallest of an average-sized family, but one day he caught a curious fish, which he cooked and devoured whole, scales and all. He was seized with illness after this injudicious meal, and for two months remained unconscious. When he came to his senses again he found that he had grown upwards of two feet in the course of his illness, and since that time he has been growing gradually and steadily, at the rate of about half an inch a month. As he has still some two years of growth before him, Yow-Shan should eventually eclipse all the giants of modern days. For we gather from an interesting paper on "Giants," in the September number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* that the greatest hight attained by any human being of whom we have any record, for the last five or six hundred years, is 9 ft. 3 in. The proud possessor of all these inches was John Middleton, "the Child of Hale," who was born in 1578. He was run very close, however, by Cajanus, the Swedish giant, who was exhibited in London in 1742, and who stood exactly 9 feet. But, after all, these are the veriest pigmies compared with our first parents. For, if we are to believe M. Henriou, a Member of the French Academy of Sciences, who wrote a treatise in 1718 on the extraordinary decrease in human stature and physique between the Creation and the Christian Era, Adam attained the majestic hight of 123 feet 9 inches, and Eve that of 118 feet 9 inches. We may, indeed, say, with the Scriptural historian, "There were giants in the earth in those days!" In this degenerate age, however, we may well rest content with the proportions of this long Celestial, for whom, we doubt not, there will soon be fierce competition among the managers of those three great nurseries of curiosities, the Crystal Palace, the Alexandra Palace, and the Westminster Aquarium—unless, indeed, Barnum should forestall them all by cable.—*Coming Events.*

Ex-Boss Tweed has been called by some one the Colossus of Rogues.

CROW-WHICH.

[BY A. S. MILLER.]

A Cabin side,
At eventide:
The traveler seeking shelter there:—
"Keep you all night?
Sartin, Jedge, 'light,
Sech as we have we share."

"Jones are our name."
"Square Jones?" "The same.
You 'quainted much this way?"
Sal, fetch a chair;
You, Bill, out thar,
Give that yer hoss some hay."

Of rooms but two
Has Jones, and few
His household good, and poor—
Two chairs, one bed—
His guests instead
Have "shakedowns" on the floor.

Yet here, forsooth,
This man uncouth
Has pictures twenty-three!
Cheap prints, and small
Save one, are all—
A chromo, that of Lee.

The traveler says,
With wondering gaze:
"You're fond of fine arts, Squire?"
"Pictur's? Oh, Sal,
My oldest gal,
Hez a hankerin' for them thar."

"That chromo's fine;
If it were mine
I'd deem myself quite rich,
As doubtless you,
My friend, now do—"
"Beg parding, Jedge, cro-which?"

"Chro-*mo*, that one—
The South's true son;
Of course you hold that dear?"
"Crow-*mo*!" says he,
"That's old Bob Lee—
I fit under him four year!"

—*Scribner.*

The "Capitol," Washington, D. C., thus amusingly satirizes New York fox-hunting: "The young nobility of New York, among whom we notice scions of the proudest lineages, A. Belmont Purdy, F. Gray Griswold, L. Jerome, and many others revered in our midst, have introduced the fine old aristocratic sport of fox-hunting, with a pack of English fox-hounds, scarlet coats, horn and huuter, fast arrayed. The only drawbacks to a full realization of a real English hunting scene, with the pack in "full cry," seems to have been at the late meeting of the "Queen's County Hounds" on Long Island; the fox wouldn't run, the horses wouldn't or couldn't jump, and six of the young nobility fell off. The fox, a timid, scared barn-yard depredator, got wet and was found skulking in the bushes, where the hounds came upon him unexpectedly, before he had gone a rod from cover, and ate him up, all except the "brush." This trophy was given to one of the ladies who accompanied the fox-hunters in a basket phaeton. The first to drop out, we are told, was a gentleman on Scamp. Scamp got wild and unmanageable, probably from a prescient instinct that he would be called upon to break his own legs by bad riding. He therefore ran madly around the field two or three times, and finally bolted for a neighboring village. Mr. Roosevelt was unwell, and feeling unable to proceed, dropped out and rode back to his hotel. Mr. Oelrichs "took a cropper." In the vernacular, in going over a fence, Mr. Oelrichs couldn't ride well, and fell off. Mr. Ellison's horse fell down, and kicked his rider slightly in the chest. Mr. Carter's horse went down on his knees, and threw Mr. Carter over his head, which doubtless astonished Mr. Carter, who had seen nothing of that sort in the beautiful plates of English hunting scenes. Mr. Griswold's horse stumbled over the rails of a track where the wild hunt crossed it, and fell on his nose. The description of the hunt in the Court Journal, the *World*, after mentioning A. Belmont Purdy 'in pink,' Mr. Robert Center 'in pink,' Mr. Herman Oelrichs 'in pink', Mr. C. Dubois Wagstaff 'in pink,' dismisses the remaining rabble by saying, 'two U. S. army officers, three grooms and five or six of the yeomanry' followed the cavalcade. Heavens! This is too much. The regular army lumped in with grooms and 'the yeomanry.' It is consoling, though, that no mention is made of the military mercenaries, the bumpkinry, or the stable-boys having fallen off. That is probably owing to their good fortune in not being 'in pink.' A man 'in pink' is capable of things which would appall an officer, a yeoman, or even a groom. We grow scarlet at the bare thought of the possible vagaries of a man 'in pink.'"

INFLUENCE OF THE SUN.

The Geelong "News of the Week" (Sept. 15th) has a long and interesting article on the influence of the sun, from which we make the following extract:

Mr. Meldrum, of the Mauritius Observatory, has brought forward a table, covering the period from 1847 to 1873, showing that there have been more cyclones in the Indian Ocean during years of maximum than during years of minimum sun spots. The same periodicity is also proved as regards cyclones on the coast of Central America by a similar document, furnished by Professor Poey. Further, we have the testimony of Dr. Arthur Schuster, who has extended his research as far back as 1784. Thus, it has been found that the years of minimum sun-spots coincide very nearly with the good wine years of France and Germany. Again, Dr. Hunter, Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India, writes that *famines in Southern India have a period of recurrence, which is nearly eleven years, being thus of the same duration as the sun-spot frequency.* We have here evidence from various quarters clearly pointing to the relation and connection which subsists between those gigantic operations which are at work on the sun's surface, and the magnetic and meteorological condition of the earth, and it becomes of great interest to ascertain the nature of this connection. Already upwards of fifty years have been spent in the accumulation of facts, and we have much evidence which yet requires digestion. We are now but upon the threshold of the subject; the sun's influence upon the earth is more and more considered, and taking every day a firmer hold of the scientific men of the present time. Mr. J. A. Brown, the well-known meteorologist and magnetician, says: "My present opinion is, that meteorological phenomena are due to solar actions; that the heating is not the only one; but that the action which produces variations in the earth's magnetic force affects the conditions of the atmospheric gasses, introducing forces which we cannot in the present state of our knowledge appreciate, though the facts prove their existence."

We draw the attention of our astronomical and meteorological friends to the foregoing paragraph, as we are anxious to elicit whether they have observed any coincidence—during years of minimum or maximum sun-spots—with our seasons of drouth or of abundant rainfall. If so, we shall be glad to be favored with their communications. Last year, Professor Jevons, of Owens' College, Manchester (England) read a paper on the influence of the sun-spot period *upon the price of grain.* He found, from the recorded prices of commodities in England (vide Rogers' History of Agriculture and Prices in England) that *the prices of each kind of produce rose during the first four of the eleven year sun-spot period, and then fell. The maximum prices occurred in the tenth, eleventh, first, second and third years.*—[ED. OF N. L.]

CURE FOR POISONOUS BITES.

Editor News Letter:—As your valuable paper goes all around the globe, I wish you would publish to the world for the benfit of all scorpion-stricken regions, that from one to six drops of the mother tincture of the root of aconite "Aconitum Nepellus" will cure immediately the sting of the most venomous scorpion. It never fails; put from one to six drops of the tincture in a few spoonfuls of water, and give a spoonful every few minutes. I have cured many in Mexico, where I made the discovery. I never had occasion to give more than one drop of the tincture. When I made known my discovery to the authorities of the scorpion-stricken city of Durango, there was one among them, a *medico*, who declared there was no remedy. I immediately bared my arm, and offered to let it be stung with one, ten or twenty scorpions. This satisfied him for the time. The next day it was tested upon two persons who had been stung; it cured them, much to the chagrin of the small, narrow-minded doctors. Their expensive and useless services for this purpose are not required any more by the people of Durango. Let it also be known and remembered that *veratum album hellibories blanco* is the specific antidote for aconite; dose the same as above stated. ALFRED A. GREEN.

Age makes us tolerant. I never see a fault which I did not commit.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

Notwithstanding contradictary statements, we see no reason to douht the accuracy of Russian dispatches imforming us that Erzeroum, the capital of Armenia, has heen occupied hy the Czar's troops. Details of any fighting are wanting, hut it is evident that any resistance the Ottomans may have made could have been hut feeble. Commanded as Erzeroum is hy neighhoring hights, Mukhtar Pasha had no choice but to retire, and we learn that his army divided, part going in a southwesterly direction to Erzingan and part to Trehizond. The promptitude with which General Heymann followed up his victory at the Aladja Dagh reflects credit on his military capacity as a leader, as well as on the men under his command, for the rapidity of their movements. No time was allowed the Turkish General, after his defeat on the 15th of Octoher, to reorganize his shattered forces, and owing to the loss of his artillery on that occasion, and nearly half of his command, it was clearly impossihle that he could have made any opposition to the Russian advance. The only hope of the Turks was that winter storms would have rendered the roads impassable, but even in this respect the Russians must have heen favored, with the exception of a snowstorm, which gave a slight check to their columns advancing from Olti. The Russian garrison of occupation will have many difficulties to contend with, not the least of which will he that of provisioning the place for the winter, and it may be expected that Mukhtar Pasha's army, although in no condition to fight a pitched battle, will yet he able to hover ahout the neighborhood to cut off convoys. The Bussians, therefore, at Erzeroum are liable to have to endure similar sufferings to those of Bayazid. Kars can he in no danger unless iusufficiently provisioned, and it would be impossihle to prolong the investment during the rigors of winter. Batoum cannot be taken, even if the Russian commander could spare the troops to attack, as, iu addition to its fortifications, it is protected hy the war vessels in the harbor, and for a similar cause it cannot be starved out, these two fortresses may yet prove to he thorns in the Russian side.

The reports that reach us from Bulgaria have not, of late, heen very consistent. The turning point of the campaign rests upon the reduction of Plevna. We have heen repeatedly told that the garrison is completely invested; but on the other hand reports from Turkish sources declare that they are amply provisioned. The chief danger is likely to arise from a failure of ammunition, in the expenditure of which the Turks are known to be extra lavish, and the constant pressure from without will tend to hasten. The situation of the helligerents has come to be a mere matter of endurance, and the ultimate issue cannot he much longer delayed. Chevket Pasha, when last heard from, was said to be steadily advancing along the Sofia road with a large convoy, guarded by a strong escort. If he succeed in again provisioning the garrison, Todlehen's plan of starving them out will have to he ahandoned, and the Russians would either have to try another open attack on Osman's fortified positions, with apparently no better prospects than hefore, or they must give up all hopes of seizing them during the present campaign. In no case does it follow that Osman Pasha will eapitulate, as, with so large an army of proved veterans as he has with him, he may at any time elect to fight his way out and retire to Widdin. It is prohable another week will decide.

The success of the Russian arms in Armenia will again awaken among the English people their fears of danger to British interests, which had heen considerahly allayed by previous appearance of Russian weakness; it may also strengthen the prospects of peace. The continued success of one of the helligerents only helped to increase the feelings of suspicion which have evidently existed among the nations who are spectators of the struggle, and who have been more engaged in looking after their own interests than to the general welfare of all. But, considering the serious losses both have sustained, and the extent to which their resources have heen weakened, it is not improbahle that Russian successes would hring about a general desire for peace, and lead to a combined effort to settle the questions at issue upon the idea of a common interest.

Royal Homage to Shakspeare.--A translation of "Hamlet" into Portuguese, hy the King of Portugal, has lately heen puhlished at Lisbon.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

Every one who reads the daily papers will have noticed with regret, this week, the announcement of the sickness of Mr. Theophilus McFluter, occasioned through a fall from his horse. This young gentleman, so well known as the Secretary of the Polypus Dancing Club, and Tyler of the Grand Lodge of Cream Pie Chewers, thoughtlessly tied up his horse to a lamp-post, while he went into the What Cheer House to eat a plate of waffles á la sauce piquante, and trifle with a dish of hash á la six-plates-for-a-quarter. Being somewhat pre-occupied after his banquet, and engrossed by the preparation in his mind of a reply to the "Dance of Death," which he proposes to publish shortly, he forgot to untie the strap which connected his Arab steed with the post, and gaily mounting his back, he dug the spurs into his ribs, and started up the street. The horse only went three feet, but Mr. McFluter was picked up in the mud, in a state of unconsciousness, four blocks off. There is no truth in the dirty slander circulated by his enemies, that he never had a horse, but got drunk on the City Front, and laid down in the gutter. We have seen the mud on his clothes, and can assert that it could not have come there except through a fall in the way we have described. This infamous story has been circulated by envious Polyps and Cream Pie Chewers, and these two organizations should investigate the matter, with a view to the expulsion of the authors of the report.

Yesterday was Lord Mayor's Day in London, and the reflective Californian cannot fail to ponder over the desirability of establishing a similar institution in San Francisco. There is plenty of time to arrange the pageant between this and the 1st of December, and it might be somewhat as follows: First, the Board of Supervisors, mounted on horseback and clad in magnificent armor, kindly loaned by the managment of the California Theater, followed by Emperor Norton and his entire suit (including vest), and General McComb carrying the "Soldier of Marathon" on the top of a large dray. The dray would be supplied gratis by Mr. Kearny. The next feature of the procession should be Auditor Maynard and Mr. Murphy bearing a large water-pipe, and a banner with this inscription: "In this we trust." The rear might appropriately be brought up by Mr. Forepaugh's menagerie, now in Winter quarters near this city, with General Cobb tied on to the largest elephant, and whacking him over the head with a Safety Committee club. There is no reason in this land, where our streets are literally paved with gold—thanks to the street contractors—why we should not compete with a misty, fog-begrimed, one-horse town like Loudon in everything from a civic display to a dog show.

The "opinion" quotations fluctuate considerably as new stock continues to be put upon the market. The Haight opinion is not in big demand, as experts pronounce it not worth the working. It does not assay sufficient to the ton. This may be because there isn't much of it. The Adams opinion was immediately jumped upon by the bears, but it is the general idea that any one will be caught napping who attempts to short it. The Lake opinion is unmistakably wildcat. Prudent speculators will avoid investment. For a booming market, however, we need a little something from the "Daily Press District." The masterly manner in which they have kept their stock out of the hands of the public is only excelled by the Commissioners' achievements in the same line. The cheerful readiness with which the various water companies have "put up" deserved, in each case, the guileless simplicity and candor of the response. But life is an arid waste unless enlivened by the battle of the daily papers. Thus, while opinions are flying around loose and cheap at the money invested, the rudderless public revolves the various waters in its head and cries, "Where is the Daily Press?" An obliging stranger assures us that it has not been *seen*.

In Northampton, Mass., they have erected a theater on the site of an old church and a graveyard. *Hamlet* was the opening piece, and was played with great success. The first digger got down a trap-door, and he shoveled up eighteen or nineteen skulls in less than no time, besides a cart load of thigh bones and old ribs. The desire for "real effects" in the modern drama is evidently increasing.

No one knows (except the journalist, whose business it is to know) what undercurrents of respectable rascality exist beneath life's smiling surface to pull many a fair bark to ruin. A sad tale—the old one of woman's trust and man's perfidy—has lately come to our ears. The hero is a well known Clay street merchant, a family man, of course,—and the "dreadful example" a lady now abroad, in more seuses than one, homeless, husbandless, but, unfortunately for her, not childless, thanks to the lothario, who took care to leave her a copy of his precious self—shipped away and barred from a return! If those scraps from real life were given as they occur, by our moralists and guides, they would be better for young and old thau sermons and "vague generalities." When the spell is on us we feel very much inclined to resolve ourselves into a sort of supplemental person to give those much needed novelettes that the gentlemen of the cloth leave out. Who knows but that, if exasperated beyond endurance, we may do so. Verb. sap. sat.

The speculative mind will often interest itself in an uninteresting object, simply because the object obtrudes itself. No more reasonable explanation can be given for the absurd amount of attention which is being engrossed by the future of Mr. Dupont Fleet. As a Supervisor his career has been confined principally to interposing objections. Aside from his master-stroke of baptism, the records do not furnish evidence of his having done much else. This is not only a bad accomplishment to get a living with, but submits a man to the possibility of being frequently kicked when he has not a supervisorsbip to sustain himself with. In short, the only opening just now for a man with such an unparalleled facility for making a nuisance of himself is to replace tbe kiosk. Mr. Dupont Fleet, placed on a crowded corner, and well posted over with bills, might rejoice in tbe double advantage of hiding his superfluous identity and making himself as conspicuously disagreeable as he delights to be.

Cuffey Cove, Marin County, was almost destroyed by fire the other day, and threatened, at one perilous moment, to add another to the long list of horrors which sell the extras. The appalling disaster was averted by the simultaneous turning out of the whole fire department with a bucket of water. In half an hour the fire department was able to go home, put on a clean shirt, marry a couple, dispatch a telegraphic message, distribute the mail, mix three gin slings, sell a bushel of potatoes and write an editorial. Cuffey Cove, having survived its threatened fate, now thinks of building a couple of houses and calling the space between them a street.

The erstwhile buoyant form of the cheerful reporter is in a state of undeniable limpness. The fire has faded from his eye, and its cold unspeculative glance sees an item in nothing. The pencil falls from bis palsied finger, and the rustle of the familiar newspaper does not quicken his numbed senses. He is as useless in the scheme of creation as the wife of a Nob Hill man, and as idle as an incendiary speaker. He has given out. A very large section of the population is similarly used up. This paralyzing effect has been brought about by a wild, useless and simultaneous endeavor on the part of all classes to perpetrate an original witticism on Day and Knight, the recent acquisitions to the county jail. It is sad to reflect that no one has succeeded after all this prostrating endeavor. In point of fact, there was no joke on Day and Knight excepting their arrest.

Female pedestrianism has broken out in San Jose. It is said to exist in a worse form than the daily eruption of brides, and there is quite a competition between them in point of numbers. It is easy to see which has the best of it, for your bride may easily become a pedestrian, while your pedestrian may not easily become a bride. Under some circumstances these young women sbould be encouraged in the pursuit of their harmless pleasure. But, as any animated being, endowed with common reasoning powers, will make use of a course of training in tbis line to get out of San Jose, it might occur to these young women to move in solid phalanx upon San Francisco. If there is any thing of which we have a superfluous abundance it is women, dust and Supervisors. The invasion from San Jose is respectfully declined.

Quong Lee, an interesting child of five summers, all spent in Oakland, had the forethought to tumble into a pool last week and get drowned. It is a peculiarity of Oakland pools that they will drown any one who will hold their heads under water long enough. The distressing event has cast a gloom over the heads of several families—a gloom which is only mitigated by the comforting thought for each one, that there is a remote possibility and a refreshing uncertainty about the matter which leaves everybody completely in the dark as to whose business it is to mourn. The delicate question now arises, shall Quong Lee's bones be sent to China?

Many persons think that the millennium is near at hand. One of their arguments is that the papers teem with items like this: "The Lake of Como is a beautiful place, and punctuality is the hinge of business, but no person should ever be without Dr. Quincy Slop's new cough lozenges—for sale at all respectable druggists." The philosophic mind will hardly concede that such paragraphs are indicative of the end of the world, although it must be admitted that they are a powerful argument in favor of suicide; and a strong inducement to self-destruction.

Victoria Woodhull is advertised to lecture in Liverpool "as the greatest female American orator living, and Emily Pitt-Stevens, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Anna Dickinson, Phœbe Cozzens, Lucretia Mott, Marie Antoinette Nathalie Pollard, Laura De Force Gordon, and other ladies who occasionally mount the rostrum in a timid manner, smile gently and murmur, "How easily these Britishers are gulled!" This is doubtless the first time since the flood that any six women were ever perfectly united in their ideas on one subject.

Mr. Gladstone has written an article for the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, on "The Color Sense." The African population throughout the United States are very much pleased with this tribute to their reasoning powers, and contemplate getting up a testimonial to the great statesman, accompanied by a request that he will prepare another article, to be entitled "White Trash."

We have the report of British exports for the last nine months in the London letter to the *Financial Chronicle*, showing just the tendencies of English manufactures. As we have repeatedly pointed out, the British exports of cotton goods is not diminishing, but increasing, being for this year (nine months) 2861 million yards, against 2727 for the same time last year, and 2654 in 1875. To the United States, the shipment was 5,013,000, against 5,463,000 and 5,316,000 in the same years. The exports to all countries of iron and steel have increased since 1876, but are still below those of 1875; those of linen yarn have fallen nearly a third in two years, and of linen piece-goods more than 10 per cent. The export of woolen cloths is about stationary, but that of worsted stuffs has fallen off one-fourth, and of carpets one-sixth. During the first month of the harvest year, September, 6,647,000 centals of wheat were imported, of which the United States furnished 2,530,000 centals. This is more than double the importation in the same period last year, and three and a half times the amount then furnished by the United States.

Mr. Coleman Stevens, in consequence of a most unwelcome decision of the Court, realizes all the discomfort of having two wives at once. The extreme misery of many of his fellow beings in having one wife at once does not palliate his suffering in any degree. There is no valid reason why it should, but since it is the only item of consolation to be thought of under the circumstances it is possibly not amiss to mention it. It is awkward to have a marriage ceremony of thirty years back clapped upon a man, in a moment of fancied security with his own Ann Maria. In such extremity there is but one loophole for escape. It only remains for Mr. Stevens to perpetrate a murder. If he hesitate as to which of the Mrs. Stevens he shall select for a victim, we respectfully suggest both. Let him then buy up the jury, and he and some enterprising young girl, who will take advantage of the opportunity, may live in peace forever after.

AFTER THE LAST POPULAR SCIENCE LECTURE.

What She Said on the Way Home.

Yes, I think it was perfectly splendid—
I'm sure I feel awfully wise,
With my head full of glaciers and icebergs
Of such a ridiculous size;
And the masses of what-do-you-call-it?
The dirt that is ever so old—
And came down on the ice to New Jersey—
It must have been awfully cold.

The views, too, weren't they lovely?
Especially Mont Blanc and the Alps;
Though the last ones were perfectly frightful—
Those men with the clubs and scalps—
Well, may be they didn't have scalps—
They frightened me all the same;
And that animal—wasn't he horrid?
The—what-did-he-say-was-his-name?

Oh! I perfectly dote upon science;
I think its just jolly good fun;
And I wish I were going on your expe-
Dition, with knapsack and gun.
Mamma says I'm growing strong-minded,
And should cut off my hair, and all that;
Though eye-glasses would not become me,
And how could I keep on my hat?

Here's the end of our walk. Good-night!
You may call Wednesday evening, Rob,
And we'll talk of the Glacial Epoch
And the wonderful thingumabob.

—*R. E. A., in the Princetonian.*

GEO. PEN JOHNSTON.

The worthy editor in chief of the *Examiner* has sustained a painful bereavement in the death of his father. Rev. Ben. W. Johnston was born in Louisville, Kentucky, December 10, 1797, and for nearly sixty years, almost without intermission, was an earnest and eloquent exponent of the word of God, as he understood it, and as interpreted in the creed of Methodism. He was, probably, employed as zealously, and enlisted longer in his holy calling than any clergyman in the United States. No later than the Sabbath before the day of his death he publicly preached with his habitual fervor and force, and being in his usual vigorous health, it seemed to those around him that he was to be spared for many more years of useful labor. Mr. Johnston leaves a large family of children and grandchildren to lament the sudden and unexpected end of his earthly pilgrimage. But they can garner supreme consolation from the assurance that their deceased parent is now enjoying the bliss of a

> "Heaven in whose wide
> Air his spirit may find room, and in the love
> Of whose bright habitants his lavish heart
> May spend itself."

A retired sea-captain of New York has a young crow which bears the name of "Jack," and takes its grog like an old salt. A South Brooklyn politician offered to treat the crow. A glass was half-filled with old rye whisky; the crow made for it, drank it up greedily, gave a hoarse croak of maudlin delight, and fell over on one side. Its recovery was rapid, and it soon walked off. This dissolute bird is in the habit of getting drunk two or three times a day, and would be a stumbling block to ornithological temperance societies, as it seems to thrive on whisky.

"Don't show my letters," wrote a young man to a young lady whom he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply; "I am just as much ashamed of them as you are."

THE CALIFORNIA BEAR.

It is believed in California that a bear will not claw a dead body. This fact reaches us in proof of the theory. A Lahore shepherd, the other day, met a bear on the narrow ledge of a Himalayan track. Escape was impossible, save at a greater risk, and the man fell down on his face,

as if dead. The bear shook him, and then poked him with a stick, in vain. At last Bruin retired, only to return with a club-like branch, wherewith to beat his victim into an appearance of life. Taking advantage of a happy moment, the shepherd pushed his enemy over the precipice, below which the carcase, with eagle and vulture on it, testified to the truth of the story.—*Mayfair.*

The Louisville "Courier-Journal" is ungallant enough to print a correspondence in which the women of San Francisco are stigmatized as "unpardonably homely." We have waited with considerable impatience to hear from the editor of the Mendocino *Dispatch* in refutation, but have concluded the Louisville correspondent must have caught a glimpse of the editor upon the occasion of her last visit to San Francisco, and she has found it out. We ourselves would cheerfully undertake to convince the paragraphist of his error, were it not for the exceeding difficulty in finding materials wherewith to disprove the foul aspersions. Also, there is a peculiar difficulty in battling with an opponent who has an awkward knack of basing his statements upon the simple wholesome truth.

"Everything was satisfactory," said an epicure paying his bill at a suburban hotel, "but next time remember that the age is in the wine instead of in the goose."

THE OLIVER-TOBIN NUPTIALS.

"**A Dionigi Giuseppe Oliver, San Francisco.**—Il Santo Padre ha coucesso hen di cuore l' implorata benedizione."

"The Holy Father has granted with all his heart tbe benediction sought for." Such was the Pope's reply to Mr. Oliver's request that he would bestow his papal benediction on the fair young bride who was united in matrimony to Mr. Robert Tobin on Tuesday last. The wedding has been long expected and looked forward to by the *elite* of the city, both Catholic and Protestants, and in solemnity and splendor far surpassed any previous reunion of this sort in San Francisco. The great wealth of the two families, their well-kuown hospitality, and the recognized taste of the bride's father rendered it certain that the Oliver-Tobin nuptials would be the affair par excellence of the season.

Shortly after eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, His Grace Archbishop Alemany, assisted by the Very Reverend Father John Prendergast, Vicar General, and the Rev. Father Thomas McSweeney, also of the cathedral, performed the marriage ceremony, which was immediately followed hy the celebration of Mass, at which the groom and bride received Holy Communion aud the accompanying nuptial blessing. The beautiful ceremonies were solemized in the exquisite little chapel which has been erected on the second floor of the mansion, and is specially privileged by the Holy Father for the celebration of Mass at all times. The great affection which is entertained by His Holiness for Mr. Oliver has been manifested in more ways than onc, and he carries on his breast the ribbon and the insignia of Knighthood in the Order of the Grand Cross of St. Gregory the Great. At the conclusion of Mass His Grace said a few affectionate words to the happy couple and the bridal party adjourned to breakfast. The guests at the wedding and breakfast included His Grace the Archbishop, the Very Rev. J. Prendergast, V. G., and the Rev. Thos. McSweeney, the Rev. A. Varsi and M. Acolti, S. J., the Rev. Hugh Gallagher of St. Joseph's, the Rev. John F. Harrington of St. Francis', and the Rev. William A. Spreckles of Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tobin, with all their family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Tobin and Miss Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. Regan, Mrs. J. A. McGlynn and family, Miss Minnie Oliver, Mr. Joseph Oliver, brother of the bride, Mrs. John B. Oliver, Mr. Bartley Oliver, Miss Annie Healy, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Sullivan, Mr. William O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. John Sullivan and their son, Mr. Frank Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Wensinger, Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. Doyle, Mr. Michael Hawkins, Mr. Richard O'Sullivan, and Prof. Dance.

Mr. Alfred Tobin and Miss Minnie Oliver acted respectively as best man and bridesmaid. The invitations to the breakfast were necessarily limited, hut six hundred invitations had been issued for the evening reception which lasted from 8 P. M. to midnight, although many of the happy guests kept up the festivities till the "wee sma' hours." Fearing, perhaps, that eveu his spacious salons might not accommodate all his guests, Mr. Oliver had a long tent or hall huilt, exquisitely adorned with flowers and lit with numberless Chinese lanterns. Although almost every one who was not unavoidahly absent, attended, yet there was not the slightest crowding, and the elegant rooms filled with rare works of art, combined witb the magnificence of the toilettes, formed a scene probably unequaled in splendor in the annals of our city. The *News Letter* regrets that it is positively unable to descant upon the beauties of the bride's toilette, or to dwell on the merits of the point applique lace and tbe length of her train, but in a humble way we may remark that trains at least seven feet long are again in fashion and depressing the hearts of husbands with limited incomes. The happy couple received their friends under a floral arch, from which hung a delightfully odorous marriage bell constructed of violets and camellias. The supper was presumedly one of the finest banquets ever gotten up by the Maison Doree, and it was as splendid as Mr. Oliver's limitless order and the art of Dingeon's cooks could supply. Great praise is due to Mr. M. Hawkins for the gallant manner in which he officiated as master of ceremouies.

The presents, which were exhihited in a retiring room up-stairs, were as follows, although possibly we may have omitted several:

From the bridegroom, a gold locket, set in diamonds, emeralds and pearls; a diamond solitaire ring, with an onyx background; an exquisite turquoise brooch and ear-rings; a pair of ear-rings, of new design,

imported from Paris, made of heavy gold spikes. Mr. Alfred Tobin gave the bride a set of cameos and pearls; Mr. J. Tobin, a pair of large diamond ear-rings; Master Richard Tobin, a silver card-case, and Master Edward Tobin a jewel-case; Master Clement Tobin, a toilet set; Miss Celie Tobin, a flower-vase representing a silver swan, driven by a Cupid; Master Joseph Tobin, a glove-case, and Miss Byrne, a silver bouquet-holder, and also another from "the baby."

Mrs. Richard Tobin gave her daughter-in-law a diamond cross, containing eleven large stones, and an exquisite Etruscan chain; while the happy father-in-law presented the bride with a pair of magnificent gold bracelets, set in diamonds and pearls, and a ring consisting of three bands of gold, set in diamonds and rubies; and Miss Agnes Tobin contributed an Etruscan comb, of tortoise-shell and gold.

The bride also received from Mr. David Mahoney a very heavy gold cross and necklace; from Mr. and Mrs. Wensinger, silver ice-cream bowls, and spoons washed with gold. Similar presents were also made by Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Doyle, Mr. Jno. A. Farrelly, and Mr. Daniel Murphy; so that if the young couple are fond of ice-cream, they can enjoy the luxury every day for two or three months, without using the same bowl twice. This duplicating of wedding presents is an evil that cannot always be obviated, though the donors can change their gifts afterwards. Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan and Mr. John Sullivan each gave a complete silver fish-service; Mrs. and Miss Dora Sherwood, a beautiful set of silverware; Mr. Edw. Martin, a set of table and tea-spoons; and Mr. Jno. Hammill, a silver dinner-service. Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Casserly contributed a sugar-bowl and cream-jug; Mr. Eugene Murphy, a set of salt-cellars; and Paymaster Doran a pair of salt-boxes shaped like acorns. The other presents were, notably, Mrs. Breeze, gold napkin-rings and silver card-basket; a silver purse from Mr. F. Sullivan, and a complete set of ivory toilet brushes from Mr. Michael Hawkins; Mrs. Peter Donahue, a heavy set of silver; Mrs. Keating, asparagus tongs; Miss Mamie Donahue, large silver pitcher; the Sisters of the Holy Family, white satin pin-cushion.

The floral gifts can scarcely be described. There must have been over fifty perfect pyramids of flowers sent by friends to commemorate the happy day. Many of them were over four feet in hight, and constructed of the rarest exotics and flowers obtainable in the State. In fact, California's gardens were pillaged for the occasion, and the spoils all heaped up to adorn this happy bridal.

Among the guests we noticed: Governor P. H. Burnett, Hon. C. T. Ryland and Miss Ryland, Judge Wallace and wife, Miss Wallace, Mr. Ryland Wallace, Mr. Richard Wallace, Dr. Shorb, Mr. John B. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. English, Miss Lizzie Hawkins, Senator P. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Edw. Martin, the Rev. Dr. Platt, Rector of Grace Church; Mr. Chas. White and Miss White, Mrs. Buckley, the Misses Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Camillo Martin, Mr. T. Bergin, General D. D. Colton, General Wilcox, U. S. A.; Paymaster Doran, U. S. N.; Mr. and Mrs. John Deane, Miss Frances, Mr. De Fremery, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. McGlynn, Dr. and Mrs. Nuttall, Mr. Nutall, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Fitch, Mr. Lovell White, Mr. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pixley, Mr. Jas. R. Kelly, Mr. Joseph Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards, Mr. E. Buckley, Captain and Mrs. Mullen, Mr. Denis Mahoney, Senator Casserly, Mr. S. Wilson, Judge Wright, Hon. F. McCoppin, Hon. John S. Swift, Judge Morrison, Senator Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McC. Delany, Colonel W. K. Evans, U. S. A.; Mr. and Mrs. F. MacCrellish, Hon. Philip A. Roach, Hon. S. J. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Moulder, Mr. C. B. Hensley, Dr. Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. Nesfield, Dr. and Mrs. Pawlicky, Col. Stewart and lady, Col. Peter Donahue and lady, Miss Donahue, F. S. Wensinger and lady, the Misses Roche, R. E. Doyle and lady, Mr. George Horan and Miss Gosson.

The happy couple left on Wednesday for a short honeymoon at that delightful watering place, Santa Barbara, and it is understood that on their return another reception will be held at the residence of Mrs. Richard Tobin, commemorative alike of her own silver wedding and the happy event we have described.

North Corolina has a gander fifty-five years old.

"CALL ME NOT DEAD."

Call me not dead when I, indeed, have gone
  Into the company of the ever-living
  High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving
Rather be made. Say—"He at last hath won
Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,
  Music and song and light of immortal faces:
  To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,
He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.
To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,—
  And our lost friend just catch one syllable
  Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well,—
Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass,
  Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still
  To chanted hymns that sound from the heavenly hill."

—*Scribner for November.*

A USEFUL DOG.

A well-dressed young woman entered a restaurant not far from the terminus of the Orleans railway, and told the waiter to bring her in all haste a basin of soup, as she was about to take her departure on the next train. This was immediately done; and after having eaten it, and paid the waiter, she was hurrying away, saying that she should certainly be late, when she perceived her passage barred by a large dog, which refused to let her pass. She attempted by caresses to put it aside, but the animal held firm and opposed her way. "I shall certainly be late!" cried she. "Do take away that horrible dog!" The waiter and the master cried out, "Vidocq, Vidocq! give way sir!" but the dog never stirred. One of the waiters here whispered something to the master, who, coming up to the young woman, said—"if my dog prevents you leaving the premises, the reason must be that you have some of the property belonging to the house about you. You had better give it up at once and go your way. The person thus addressed at first affected great indignation at being so accused, but at last drew out a silver spoon, which she hauded to the owner of the restaurant. The dog then allowed her to pass, and she was hurrying off when she was seized by her mantlet, and forced to stop. This time it was by a police agent, who had been on the lookout for several persons suspected of being concerned in a robbery, and who, it was thought, might attempt to get off by the railway. She was arrested, and on examination her mantlet was found to be furnished with immense pockets for receiving pilfered goods. It is said that this is not the first time that the dog, belonging to the restaurant, has shown himself a faithful guardian of his master's property.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

BEEF FOR JOHN BULL.

The shipment of fresh meat from the Atlantic cities to England has long since passed the experimental state, and the business is now established on a firm footing, and growing with wonderful rapidity. Since the 1st of January the exports have amounted to 83,132,730 pounds of fresh beef and 1,883,000 pounds of mutton. This is in addition to 31,650 head of live stock; the whole valued at $11,460,000. For the corresponding period last year the shipments were confined to 19,990,000 pounds of meat valued at $1,755,191 and no live stock. Such an increase within so short a period indicates a strong demand for the new branch of trade. New York takes the lead in this business, and on the other side of the waters, Liverpool is the destination of seven-eighths of the total, London coming in for only 4,500,000 pounds, and Glasgow getting 10,450,000 pounds. We may also note the fact that New York has sent abroad this season, mainly to Great Britain, some 20,000,000 pounds of butter and 80,000,000 pounds of cheese.

Asparagus is like most sermons. It is the end of it that people enjoy most.

ENGLISH FEARS OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

It really begins to look as if, in the near future, England may modify her free trade policy, and seek to be protected from American manufactures. The London *World* says: "The drain of gold continues to be very heavy, and it will increase rather than diminish; for we have yet to pay for the larger part of the supplies of grain which we require from the United States. We no longer do business with that country on the old-fashioned basis of barter. What we buy from the Americans we have to pay for mainly in hard cash. The philosophers of the *Fortnightly Review* say that this is all in our favor—that the more our exports fall off and our imports increase, the better off we shall be. By pushing the argument only a trifle further, it could easily be made out that it would be greatly to the advantage of England if her foreign trade ceased altogether. We might then all live upon each other, like oysters in a barrel. As Mr. Giffen says, 'Whatever increase of imports there may be is a sign of real ability to pay for them, and *pro tanto* of the undiminished prosperity of the country.' He forgets, like the other philosophers, that if we are constantly spending more money than we earn, our 'real ability' to pay for what we want speedily declines. Look at what is going on now between ourselves and the United States. We require a large quantity of grain, and in former times we should have given certain articles which we manufacture, in exchange for it—cotton goods, iron and steel rails, and so forth. The Americans now say: 'We do not want these things of you any more; in fact, we do not want to buy anything at your shop; and if you want to buy at ours, you must bring your gold in your hand. Bear in mind that we are manufacturers ourselves now.' And Mr. Giffen's comment is, 'Our concern should be to have that manufacturing increase.'

We believe that the working classes will soon take a very different view of the matter. In fact, that they are strongly inclined that way already is sufficiently indicated by the fact that during the past week the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the *Times* have deemed it necessary to "reaffirm" the principles of Free Trade. It is one of the most curious incidents of the day; but it will not surprise any of our readers who have well considered the facts we have put before them during the last few months in reference to the altered course of trade as between England and the United States. "You must stick to Free Trade," says the Marquis of Salisbury, "through good report and through evil report." Very likely; but he will have to find some more active remedy than this for the decay which is settling down on our manufacturing districts. It is not a pleasant subject to write about, but the interests of the country demand that the truth should be told. We now beg the attention of our readers to the following extract from the weekly report of trade given in the *Times*, dated Birmingham, 6th October. We leave them to turn it over in their minds, and form their own conclusions as to what this state of things will lead us to:

"The only shipping markets, indeed, which continue to exhibit any vitality are Australia and New Zealand, and of their orders *a large and increasing proportion is going to the United States*. It is remarked that, although the trade of these colonies is steadily expanding year by year, the business done with them by manufacturing firms in Birmingham and Sheffield is *not now a tenth of what it was three years ago*. On the other hand, there is evidence that the *Australian orders for American hardwares have increased in the same period nearly twentyfold*, owing, as alleged, to the superior quality, design, or finish of these goods, and in no way to their cheapness.

Josh Billings, in his weekly column of philosophy for the *Saturday Satellite* says: "A satellite iz hut a little thing, but it kan hold this great world in its arms. The tung is a little thing, but it fills the universe with trubble. An egg is a little thing, but a krokerdile kreeps into life out ov it. A penny is a very little thing, but the interest on it from the days of Cain and Abel would buy out the globe. A minute iz a little thing, but it iz long enough to get married in, and hav yure own mother-in-law. Josh iz but a little thing, but with Billings after it iz long cuuf for 'tarnal fame."

Actors, like Arabs, previous to taking the road, invariably compare their dates.

A WAR EPISODE.

[The following incident actually occurred at the battle of Kacelyevo, which was fought on the 6th of September last. It is reported hy the special correspondent of the London *Times*, on the authority of an English officer on Mehemet Ali's staff, who was present:]

Death breathed upon the Russian trench
With a line of living flame,
And his screaming missives swift and sure
From the Turkish columns came;
No mortal of flesh and blood could live
In that fierce typhoon of lead,
And the ditch was filled with a writhing mass
Of dying and of dead.

Old warriors, battle-scarred and grim,
Drew backward from the fight,
While weaker men cast their weapons down,
And turned in headlong flight';
I say no mortal might stay and live
Under that ceaseless fire,
Which hotter still and deadlier grew,
As the Turkish front crept nigher.

Yet one stayed on—a beardless youth,
Who to his soldiers cried
For honor's sake, for Russia's sake,
To stand there till they died.
Alas! all those he strove to cheer
Had perished, or had fled—
A moment he stood there alone,
Then staggered and fell dead.

The Turkish colonel saw him fall—
The brave respect the brave—
"Let the rest lie," he said, "this youth
Has earned at least a grave."
They buried him at set of sun,
After the battle-whirl,
And then the armies wept to learn
The hero was a girl!

O fearless soul! what moved thee thus
To put the woman by,
To leave the shuttle for the sword,
And as a man to die?
Was it revenge for lover lost—
Husband or brother slain?
If so, we pray that thou this day
Art with the lost again.

Or did the martial soul of her
Who died for ancient France
Nerve thy weak arms in Russia's cause,
And from thy soft eye glance?
If thus it was, sleep calmly on,
Russia will keep thy fame,
And her sons will fight with tenfold might,
At the echo of thy name!

THE FALL OF MAN.

The following is said to be a Frenchman's account of the temptation and fall of Eve: Monsieur Adam, he walked up, he sees une helle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Voila de la chance. 'Bon jour, Madame Iv.' Madame Iv she wake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eye-glass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv, she feel hungry, she sees appel on ze arbre. Serpent ze promene sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. 'Monsier Serpent,' says Iv, 'weel you not have ze bonte to peek me some appel, j'oi faime?' 'Certainment, Madame,' say ze serpent, 'charme de vous voir.' 'Holo, mon ami, ar-r-r-eter vous,' say Adam; 'stop que songez vous faire? What madness is zees—you must not peek ze appel.' Ze snake, he take one pinch of snuff, he say: 'Ah! Monsieur Adam, do you not know zere is nothing proheheet for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit defendu.' Iv, she make one courtesey, ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel. He say, 'Eritis sicut Deus. Monsieur Adam he will eat ze appel, he will become like one Dieu, know ze good and ze evil; but you, Madame Iv, cannot become more of a goddess zan you are now.' And zis finish Madame Iv.—*Waikato Times.*

Behind the Age.—Mistress: "I'm sorry to hear, Mary, you can't agree with the other servants." Mary: "Well, 'm, *I* dont know who could agree with 'em. Disagreeable old frumps *who've only been in one place this two years!*"—*Fun.*

NEW CALEDONIA—THE FRENCH CONVICT SETTLEMENT.

A Correspondent of the "South Australian Advertiser" writes thus: The island of New Caledonia has a belt of reefs surrounding it at an average distance of eight or ten miles, the reefs forming a fine breakwater, and the water beyond being almost as smooth as a mirror. There is a fine lighthouse here. It is of wrought iron, and stands 170 feet from the water's edge to the center of the light. It was very tedious work making our way inside the reef, as we had to tack backwards and forwards all the way up to Noumea. When we went ashore on Sunday afternoon we saw a great number of South Sea Islanders, Kanakas, and other blacks and half-castes. The appearance of the main and other islands is exceedingly picturesque. Ever and anon we saw the rugged mountain sides, sometimes a beautiful emerald green, then a dark, thick and heavy tropical jungle, and again a piece of scrubby hillside, with here and there innumerable bays. The entrance to the harbor is hidden by the island of Nue (where all, or nearly all, the convicts are kept) and another island. On entering the harbor we were all struck with the exceedingly pretty scene that opened to our view. We were in a splendid harbor, surrounded on all sides by large and small craft—chiefly French—including one steam training ship, one steam transport, and between thirty and forty large and small sailing vessels, two or three being full rigged ships.

The Seat of the Government and Capital.—Noumea is situated on a small plain at the foot of a semicircle of hills, and is composed of about seven streets running east and west, and other six or seven at right angles. The town is about the size of Moonta township; but within half a mile of it are four or five distinct groups of villa residences. Small hills are being removed, and the shallow bay is being filled up, in order to improve the place and give level building ground. The whole of the hill-cutting work is done by the Government, who use the convicts for this labor. It is said there are 20,000 or 30,000 criminals here, besides the Communists, who are kept on a small island called the Isle of Pines, and whose number I cannot tell, as the French are very reticent about such matters. There are fine barracks here, where are stationed 2,000 infantry. In fact the town appears crammed with military quarters. The inhabitants seem to consist of four degrees of people, namely—1st, gentlemen, tradesmen, and civilians; 2d, soldiers and marines; 3d, convicts; and 4th, natives and blacks. The first-named class seem to enjoy life, play billiards, smoke, and drink their wine, etc. The Frenchmen do not work hard, the blacks having all the drudgery to do. There is a fine military hospital here, with two wings and a main building; and this structure, the Governor's house, the barracks (a building with sixty windows in front), a fine bank, a banker's house (a regular beauty), a few good hotels, good post and telegraph offices (the telegraph goes all around the island), new smelting works, and several first-class villas comprise the principal buildings in the capital of New Caledonia. The city is surrounded on three sides by the sea, the eastern side being the exception. As I stand on the look-out hill—on which is the signal tower 250 feet above sea level—the birdseye view of Noumea, the harbor and shipping, with the various islands to right and left, and the sea running islands, I am irresistibly reminded of Dr. Richardson's 'City of Hygeia.' If the heat be not too severe, I think I shall like the place well, as tradesmen's wages are high, and all looks promising as yet. The transportation of criminals from France is still going on. A large ship with some hundreds of convicts arrived to-day. This undesirable class of colonists is fortunately kept much to itself on the island of Nue."

[The French took possession of this island in the year 1853. Its native population is put at 50,000. The mineral resources are very great, coal, iron, copper, and nickel abound. Gold also has been found. The nickel mines yield so largely as to have already become the main source of supply to Europe. The copper mines promise to return largely when adequately worked.—Ed. of N. L.]

The ladies are taking thought of their winter raiment.

THE O'CONOR RAILROAD LAW.

Out of the bitter contest over the question of controlling the railways of the State, was evolved the O'Conor law. It was a compromise, and apparently offered the best solution of the difficulties which beset legislation on the subject. The people were thereby provided with a method of relief against the oppression of transportation companies, and the latter protected from ill-advised and pernicious legislation. The theory of the law is excellent, the operation of its prototype in Massachusetts has resulted in correcting abuses and enlightening the public in the science of railway management. A Board of Commissioners, appointed by the Governor, is given the power to obtain from transportation companies, by inspection of books and through annual reports from the officers, information covering all points upon which the public desire to be instructed, and accompanying this supervisory power is the authority to entertain complaints of discrimination or exorbitant charges by railway companies, and to prosecute, through the courts, for any violation of the law. The commissioners are in receipt of salaries which are certainly sufficient compensation for the services required. The entire success of this law is dependent upon the ability, energy, and integrity of the commissioners. If they are unworthy of the trust, in any of these respects, the law is a dead letter. Charles Francis Adams, and men like him, combining wealth, high moral endowments, undoubted social standing, and statesmanship, have made the Massachusetts law a living working element of Government autonomy, and undoubtedly accomplished much in curbing the aggressions of great corporations, and protecting railway proprietors from ruinous legislation. Whether we have such men in California, we shall not pretend to answer. Mere political appointees are not likely to insure the permanency of this measure. The existing Board contains some excellent material, but whether the members are suited to the work assigned, is to be determined by experience. As yet it has certainly figured very little in public, nor do we call to mind any remarkable cases where it has exercised its functions for the public good. Some suits have been brought in the courts, and, doubtless, considerable statistical information collected. In October, 1876, several thousand circulars were distributed over the State, inviting all citizens to place before the Board any information concerniug transportation, or cases of violation of the provisions of the act. Whether the people regarded the invitation as a mere formality, or the transportation companies were very circumspect in their acts, no response to these circulars was sent in until the expiration of a year. Recently, a committee of five Los Angeles merchants filed, with the Board, substantial charges against the Southern Pacific R. R. Co., alleging that the rates of freight and fare had been increased beyond the tariff of January, 1876. The Board responded by instructing Gen. Stoneman, one of their members, to proceed to Los Angeles and make an investigation. The merchants were informed by Commissioner Stoneman that their charges could not be entertained unless supported by an affidavit. Though the law did not empower the Commissioners to administer oaths to complainants, sworn statements were required as to each specific charge. Being thus repulsed, the citizens deemed further effort useless, and in the first act of the Board to protect the public interest, the proceedings can be regarded only as a sham. All who desire to see the resources of the country developed, and railway construction vigorously prosecuted, and capitalists properly rewarded for their investments, wish to see this law fairly carried out. If the spirit of the bill does not animate the Commissioners, the public is left without any redress for grievances, and there is danger that hostility to railroads will be again engendered, and vicious legislation result. If this O'Conor law is a failure, it may end compromise measures, and the axe of reform wielded by unskilled hands, made to cut too deeply.

The State Supreme Court has decided in a case where a woman burned her house to get the insurance that nobody can be convicted of arson in burning his own property, nor can a woman who burns her husband's house, arson being described as "the malicious and voluntary burning of the house of another by night or by day."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

[Every week we are in receipt of numerous epecimens of original poetry, whose authors are earnest candidates to be admitted to our columns. The following, entitled "A Mother's Love," has heen delayed publication, but like good wine, we trust its merits have "improved hy keeping:"]

Pure as Heaven's ethereal hlue,
Changeless as the stars ahove,
Tender as the falling dew,
Is that sweet hoon—a mother's love.

A mother's love! the sweetest gift
That God did ever give to man;
No matter where our hark may drift,
Her face is smiling in the van.

In youth how patiently she hore
With us, who noted not her care;
And as come hack the days of yore,
We say with her our evening prayer.

Cheering us as on our way,
Life presents its many woes;
Smiling on us all the day—
With us at its close.

When sickness laid its feverish hand
Upon the child she loved so well,
How willingly she took her stand,
An ever watchful eentinel.

Pure as Heaven's ethereal blue,
Changeless as the stars above;
Tender as the falling dew—
A mother's love.

A. S.

ARIZONA ITEMS.

It is now positively known that the Silver King mine of Arizona will begin the payment of monthly dividends with the month of December, and continue to do so regularly thereafter. The stock will be listed on the San Francisco Stock Boards on or about the 15th of the present month. This very valuable mine has produced, since its discovery three years ago, upwards of $800,000, and now has upon its dumps some 6,000 tons of ore, valued, hy assay, at $200 to $300 per ton. There is in sight in the vein, as developed, at least as much more.

"The Stonewall Jackson Mine" and the "Tip Top" are already becoming well known as treasure producing properties, and we feel very confident in the assertion that all the signs of the times point to Arizona as the country in which new and most valuable honanzas of the precious metals will shortly he uncovered and utilized. During the past week a number of gentlemen have gone to the Territory—among them Messrs. P. T. Nougues, W. F. Hamilton, and Judge Reddy—all of them interested in properties located in and about Florence. Captain Gains, Superintendent of the "Silver King North," writes that he is progressing satisfactorily with the sinking of the main shaft. He is now down about 80 feet, and assays give the ore an average value of $300 per ton. All the indications are favorable to finding as good a mine at 300 feet as the original King. The Silver King North is an extension of the King mine, and the shaft is only 700 feet distant from the workings of that property. The King vein is without douht a *true fissure*, and its value and magnitude is assured hy extensive workings. Judge Walsh has recently returned from an extended tour through the mines. He gives his unqualified opinion that the treasures there to he found are enormous, and intends to return very soon, prepared to develop eeveral properties in which he is interested.

Notice was posted at the New York Stock Exchange on the 24th of September that the following Wednesday would he "the last white-hat day," and that "summer tiles' were called in" from noon on that day. Many of the members either forgot or disregarded the warning, and suffered in consequence. William Heath was the first victim. He entered the Exchange in a hrown study. with his thnmbs thrust in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. In a moment his tall white hat was whirling in the air, and as it touched the floor again twenty hrokers jumped upon it. This sort of diversion was kept up all the afternoon. At one time one-third of the hrokers doing business on the floor were bareheaded, and dozens of crushed white hats were whirling in the air, or ornamenting the gas hrackets. A favorite trick was to approach an unconscious, hareheaded broker from hehind, and pull a dilapidated white tile down over his face and ears. His frantic efforts to dislodge it were hindered hy hundreds of willing hande. The neighboring hatters drove a hrisk trade.

"PRIDE."

I had a little rosebud given to me,
I dropped it as I wore it one fair day;
I would not turn to seek it. No; for then
'Twere plain I prized it! So I went my way.

I had a love that made my life a joy.
It seemed to falter one bright summer day;
I could have won it back with but a smile;
I would not smile, and so I went my way.

O Pride! thou stealest our most treasured things,
Things which to gain we'd risk all else beside;
Lost, lost my rosebud, lost my love, alas!
I might have them but for thee, O Pride.

—*Public Opinion.*

THE WORLD'S CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO.

Cope's "Tobacco Plant" says: The entire mass of Tobacco which is annually consumed in smoking, snuffing, and in chewing on the earth is four thousand millions of pounds: manifestly too high an estimate for from twelve to fifteen hundred millions of inhabitants. Let us take the half as the more probable, and let us suppose the Tobacco leaves transformed into roll Tobacco, a Tobacco serpent is created which, with a diameter of two inches, and following the direction of the equator, could wind itself round the earth thirty times. Let us suppose that the Tobacco is formed into tablets similar to the chocolate tablets, and which, indeed, is the shape which the chewing Tobacco of sailors and Yankees takes, and we have a colossal pile worthy of being placed beside the third largest of the Pyramids of Gizeh, that of the Mykerinos, and as massive and as high as that old regal edifice. Let us grind all the Tobacco into snuff, and let us picture to ourselves the sad case that an evil equinoctial wind one fine morning blows the snuff over the ocean, and showers it on one of our German States, we are certain more than one of the Lilliputian States would have much difficulty in recovering its existence by shoveling away the snuff.

A TENDER-HEARTED BROTHER.

A couple of enterprising men, engaged in the clothing business, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the new-comer, and soon finds a "first-class fit." In answer as to the price, the response is, "Two pun' ten." "Well, sir, I like your coat very much, but don't like the price." "Well, my frent, ze price is nothing so you like ze coat. We let you take 'em at two without the ten." The customer still complains of the price, saying that two was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so, taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispered in his ear, "Mine frent, I let you have zat coat for thirty shillings." "Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance." "Well, my frent, you see that leetle man here? He was mine broder. He got ze heart disease, and so help me gracious, if he vas to hear me tell you I had taken thirty bob for zat coat, he drop dead on de floor."

A curious case of Christian conduct on the part of a dog, recently occurred in Germany. The animal's owner, in order to get rid of him, rowed out into the river and threw him in with a stone tied to his neck. But the rope slipped off, and the master, in trying to prevent the dog from getting back into the boat, lost his footing, and fell into the water himself. As he couldn't swim, he would have drowned, if the magnanimous dog hadn't seized him by the coat and towed him ashore. The dog's life was spared.

SOCIAL SKELETONS.

That the present generation is infinitely more depraved than that of our forefathers is a commonplace with the homilist both of the pulpit and the press. We may not, perhaps, see it ourselves. The blindness men conveniently assume when brought face to face with their faults, drives them into subterfuges to escape the naked and unpalatable truth. Euphemism takes the place of plain speaking, and smug self-complacency does duty for a full confession of sins; yet within certain limits the damnatory allegation holds good. Vice may not be more widespread than heretofore, but it is more rampant, more prosperous, more unblushing. Virtue may not be more conspicuously absent, but it is more generally despised, more often compelled to be its own and its only reward. We have witnessed within recent years crimes stained with cruelty as revolting, instances of commercial turpitude as flagrant, as any that have happened before. Drunkenness, the dice-box, and general debauchery may in times past have exercised a wider sway, but each of these has its votaries still, and in no insignificant band. Manners may have been outwardly more lax, language more openly vulgar and coarse; but what the latter has lost in grossness it has gained in veiled license and skillful *double-entente;* and that the relations between sexes degenerate not seldom into profligacy may be gathered from the growing absence of *gene* in demeanor and conversation between them, the frequent scandals which besmirch maiden reputations, and the crowded business of the Divorce Court. Our literature cannot be held entirely blameless; if the police keep the worst in a measure within bounds, much printed matter sees the light which is insidious in its advances, and demoralizing in its effects. The stage even is active for evil, and panders often to pruriency; a fault inevitable while protected by a censorship which only expurgates manuscripts, and takes little or no notice of suggestive costumes or abbreviated skirts. Feminine fashions of costume are increasingly calculated to show off most lavishly much which a more scrupulous modesty would prefer to tone down. Be the causes what they may—bad example from the most august quarters, a general diffusion of wealth which carries with growing appetites for luxurious self-indulgence increased facilities for their gratification, or the inherent tendency of a civilization which is growing old to gravitate downward—there is at present an undonbted deterioration in the moral tone of society, less purity of spirit, less unshrinking probity and uprightness in dealings between man and man, less chivalry in the bearing of the stronger to the weaker sex, less loyalty and devotion rendered in return. The world at large in these last decades of the nineteenth century is certainly no better than it should he; on the contrary, considerably worse.

It is not surprising that a society so constituted should be honeycombed with deceit and intrigue. Could roofs be uncovered and exposed to the prying gaze of some modern *diable boiteux*, many strange mysteries would he laid bare, many social skeletons unearthed and brought out into the scathing light of day. Noble mansions would prove whited sepulchers; seemingly unblemished reputations be torn to shreds or spotted with ugly stains; people seen defiant, and with head erect, yet walking upon ground every inch of which was mined; men and women, of all ranks and conditions, carrying with them uncomfortable secrets, and momentarily dreading detection of their errors—errors of every shade, venial and heinous, against law, custom, affection, propriety—offenses, in word or deed, of omission or commission, past, present, or to come. Thieves and burglars, jail-birds and habitual criminals, have no monopoly of the anxieties which dog the footsteps of all evil-doers. Not less acute, although differing in cause and in degree, are the pangs which wait upon many who stand upon the loftiest platforms of respectability. There are statesmen in constant alarm lest the pestilent searcher after facts should discover and expose early recantations and tergiversations, lest an untiring opponent should ferret out the party-tricks and maneuvers by which power had been already won, or was yet to be gained. There are other great men, notables, dignitaries, holding posts of the highest rank won by their own brains, who would prefer to keep in the background shady incidents of their early career, the shifts and contrivances by which success was wooed, the subserviency which won first patrons, the ingratitude with which they are now heartily ashamed, millionaires eager to draw a

veil over early struggles, capitalists commanding, as it seems, colossal sums, arranging State loans and executing national works, who are yet in continual trepidation lest an accident betray the false figures of a balance-sheet, and thus precipitate an impending financial collapse.

More numerous and more ghastly are the skeletons of purely private life. Quite as varied the revelations to be vouchsafed to all who may unlock the cupboard or lift up the veil. Couples living in seeming unity, yet separated by an impassable gulf: husbands notoriously inconstant, who should not dare to look their wives in the face; wives ready to make amends by such affection as is left them to offer, careful to set a watch upon their words, to school their looks, and wreathe their lips into smiles, who yet cannot control their innermost thoughts or beat down the recollection of another much more dearly loved, the memory, perhaps, of some irresistibly potent temptation to which they weakly succumbed. Mothers, again, oppressed with the thought that their worldly selfishness and class prejudices had perhaps entailed life-long disappointment on their daughters; fathers gnawed with unceasing remorse for the undue harshness which sealed the ruin of a scapegrace son. And sad as is the admission, the youngest and newest to the world have their skeletons too: boys kept in bondage, and perpetually haunted by the curse of indebtedness, by addiction to the lesser vices, to drink, low company, play; daughters beguiled by the passion for admiration, who have degenerated into questionable fastness and hazardous flirtations, of which they are anxious to keep the secret to themselves. Saddest of all are the skeletons intrusted to people's keeping, unasked, and by no fault of their own. Even the guileless and innocent have to bear this cross; the knowledge, thrust upon them, accidentally gained or only inferred, of the sin of another, perhaps of those dearest and nearest their hearts. There are but few houses which have no secret sorrow of this sort. few families which are not troubled with their own particular and private grief, the memory of some one whose lapse was like an idol thrown down, or an illusion destroyed. That such skeletons, like ghosts that will not be laid, should remain to disturb an otherwise happy hearth is a startling instance of the unevenness of fate.

But although skeletons are thus to be encountered in society and out of it, almost at every turn, it cannot be said that our tendency is to search for them, nor to view them otherwise than with the most charitable considerateness when actually laid bare. This is another and a more tangible proof of the low standard of the morality of the age. We are tender to the failings of others because we are deeply conscious that we live in glass houses and dare not throw stones. Mrs. Grundy is not dead, but she has got into difficulties and is compromised herself. Some may be still foolish enough to invite attack by their invasion of the privacy of others; but the general desire is rather to whitewash, to exculpate, to make allowances and condone, hoping that by being thus liberal we shall escape reprobation too. How increasingly corrupting must be the widespread acceptance of this principle, it is easy enough to see. Immunity breeds effrontery; and if the publicity attending unpleasant disclosures be surrendered, one of the best safeguards against the spread of immorality is simultaneously withdrawn.—*World.*

The Mark Lane (London) Express estimates the whole British home crop of wheat this year at 11,000,000 quarters (88,000,000 bushels), though some authorities set it as low as 9,500,000, and assuming that the country will require about the usual amount, 23,500,000 quarters, it will be necessary to import 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 quarters before next August 31, as the reserves of old wheat at the opening of the harvest season were insignificant. The Express does not anticipate any serious glut of the British market, but calls attention to the fact that the movement is apt to be large at this time of the year, in anticipation of the closing of the fresh-water ports in the producing countries. It looks to see the market largely in the hands of Americans, and expects no material change in prices. A heavy fall of snow has entirely prevented the ripening of the wheat crop in the north of Scotland.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

Only a little, soft, white thing,
Made for wearing the costly ring;
Made for flirting the dainty fan
As only the belle of the season can;
Made for the stolen pressure or kiss
(Long Branch fashion)raising to bliss
By merely the touch of fingers white,
Her escort down on the beach that night;
Made for a prize for the highest bid
(And under the rose a thorn lies hid)--
A thing which the honest summer sun
Has taught his ardent beams to shun
Lest freckle or tan its beauty spoil,
And make it too near a hand of toil,
Instead of only a dainty thing,
Meant for ease and the diamond ring.

Only a sunburned, useful thing
To which the hearts of the needy cling;
To which they turn who have learned the worth
Of a woman's hand on this weary earth;
Made for healing, for smoothing o'er
The hearts of those who are faint and sore,
Made for honest work each day,
For driving the shadows of life away,
For holding the "cup of water" to all
Who, faint and thirsty, for succor call;
Made for leading the timid on,
For blessing all it may rest upon;
Made to be won by a loyal heart,
Who in its labor will bear a part;
Made to be clasped by a loyal hand
Which chooseth the best in all the land,
Worth—oh! double its weight in gold,
This useful hand which can ne'er grow old.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

FREIGHTS AND CHARTERS.

Rather more activity has been noticeable during the week, but transactions have been principally for outside business. Wheat freights continue dull and weak.

At the close an American ship has accepted £1 16s. to Liverpool direct if loaded in thirty days, or £1 15s. if loaded in twenty days. This is, if anything, a full rate. Iron ships cannot be quoted above £1 17s. 6d. direct, though we know of none in the market at this figure. Tonnage is abundant, and owners continue to look abroad for business for their vessels, as the record of the week clearly shows. The vexed question of "sliding scale" charters was discussed on Thursday at a meeting of prominent merchants, and met with their unqualified disapprobation, as was to be expected. We trust nothing more will be heard of this kind of charter. The following resolutions were offered as expressing the sense of the meeting on the subject:

1. That this meeting views with disapprobation the introduction in this port, in connection with the chartering of vessels for wheat cargoes, of a practice of purchasing time for unemployed lay days.

2. That it approves and affirms the practice which has heretofore existed of considering the lay days provided for in the charter party simply as a provision for the proper protection of charterers.

3. That this meeting binds itself to use its influence and endeavors to prevent the introduction of the practice referred to, and recommends that the substance of these resolutions should be forwarded by consignees of vessels to their shipowning friends who are accustomed to send their vessels here.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted and signed by the representatives of the following houses: Williams, Blanchard & Co., George Howes & Co., Dickson, De Wolf & Co., C. L. Taylor & Co., J. W. Grace & Co., Welch & Co., Balfour, Guthrie & Co., Pope & Talbot, Rodgers, Meyer & Co., A. Chesebrough, George J. Theobald & Co.

At the close we have 16,239 in port loading wheat, 10,725 miscellaneous, and 50,116 tons disengaged. The latest charter reported is: Ship *Sterling*, 1732 tons, wheat to Liverpool, £1 16s. if loaded in thirty days, or £1 15s. if loaded in twenty days.—*News.*

The news of the victory over Ghazi Mukhtar reached Poradim while the Russian army was engaged at prayers. The colors of each division were immediately unfurled, and upon the news being proclaimed hurrahs are said to have rent the air.

WILL OF HARRY MEIGGS.

The following is an extract from the will of the late Mr. Henry Meiggs :

"In the name of Almighty God, I, Henry Meiggs, born in the town of Catskill, Green county, State of New York, United States of America, on the 7th day of July, 1811, but resident in the city of Lima, Capital of the Republic of Peru, now being in my full senses and desiring to avoid any question among my heirs, in case of my sudden decease, have determined to make my sealed will, which I now do, as follows:

First—That my legal obligations be paid.

Second—I declare that I was legally married to my first wife, Gertrude Burns, who died November 13, 1833. From this marriage there was but one issue (male) named William Waddell, who died in September, 1850, without issue.

Third—I declare that on the 7th of September, 1835, I was married to my second wife, Caroline Doyle, who died in Santiago, Chili, on the 25th day of December, 1861. By this marriage there were six legitimate children born—viz., Caroli, Carolina, Henry Hoyt, Manfred Backus, Minor Keith and Fannie Kipp. The two first named children died before becoming of age, and without leaving descendants. Manfred died in Chili in 1876, and the other three children are living, whom I declare to be my legitimate heirs. Manfred left at his death four legitimate children, viz., Lucretia, Manfredo, Fannie and William, born in lawful wedlock, contracted with Lucretia Soto de Meiggs, and William died subsequent to the death of his father, leaving three living, whom I declare to be my legitimate grandchildren.

[Clauses 4 to 26 inclusive refer to private and family matters.]

Twenty-seventh—Inasmuch as my death may occur before the conclusion of the contracts which I have entered into with the supreme government, or before the same may be sublet to another person or company, it becomes necessary to make arrangements for the carrying on of said works. For this purpose I direct that all contracts pending at date of my decease shall be finished by a directory composed of my legitimate sons, Henry H. and Minor K. Meiggs; my son-in-law, Alexander R. Robertson, Mr. Charles Watson, Mr. Jacob Backus and Mr. William H. Cilley, whom I name as my executors and legal representatives for the completion of said contracts. If any or either of the said mentioned six individuals die, or leave this Republic, the vacancy or vacancies caused shall be filled by one or more of the following gentlemen, viz.: William M. Bush, John L. Thorndyke, Charles S. Rand, in the order above named. The decisions of said directory shall be determined by a majority of votes, not only as regards the execution of the contracts, but with regard to their transfer to any person or company, if such course be deemed best; and for the determination of these questions I give them full powers. Mr. Charles Watson shall be president of said directory, and will represent it as such, signing in the name of the directory. In case of the death or disability of Mr. Charles Watson, the presidency of the directory shall devolve upon my son, Henry H. Meiggs, and in the further case of his disability, then to my other son, Minor K. Meiggs. The president of the directory shall receive for compensation the sum of 2,000 soles monthly, and the other members shall receive the sum of 6,000 soles each per annum. This salary, however, shall not be paid for their services as directors in case they receive salary as employés of the Public Works and Improvement Company.

Twenty-eighth—The profits resulting from the conclusion of my contracts shall be distributed among my heirs.

Twenty-ninth—On all business matters connected with my will and the completion of my contracts, my executors will consult Mr. Francisco Garcia Calderon, whom I name for this object, and who will intervene as hereto for the proper direction of my affairs.

Thirtieth—For the settlement of my will and the carrying out of its provisions, excepting that which relates to pending contracts, I name as executors and custodians of my property my two sons, Henry H. and Minor K. Meiggs, and my son-in-law, Alexander R. Robertson, who will act jointly in the discharge of their duties. In case of the disability of either of them, the others shall execute the will, and for this purpose I authorize them to keep my estate unsettled beyond the term prescribed by law in case further time is found necessary.

Thirty-first—I declare my legitimate heirs to be Henry H. Meiggs, Minor K. Meiggs and Fanny K. Robertson *nee* Meiggs, and my legitimate grandchildren, as the representatives of their deceased father, my son Manfred.

Thirty-second—If the effects left by me should be insufficient to pay all my debts and to cover the legacies referred to in the preceding clauses, I order the preference to be given to my debts, and the legacies will remain null and void. And in case there should only be sufficient funds to pay some of the legacies, I desire the preference to be given to those mentioned in clauses nineteen, twenty, twenty-one and twenty-two.

Thirty-third—All these payments must be made in the money current in the Republic at the period of the payment, with the exception of those expressed in Chilian money.

Thirty-fourth—I revoke all other wills made by me heretofore, and I desire that this be fulfilled as my last will and testament. HENRY MEIGGS.

LIMA, August 10, 1877.

A Scene for the Artist—Spotted Tail at the tomb of Washington.

GERMAN MILITARY TACTICS.

Colonel Sir Lumley Graham has recently translated from the German the "Tactical Examples" of Major Helvig. The author does not give what may he termed *tactical receipts*, as he justly observes that "in no art would the endeavor be more dangerous to lay down fixed rules than in that of handling troops in action—an art so difficult, and depending on so many factors." All he does is to give thirty examples of the working out of thirty tactical cases, which are of probable occurrence; and in solving these Major Helvig displays much practical ability. In order that the instruction afforded may serve as a real training for the battle-field, he recommends "that commanders of companies (they are mounted in the German service) "and, at times, even battalion commanders, should dismount and remain under cover, as far as this may he compatible with a good view of what is going on." He likewise suggested that officers should he made occasionally to fall out as if killed or wounded, in order that the men may be accustomed to a change of command. With regard to the mixing of tactical units, he also urges that, as in action it is inevitable the men should be trained to it during peace maneuvers, in order that they may not be surprised at its occurrence when fighting. Major Helvig says that the present German military system has been taken by every nation in Europe as a model, yet among Germans themselves there are many who justly complain of a blind adherence to obsolete forms. He complains of the time now wasted in the "monotonous repetitiou of what has been thoroughly learned, or in so-called tactical exercises, without any effective tactical idea; . . . efforts culminating in the practice for hours together upon the drill ground of bayonet attacks, with their lines of skirmishers in the intervals, or even of bayonet charges of the battalion deployed into line three deep, without a skirmisher in front." Major Helvig adds such tactical monstrosities are not only sanctioned in the Field Exercise book at present in force, but their practice is also enjoined as a matter of regulation. [This obstinate adherence to the old method of drill is, we believe, owing to the prejudices of the aged Emperor, who will permit no change in this respect.—ED. N. L.] Major Helvig boldly asserts that the great successes of the Germans in the late contest with France were not won by—as the world bas been taught to think—*but in spite of the Prussian tactical system.*

Mr. Charles S. Rand, private Secretary to the late Henry Meiggs, thus writes from Lima, Octoher 4th, 1877:

Dear Sir: It is with very deep regret that I have to inform you of the death of Henry Meiggs, which occurred at 2 o'clock A. M. on Sunday, September 30th. Mr. Meiggs suffered greatly during the past two months from organic disease of the heart, but showed wonderful courage and patience up to the moment of his death, which was peaceful and without a struggle. After receiving the sacrament, he called around him his family and calmly took leave of each with words of gentle consolation and encouragement. His last hours were soothed by the presence of those he loved, who had watched over him tenderly during his illness, day and night. His funeral, which took place yesterday, was marked by a generous, spontaneous outburst of grief and sympathy from people of every rank or social position. All business was suspended, and the streets leading from the church to the cemetery were densely crowded by a silent, respectful multitude, who came to testify their love and veneration for one who had been a father to the fatherless, and who had dried the tears of thousands. His tenderness to those in trouble, his generosity to those in want, his forgiveness of enmity and forgetfulness of wrong, were conspicuous traits of his most noble character.

Informing you of this sad event, I beg to remain

Very respectfully yours, CHAS. S. RAND,
Private Secretary.

The obelisk, Cleopatra's Needle, is now lying in the port of Ferrol, whither it was towed by the steamer which found it derelict in the Bay of Biscay. Another steamer will be sent out to tow it to England.

PARTING WORDS

To the Graduating Class of '77, Medical College of the Pacific.

BY EMILIE LAWSON.

When Chiron, the old Grecian mesmerizer,
His fingers drew o'er Esculapius' eyes,
So swiftly grew his charmèd pupil wiser,
The world was filled with wonder and surprise.

So by the art of each seductive master,
Your lessons came, with wit and learning blent,
Till wisdom seemed more wise, and knowledge vaster,
And eloquence itself—more eloquent.

Now fully charged by these magnetic fingers,
Go forth, the laurels of the world to claim;
And, while the magic of their touch still lingers,
Make a bold reach, to carve yourselves a name.

And if that one—or two—to loftier places
On Fame's proud mount, with bolder steps shall climb,
Leave ye upon the rocks immortal traces,
To guide the feet that come in after time.

As over pitfalls shine the lamps of warning,
So mark each error of your toilsome way;
And, with a splendid pride—no duty scorning—
So show your faults, that none may go astray.

Revile all wrong, but lift the weaker brother;
Ye to whom sin bares its unhappy breast,
Scan your own souls, but judge ye not another;
Keep pity in your hearts a constant guest.

Yours is to minister to pain and sorrow;
Sow in this fruitful soil Hope's mystic seed,
It may burst forth, upon some distant morrow,
In fragrant blossoms for that morrow's need.

Where e'er ye go—if midst the giant shadows,
Where lifts the snow-face of the mighty Hood;
Where the Columbia rolls through daisied meadows,
To the great ocean, its majestic flood;

In rural wilds, where robins sing their ditties,
If ye become of Nature's home a part;
Or in the din and noise of busy cities,
Held close to the tumultuous human heart;

Or on the bright shores of enchanted far-lands,
Where tropic seas break into murmurous song,
And nightingales, hid in the dusky garlands,
Pour their impassioned music all night long;

Where e'er ye go, led by a high ambition,
With noble scorn for everything untrue,
Your lofty aims will find their full fruition,
In the vast work that ye have yet to do.

And now I hear the loud lamenting ocean,
Its restless waters like a parting knell;
And my heart trembles with a sad emotion,
As one who tries, yet fears, to say—farewell.

As to the outer gates our lamps we carry,
To light our parting friends a little way,
And as they turn again, while yet we tarry
With one last, lingering look, or word to say;

So now, in this memorial November,
To Science' gates we press to say good-night,
And pray you, in the distance to remember,
That last you saw us in a friendly light.

WHY HE STOPPED HIS "MAIL BAG."

MARSHFIELD, COOS CO., OREGON, Nov. 3d, 1877.

Editor Mail Bag: Please stop my *California Mail Bag* until you hear from me again, as I have to leave this section for the Winter, as there is no prospect of anything being done here before Spring that a man could earn enough by to keep his soul and body in company; in fact, the bottom seems to have dropped out of this country and landed in China. I owe you for two years' subscription for the *Mail Bag*, and am utterly unable to pay you until I can earn the money. I am one of the victims of the Coos Bay Union Coal Mining Company that burst up a little over a year ago, and swindled their men out of a year's wages, and all they could borrow of them as well. The property is good, and has lately passed into the possession of Colonel Fry and McCrindle & Co., of your city, to satisfy mortgages held by them against it, leaving us out in the cold to starve, or steal, or go to the devil, for aught they care. We have lingered in this section, in the vain hope that the company would eventually pay us some, or at least start the mine up again; but with the sale and transfer of the property our last hope vanished, as the new owners don't intend doing anything until next Summer. In much abused old England a *rich thief* is not permitted to rob poor, ignorant working men out of their hard-earned wages. But, then, England is an old effete despotism; the eagle don't spread his wings and *crow*, as in this glorious land of freedom. So now we have to scatter, with heavy hearts and empty pockets, to hunt work, that we may be able to buy bread for ourselves and little ones until next Summer; and if all of us succeed we should be thankful. As soon as I am settled in work that I can earn something at I shall send the arrears, and my new address. I remain, yours, etc.,

E. L. PRICE.

THE BREAKING UP OF A NOTABLE FIRM.

The San Francisco papers of Thursday of last week announce the death of Benjamin A. Patten, the junior member of the long celebrated house of Barry & Patten, wine and spirit dealers of that city. Thus is dissolved one of the most remarkable partnerships ever formed in the United States. The deceased and his partner, Mr. Theodore A. Barry, arrived in San Francisco from Boston in the early part of the year 1850, and at once began the business they were so long and so happily associated in. Barry & Patten's for many years was the most noted bar in San Francisco. It was the resort of all the wits, the politicians and the men of rank and fashion in the days when custom sanctioned the frequenting of saloons; and even when clubs had been organized in that city and public drinking was in a measure abandoned, their house still continued to be popular with bankers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, artists, journalists and even ministers. These two men were never known to be in any other mood toward one another or their patrons than that of the utmost sobriety and amiability. Their demeanor was that of the most remarkable uniformity of winning, gracious, acceptable politeness. "John Phœnix," who used to make his headquarters there, helped to render the place famous. These partners always exhibited a nice, intelligent, really critical taste in art. They owned some of the best pictures in San Francisco, and displayed them in their place of business. The deceased was a man of most excellent parts and pleasing address. His taking off is to be noted as an event which, joined to other bereavements, helps break the line which joins the prosy present to the romantic past. The surviving member of this now disrupted house has the hearty sympathy of the editor of the *Morning Appeal.*

It seems to be admitted that it is not a good year for Pacific railroads. The question of the repayment of the subsidies to existing roads is coming to be recognized as one which interests the debtors a good deal more than the creditors, the Government, especially as the debtors acknowledge the debt, and are abundantly able. The Texas Pacific Railroad again has fewer friends in Congress than it was supposed to have. The Scott project for subsidies for all the branches to the river ports naturally arouses the opposition of existing roads, and provokes the sense of decency, even of the southern members, those not immediately interested. Scott and Huntington are not recognized, moreover, as representing southern interests very pointedly, while the western states are clear in their denunciation of the subsidy system. Owing to these considerations, the Texas Pacific subsidy scheme will fail of success. It is thought, by 50 votes.

CHINESE ENTERPRISE.

It is evident that China is not to afford so lucrative a commerce to the world as was for a long time supposed. Though the bayonets of the European powers have nominally opened up the country to foreign trade, recent events warrant tbe conclusion that whatever developments in internal or foreign commerce may be effected, Europeans are to receive little benefit therefrom. The short railroad which was constructed has been turned over to the Chinese Government, and will be allowed to fall into decay, or, if operated at all, only in such a manner as to discourage any further attempts towards railway building. The large coasting trade has now passed almost entirely into the hands of the natives. This trade gives employment to some fifty steamers, and was for a long time entirely in the possession of foreigners. The Shanghai Steam Navigation Co., with 20 steamers; the Tai Kow, with 8; The Ee Wo, with 6; Siemssen's, with 6, and Teh-chi-li-si, with 4 steamers, were the principal lines, and these found themselves loaded down with business, and made extravagant profits for a number of years. The Chinese finally conceived the idea of attempting navigation, and the China Merchants' Steamship Company was organized, starting with six ships. Subsidized by tbe Government, and supported by the native merchants, the business prospered, despite the sharp competition of the foreign lines. The fleet grew to 10 vessels the second year, and then to 16, and some two months ago the largest of the great foreign steamship companies collapsed, and was absorbed by the native and rival line. The remaining foreign companies will scarcely be able to maintain themselves, and their vessels will probably soon be disposed of to the Chinese. This victory in a business, of whicb tbe natives were, until a half decade ago, utterly ignorant, clearly exhibits the tact and ability of the Mongolian race.

LECTURES ON LIFE AND HEALTH.

Dr. Richardson recently delivered at the Shoreditch Town Hall, Eng., under the auspices of tbe Guild of Learning, the first of a series of twelve lectures on life and health. Some persons, he said, imagined that life migbt be extended to 120 years, but be tbought that it might fairly extend to ninety years. Life was an abstraction which, witb our present knowledge, we could not deal with. Perfect health meant a condition in which the living body would go through its allotted cycle without suffering curtailment of natural existence or injury from tbe influence sf external causes. When this condition of health was not attained, the body became subject to one or other of those changes to which the word "disease" was applied. All diseases arose from external causes acting on the body, whicb were reducible to seven great causes: 1. Atmospherical variatious; 2. Physical accidents; 3. Organic poisons; 4. Errors in feeding, drinking, breathing; 5. Parasites or foreign living organisms affecting the body; 6. Occupations or modes of life; 7. Nervous or mental oppression. He would confine his observation to English life, but when be passed to the physiological part of the subject this division would pass away. The rates of mortality were different in different classes and occupations, and from the tables compiled by tbe Registrar-General it appeared that barristers live longer thau any other class, and after them come clergymen, and next to them Dissenting ministers, and that among the lowest on the list are drapers, Roman Catholic clergy, physicians and surgeons, hatters, hairdressers; and the lowest of all are coachmen (not domestic) and cabmen.

Appropriate Lines.—Kyle Foulkes, son of Jas. F. and Margaret Foulkes, died the other day at Oakland. Among his papers were found the following lines in his handwriting. Whether tbey were original or not we do not know, but certainly they were appropriate:

When the foam-crested hillows of time shall cast their spray over my sinking head, and the last trump sound in my ears, the memory of the many halcyon hours I have spent in *thy presence* will cheer the gloom of the grave and soften the pangs of dissolution.

Don't take too much interest in the affairs of your neighbors. Six per cent. will do.

GOLDEN ROD.

Dear frighted Summer, peering through the boughs,
Didst thou perceive far off the coming foe?
And, thinking to detain him and arouse
His avarice, make haste to coin and throw
On hill and field, dry upland and brown cape,
A lavishment of shining, yellow gold,
Which he, like pirate fierce and overbold,
Should clutch, thus letting thee and thine escape?
Ah, cunning Summer! Well he knows the wile.
Already gleams the war-red on his path,
The sumach bleeds, the maples feel his wrath,
Each cowering fern avoids his cruel smile;
He marks the rose-print where thy footsteps passed,
And, bearing his sharp sword, he follows fast.

—*Susan Coolidge, in the Independent.*

THE "LONDON ECONOMIST" ON THE HOSTILITY TO CHINESE LABOR.

From California it is reported that the Chinese immigrants, wearied out by the struggle against the persecution to which they have been subjected, are now returning in crowds to their own country, and that those of them who have capital invested in California are realizing it as quietly as possible, so as to be enabled to join in the exodus. At the same time it is stated, and apparently with truth, that the British Government has sanctioned the adoption, by the Queensland Legislature, of very reprehensible means for discouraging Chinese immigration into that Colony. Already a tax of £10 is levied upon every Chinaman who lands in Queensland, and it is now proposed to impose a further tax of £3 upon every Chinese miner, and £10 upon every Chinaman who engages in any other business. An import duty is also, it is stated, to be imposed upon rice, which forms the staple food of the Chinese, and the only reason which thus far has been advanced in justification of these measures is that "great expense is incurred in maintaining order in the gold fields, in consequence of the large numbers of erratic aliens therein." The Chinaman abroad is, as everybody knows, a quiet and inoffensive person, and what the Queenslaud Legislature means, no doubt, is that it is put to expense in protecting the Chinese from the violence of their white neighbors. But in that case the tax, if special tax there is to be, should surely fall upon those who commit the breaches of the peace, and thus necessitate the increased outlay, and not upon those who suffer upon them. It is opposed to all principles of justice and common sense that lawlessness should be rewarded and respect for and obedience to the law punished. This legislation, however, is diametrically opposed to the best interests of the Colonists themselves. What Queensland, like all other young countries, requires, is an adequate supply of capital and labor, and the Government of the Colony is every year at considerable expense in importing labor from other countries, providing free passages for certain classes of workers, and defraying a portion of the expense of others. But the cheap labor of the Chinese, which can be had without trouble or expense, and whatever small amount of capital they are able to bring, instead of being prized are driven away. Queensland is thus foolishly sacrificing its own, and it is also imperiling other and higher interests. The opening up of China would be a world-wide gain, and we have on more than one occasion sought to break down the exclusiveness of its people, and to impose, even by force of arms, treaties opening up their ports to foreign commerce. What would we now say if she were to treat the outrages which have been committed upon Europeans in China as a reason why all foreigners should be expelled from the country, and her old policy of isolation restored?

[*Note by the Editor.*—This article is written from an Anglo-Chinese point of view, where native does not come in conflict with white labor. Never did the Chinese evince more desire of sojourning in San Francisco than at present. Witness the new buildings in Sacramento, Clay and Washington streets.]

THE RIMLESS SEA.

"Come, make for me a little song;"
'Twas so a spirit said to me,
"And make it just four verses long,
And make it sweet as it can be,
And make it all about the sea.

"Sing me about the wild waste shore,
Where, long and long ago, with me
You watched the silver sails that bore
The great strong ships across the sea—
The blue, the bright, the boundless sea.

"Sing me about the plans we planned—
How one of those good ships should be
My way to find some flowery land
Away beyond the misty sea,
Where alway you should live with me.

"Sing, lastly, how our hearts were caught
Up into Heaven, because that we
Knew not the flowery land we sought
Lay all beyond that other sea—
That soundless, sailless, solemn sea." —*Alice Cary.*

ARIZONA.

A correspondent of the Arizona Miner, under date of the 31st October last, records his opinion of the leading mines of that territory, after a recent tour of careful observation. He says the liveliest camp in Arizona is at Tip-top Mine, with General Gillette in command. That company took possession of its properties on the 1st of October, and has gone to work with the greatest of energy on the surface and underground. The company owns ten or twelve veins, but are now only working four, the Tip-top, Foy, Pearl and Fawn. Contracts have been let on all these mines, and much work has already been executed. On the Tip-top (North) three tunnels and five shafts are being made; on the Tip-top (South) three tunnels are being driven in, and two shafts are being sunk to intersect those tunnels at the various depths of 100, 200 and 300 feet. Two tons from the Foy shaft assayed $1,050 per ton, and the writer thinks the average of what is now being extracted will assay quite as much. On the Pearl the shaft is down 63 feet, showing a pay streak of 2½ feet. The Pearl and Foy, three miles apart, are supposed to be on the "Cross-cut Lode," a vein which intersects the general stratification at right angles. They have a tale gouge on the well-defined lode walls. This correspondent is Mr. C. E. Hitchcock, a former resident of this city, well-known and much respected. It is due to him to add that some two years ago Mr. Hitchcock published a brief description of "Recent Silver Discoveries in Arizona, near Prescott," embracing the Silver Belt in Big Bug District, and the Peck and Silver Prince (then just discovered) in the Peck District. Subsequent discoveries of other veins, all carrying very high grade ores, have abundantly proved the foresight of Mr. Hitchcock in directing attention to this rich mineral region. The conclusion of his letter is as follows: "It is the intention of the Tip-top Company to encourage the development of all the mines in their district by paying a fair percentage in cash for all ores delivered at their mill. This, whilst it will enable the owners of Lodes to develop them, will make their mill a great success, and will also build up in its vicinity one of the most flourishing mining camps in Yavapai County. By the time the mill is ready to run, the mines will be so opened as to insure a supply of ore which—mark my prediction—will astonish the most sanguine. The Superintendent, General Gillette, estimates that the mill will produce $100,000 per month. If they work up to the usual percentage, I think it will nearly double this estimate."

"**Mr. S.**, is your customer D. a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted for ever—he never pays."

GATHERED ROSES.

Only a bee made prisoner,
Caught in a gathered rose!
Was he not 'ware a flower so fair
For the first gatherer grows?

Only a heart made prisoner,
Going out free no more?
Was he not 'ware a face so fair
Must have been gathered before?

—*London Spectator.*

THE MINES OF ARIZONA.

Since the Southern Pacific Railroad reached the Colorado an impetus has been given to mining industry in Arizona, and large amounts of capital are flowing thither from San Francisco, and mills are being erected and experts are scouring the country investigating the character of the discoveries. Arizona has been pretty well prospected long since, and there are perhaps few mines yet unlocated. Indeed, the trouble is that they are held by parties who are unable to work them, but have been hanging on for years waiting for a general rush of capitalists, hoping to sell out at fabulous prices. The character of the mineral deposits is so different from those found elsewhere on the Pacific Coast that the reports which are received are apt to mislead if credited at all. When men who know that the ore on which the Consolidated Virginia and California mines are declaring such immense dividends, averages about $100 per ton, is told that an Arizona mine is turning out ore worth $5,000 to $10,000 per ton, he is pretty certain to doubt the veracity of his informant, or be possessed of a strong desire to own an interest in the Arizona property. There can be no doubt that extremely rich ore has been found, not only in the Silver King and the Stonewall Jackson, but in several other mines in the Globe District. The veins, seams and ledges, however, are, as far as prospected, very thin, so that the quantity of the high grade ore is limited. While this fact does not prevent the mines from paying handsomely, inasmuch as a vein of ore which runs up into the thousands if only a few inches thick can be mined under ordinary circumstances with profit; yet it may serve to temper the ardor of those who infer the value of such rich deposits from their knowledge of Nevada mines where the ore bodies are so much more extensive. There are also serious difficulties to be overcome in mining over a large portion of the Territory, owing to the lack of water and timber. Immense districts are hopelessly desert, and offer no inducements to capitalists, unless in case of extremely rich deposits. On the whole, however, the indications are favorable, and there is reason to hope for fair if not large returns for the capital which is being invested in that section, where the business is being conducted on sound principles.

GOVERNMENT PROSPECTING IN AUSTRALIA.

The Victorian Parliament voted the sum of £50,000 for prospecting purposes, and, according to the *Geelong News* of the week (15th Sept.), a like sum is asked for, and will no doubt be granted. A portion of the first grant was to defray the expense of importing from this coast one or two diamond drills. In connection with this intention we read that Mr. Draper, of this city (Melbourne), waited to-day upon the Minister of Mines in the capacity of agent of the manufacturers of the American diamond drill. He said he had seen one in operation during his late visit to America, and it was infinitely superior to the English patent, and he asked that he should be allowed to tender for the supply of the same. Mr. W. C. Smith said it was his intention to obtain two of the drills at once, and engage the services of a competent man. He purposed writing to the manufacturers as to at what price they could supply them, and when doing so he would write to the applicant (Mr. Draper.)

At the ordinary general meeting of the proprietors of the Emma Mining company, the report gave a history of past legal proceedings by and against the undertaking. Mr. McDougall, the chairman, stated that the concern was no longer a mining, but a "lawing" company. They were doing their best under the advice of most able counsel. The report was adopted.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

There is nothing so interesting now-a-days as details of great men; and the 'specials' of all the Dublin dailies strain every nerve in the race for the newest and most startling facts anent Mr. Gladstone and his sayings and doings. The moment he landed the keen eye of the representative of the *Evening Mail* noted that he was 'not muffled up, hut had his face full to the front, and wore a comparatively short outside coat' (only comparatively short, you observe); then the unhappy ex-Premier was obliged to stand the ordeal of an interview with the representative of the *Freeman's Journal*, wherein his opinion was asked *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. However, the astute statesman managed to answer his catechist's queries without imparting a single scrap of information, save that he had 'come to Ireland to see some friends,' and 'to be quiet if he was let,' he added, somewhat pathetically. Whereat the *Saunders*, in a long leader, calls the *Freeman's* interviewer a 'cad,' and 'thrills with indignation at the low, vulgar outrage to which the persecuted statesman was subjected;' and is very virtuous and angry at the privacy of his visit being intruded on; and in the self-same issue tells us all about the dinner-party at Kilruddery that evening, and who were there, and what the 'great man' did and *thought;* and the next morning we learn that after breakfast the 'great man' walked in the shrubbery 'with a firm elastic tread,' and so on. *Saunders* is really getting very funny, and we will not call it an October wasp any more.——A wonderful actor has landed upon our shores. Only three branches of his family are in existence. One is of the Italian nobility at Florence; another of the Spanish nobility at Madrid; the third is his owu branch, now residing at San Francisco, and representing all of what was once a proud countship of Vienna. His grandfather fought with Napoleou Buonaparte—I do not know where, or what was the issue of the fight. He has a fine eye, an expressive visage, also genius (in big letters), and a musical voice. His name is Ciprico, and he is to be seen at the Surrey Theater.——His Holiness has taken pity on the young *fornarino* Chiassi, the son of a rich Roman baker, who went out of his mind through love for the daughter of Marquis Neroni; but an alliance between a noble Italian family and a plebeian was quite out of the question. Pio Nono has now raised the baker to the dignity of a count. What is there risible in this? All titles have been created, and the father of the first peer of a family must have been a plebeian.——The following story is characteristic of our *impayable* Premier. A stanch adherent from a distant county took up his two sons to present them to the illustrious leader of the Tory party. 'Give them a word of advice, Mr. Disraeli, on their introduction into life; it would be an honor they would never forget.' Very much worried at the request, Mr. Disraeli, at last consented. 'Never try to ascertain,' he said to the elder boy, 'who was the man who wore the iron mask, or you will be thought a terrible bore. Nor do you,' he added to the second, 'ask who was the author of *Junius*, or you will be thought a bigger bore than your brother.'——*Punch* says it has been suggested that, in the event of a war, the Woolwich infants might be employed with peculiar advantage in the attack of breastworks. Although now above a year old, these infants are still considered to be children in arms. Nevertheless, all such children resemble those concerning whom the notice in the 'bus informs us must be paid for.——Mr. Archibald Forbes is now in Scotland, recovering from the effects of his campaign in Bulgaria. He has been invited to Balmoral by her Majesty. As a war correspondent, Mr. Forbes has few equals, for he unites the opposite qualities of a man of action, and a man of the pen. His descriptions of battles are unrivaled, and, after passing hours under fire, he thinks nothing of riding all night to the nearest telegraph station, and sending a lengthy letter in the form of a telegram.——A feather shows which way the wind blows. The fear of Russian influence among the Afghans used to be one of the bugbears of Anglo-Indian statesmen and military men; nor was the apprehension confined to them. During the Prince of Wales' tour in India, there was attached to him, as his personal attendant, a stalwart Afghan, who, in full national attire, was always by day at his Royal Highness's beck, at night slept across the room or tent. The faithful Afghan went to England with the Prince, and dwelt in peace at Sandringham, affably patronizing the establishment. But when the Turco-Russian war broke out he became restless, and smiled no more.

At length the fighting devil in him could no longer be repressed; he applied to Mr. Knollys for indefinite leave of absence, and his petition was granted. He departed with all speed to the Turkish army in Asia, and recently a communication has been received from him, in which he expresses a modest confidence that he has already dispatched several Russian souls to the infernal regions; and that, with the help of Allah, he will do a little more in the same line of business. We may be permitted to hope that "the Prince's Afghan" is not among the captives of the recent Russian success.

THEY ALL DO IT.

It is said that the Kellogg "sings for coin." Well, dear *Juggernaut*, that is what they all do. You do it, though not as successfully as in times past, yet you still do it. A parson, who had long had a simple youth in his employ, said to him one day: "Tommy, you have been long enough with me now to preach a sermon yourself." He replied: "No, master; I couldn't preach a whole sermon, but I think I could draw what you call a few inferences." "Well, Tommy," asked the parson, "what inference would you draw from the text, Ephraim feedeth upon the winds?" Tommy, nothing daunted by the apparent difficulty of the task, replied: "Why, master, I should infer that he would not get very fat." Precisely. Tommy was right. Feeding upon the winds is not certainly fattening, nor even life-sustaining, and that is about as good a reason as anyone need to give why it is necessary to work for coin in order to feed upon something more substantial. We, none of us, are overmuch in love with work, and when we are found engaged in it, the reason is obvious, we are doing it for coin. Parsons do not, nowadays, gird their loins with camel's hair and feed upon locusts and wild honey. They prefer to take up fat collections. THEY do it. Newspaper men do not run sheets for the mere honor and glory of the thing. THEY do it. The *Bulletin* goes for it whenever it is in sight. It likes to have it delivered through the back door, but it likes it, nevertheless. It would work cleanly for it, if possible, but it will work for it anyhow. For a partnership profit it would advertise a death-dealing poison as a heaven-sent cordial, as witness that hydrate chloral case. It would sell itself to the quacks, and, under fear of going where the Sacramento *Union* went, it would even take a quieting bone from those it called thieves. IT does it. The *Call* likes the servant maid's short advertisements. They are small fish, but they are sweet. A subsidy for advocating an Atlantic Pacific railway is, however, more to its liking. IT does it. The *Chronicle* bears and bulls the market in the interest of—well, for courtesy sake, we will say in the interest of its subscribers. IT does it. The *Alta* dances around a dime as awkwardly as an elephant so that everybody observes and smiles at her antics. SHE does it. The small fry try to do it, and it isn't their fault if they don't. When their wares become sufficiently important to find a market, they'll do it. The lawyers make the worse appear the better cause. THEY do it. The doctors prescribe when they know there is no cure. THEY do it. The parsons take a fee for burying him, "with a sure and certain hope of salvation," although they well know that he died as he lived, and ought, according to their orthodoxy, to have gone where hope cometh not. THEY do it. These, and many others too numerous to mention, do it, which is all right, only they will insist upon being bashful about it, and lie about it, and would have us believe they don't do it. But they do. They don't feed upon the winds. There is this difference between them and the *News Letter*. It does it, and avows that it does, and has no need to be ashamed of its avowal. The highest authority said the workman is worthy of his hire. The *News Letter* selects good honest work to do, does it well, and does it effectively, and, above all, does it for coin. IT does it. In short, they ALL do it.

C. P. Dewey, H. N. Chauncey, L. Janning, A. F. Walcott, and P. S. Van Rensellaer were yesterday elected Trustees of the Harrisburg Mining Company. E. N. Hooper, L. Janning, H. P. Livermore, W. L. Oliver and P. S. Van Rensellaer were elected Trustees of the Tocqueville Mining Company.

THE FUTURE OF MINING SHARES.

Nemesis sits at the gates of commerce, and crouches near the treasure vaults of the world. Swift retribution follows a variation from the correct principles of business. Dishonesty, speculation and mismanagement may flourish for a time, but there is retribution at last. The communities of the East are now in the process of disgorging their ill-gotten gains, and the duration of their travail will be in exact proportion to the violation of the laws of finance and principles of business rectitude. They have not yet seen "the beginning of the end," though some four years have passed since the reaction set in, and shrinkage in values has been going steadily on ever since. The mining interest of the Pacific Coast has been handled somewhat after the fashion of the railroads in the States. Speculation in mining shares infused poison into the whole system, and the mining industry has, we fear, received a blow which the public do not yet appreciate. The speculative mania induced by the discovery of the bonanza has entailed evils for which even the enormous wealth gotten out of this treasure-box will scarcely compensate. Saying nothing of the ruin of so many individuals by stock gambling, it can be easily demonstrated that the mining industry has been dragged into a condition of inflation and reckless extravagance that must entail enormous losses. Out of the 200 mining companies doing business on this coast, whose stock is commonly dealt in at the Exchanges, only 39 have ever declared a dividend, and only 10 have declared a dividend during the present year. The total of dividends declared from all these mines aggregates, up to November 1st, $111,238,597, and against this there have been assessments of $60,462,833, showing the net profits of the mines to have been $50,775,756, from which has also to be deducted the price obtained for watered stocks.

Of these dividends California has paid $19,440,000; Consolidated Virginia, $33,480,000; Belcher, $15,397,200, and Crown Point $11,588,000, a total of $79,905,200. Deducting the divideuds of these four mines from the total, there is left only $31,333,397 for the other mines to offset the sum of $58,000,000 assessments. Seventeen Washoe mines have paid, altogether, $99,660,700 in dividends, and levied assessments to the amount of $23,532,510. The running 183 mines have, therefore, paid in dividends only $11,577,897, while they have levied assesments for $36,930,-323. During the current calendar year we find that only eleven mining companies have declared dividends, these aggregating $18,520,000, while assessments equal $8,238,403. Deducting the Consolidated Virginia and California dividends, the rest of the mines paid to their stockholders only $1,240,000, or about one seventh the assessments levied. Thus it appears that, in some one hundred and ninety-eight mines, the stockholders are putting in seven dollars to get out one, and that, if the Virginia and California ore body should suddenly give out, as did the Crown Point and Belcher, the stockholder's interest in the mining business, so far as concerns any legitimate income from the investment, would be plainly visible to even the most obtuse. There are now seventy mines in the State of Nevada turning out ore, and of these only seven have declared dividends within a year, only ten within two years, and only seventeen within four years. These mines yielded in gross ore to the value of $45,649,955 during the year ending December 31, 1876, but the cost of mining and working this ore was $26,000,000, so that, aside from the two bonanza mines, the stockholders reaped but little benefit. The logic of these figures is gradually creeping iuto the public mind, and the stock gambling mania consequently fast dying out. The transactions during the first nine months of this year at the San Francisco Board aggregate only $84,928,950, against $174,872,576 for the corresponding period last year. Stock gombling is no part of legitimate mining, and until it is eradicated there is no hope of bringing about the reforms necessary to prevent the decay and ruin of this branch of industry.

The large boa-constrictor in the New York aquarium gave birth to 50 small boas on Saturday night—an occurrence without precedent in this country. The family is kept in a large glass box. The mother is 13 feet and her young about 2 feet in length.

LA BELLA MORTE.

[BY CHARLES MACKAY.]

I dreamed a pleasant dream of Death,
As a lady fair and bright,
Who came to my bedside suddenly
In the stillness of the night.
"Art thou afraid of me?" she said,
In tones so sweet and low
That I knew she spoke as a kindly
And not as a vengeful foe; [friend,
And I answered cheerily, and smiled,
"No, my beloved! no!
Why should I fear? Thou canst not
An hour before thy time. [come
If 'tis thine hour, 'twill be thine hour,
Appointed and sublime.
I should have lived my life in vain,
Nor seen where all things tend,
If I'd not surely known and felt
That thou wouldst be my friend,
And that beginning were but loss
Unless for the blessed end.

Come to me, then, O kindly Death!
I fear thee not at all!
The immortal mind can never be
The mortal body's thrall.
I see thee stretch thy radiant hand
To open wide the door
Through which my spirit, glad to pass,
Shall surge, and spring, and soar,
And learn to learn, and know to know
Ever and evermore!
Dear mother, on thy face I look,
And feel myself a child,
And know thou'lt purify my soul
From all that hath defiled.
I've no regrets to leave a world
Whose dolefnl patbs I've trod:
Come when thou wilt; I'm well con-
To rest in the qniet sod, [tent
And go with thee to the Spirit-land,
To my Father and my God!"

RELIEF FOR THE NEEDY.

Our Mayor, who ought to know, says there are undoubtedly a number of nnemployed persons in our city who are in ueed of relief. Contributions are being taken up, and already amount to a considerable snm. Next comes the distribntion of the money. Where there is actnal need let it be relieved by all meaus. In snch cases, it is more blessed to give than receive. In this land of plenty none ought to be permitted to want, even temporarily. But in relieving undoubted distress let us not encourage bummers. Care shonld be exercised. The help should be extended in such a way as to help the needy to help themselves. There is danger of the money reaching those who are not the most in need of it. Giving it to political loafers and dead-beats wonld work mischief. They would come agaiu and again this winter, and next, and as long as money might be obtainable, and in the end they would be used hy the politiciaus. They have found that out in Cambridge, Mass., and would like to exclnde those who have received elemosynary aid from voting, bnt cannot. The *Nation* says that in that small city "an attempt was made to strike off the voters' list no less than five hundred and eighty-eight names of persons who had received relief dnring the past year, bnt only thirty-four were so struck off, and those on the curious ground that they had been "relieved" a good deal; the other five hundred and fifty-four were retained as being only slight paupers, and will this year vote away in taxes the property of those who have lived on their own earniugs and savings. The principle seems, therefore, likely to be established that a man is not a pauper for political purposes if he does not draw on the public purse too often. The last Mayor of Cambridge—which is the seat of a great university—was a person entirely without property, and only paid a poll-tax. He had been the Chief of Police, and was removed by the then Mayor for neglect of duty; bnt being "a good fellow," "the masses" rallied to his support and put him in the Mayor's place at the next election, in order to "vindicate him." We hope no snch state of matters is probable in San Francisco; yet it is possible, and therefore care ought to be takeu that, wbilst we cheerfully aid those who are temporarily in ueed, we do not create a permanent class of bummers for the benefit of small politicians and office-holders. We would, by no means, restrain needed charity; on the contrary, let it flow as fully and as freely as it may be needed, bnt let us see to it that it is wisely directed, so that it may help those who desire to help themselves.

Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, has been removed from Dartmoor to Portland convict establishment.

"HOW TO FILL SHORTS."

The evidence in the case of the People *vs.* John Leighton et als. is both amusing and instructive, especially so that of Mr. Tibbey, one of the complaining witnesses. We will give a sketch of his evidence, and from it our readers will be able to form some estimate of how big a story a Californian will swallow when told him by a New Yorker, and those who deal in stocks may learn a useful lesson in the business, and one which we have been for a long time endeavoring to teach them, viz: to pay for their stocks, and take them out of the brokers' hands. Mr. Tibbey says that Mr. Leighton represented himself to him as the agent of a New York syndicate with $5,000,000 of capital, which could be increased to $10,000,000 if necessary; that he was out here for the purpose of paying Mr. Schultz's debts, and obtaining control of the Exchequer mine, and working it; that he had 70,000 shares of the stock locked up in the vaults of the Safe Deposit Company, and intended buying in the balance, and that in these same vaults he had $3,500,000 in twenty dollar gold pieces, the balance of the $5,000,000, after paying George Schultz's debts; that is, he had 6 tons of bullion and 70,000 shares of Exchequer stock, and this $3,500,000 was to buy the other 3,000 shares of stock, which was then selling for $1 per share, or $30,000, and to work the mine. Col. Barnes asked Mr. Tibbey if this was not a pretty big story to swallow. He said it was, but that he had believed it. Mr. Leighton also told him that Exchequer was the coming bonanza, for Mr. Schultz had said so, and that he (Mr. Leighton) had himself sent an expert to Virginia City, who corroborated Mr. Schultz's story. That upon these representations he bought 6,500 shares of tbe stock, paying for it from $3.50 to $13 per share, the whole lot averaging $8.25. That the stock went as bigh as $14.25 per share, but it did not occur to Mr. Tibbey that he had made a good profit, for he intended to wait until it touched $25 per share before unloading on the public, but instead of going up it went down, and he had Mr. Leighton arrested — we suppose for not keeping the market up. Mr. Tibbey, it appears, used a Mister Bradford as his agent to purchase the stock for him, who again employed Fry, Neal & Co., who bought the stock, as also 5,000 shares on Bradford's own private account, making in all 11,500 shares of stock in the hands of Fry, Neal & Co. In this stock Mr. Leighton had an interest of 1,000 shares, for which he bad given a draft on New York. All this stock was bought on a 50 per cent. margin. Before Mr. Leighton's draft could have reached New York, Fry, Neal & Co. called for more margin, although the amount of this draft would have made the account good, and without giving Mr. Leighton notice, Mr. Tibbey, through his "Man Friday," Mr. Bradford, ordered the stock sold out without limit. Mr. Neal, in his evidence, says that he went into the Board during the informal session, and in five minutes sold out 11,500 shares of the stock, selling 3,000 in one lot at $4 per share as a starter, although the stock had closed in the regular session at $6¼. Mr. Neal characterized it as a very lively session. We quite agree with him, and also think him a very lively broker. Ye gods! 11,500 shares sold in five minutes on a weak market, offered in lots of 3,000 shares at $2 under the market price. Is it any wonder people who buy on margins get ruined? And we again say to our readers, if you will buy stocks, pay for them and take them out of the broker's hands, and then they cannot dump 10,000 to 15,000 shares of your stock on the market, thereby breaking the stock on which they themselves were short, and take back the same stocks at a low figure to fill their own shorts, and in that way put their customer's margins in their own pockets. We hope, by the time our next issue comes out, that the defendants in this case will have given us an opportunity of getting at some more of the tricks of the trade by having the broker's books brought into Court. We have an idea that a look over some of the books would tell a sad story of misplaced confidence in brokers by their customers, and of calls being made for more margin on stocks which had already been sold out, and assessments being collected on stocks whicb bad never been purchased.

A Yaphank paper advertises: "Board wanted for man and wife with gas."

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR ACCOUNT OF THE WAR.

Now, when the Summer campaign is over, and a Winter campaign is about to begin, it may be useful to make up a debtor and creditor account, showing how much has been so far lost, and how much gained, by a peculiarly Christian and humanitarian war. We do not pretend that the reckoning is complete; possibly a few items have to be added, but this our readers must do for themselves. On the one side we have: 1. A hundred thousand men, or thereabout, slaugbtered, gashed, and mutilated. 2. Tens of thousands more dead of cold, fatigue, privation, and disease. 3. Very many others suffering from the same ills. ("Trains of sick are passing to the Danube by a thousand carts at a time.") 4. Home-suffering to any degree within the compass of human imagination, occasioned as above, in hundreds of villages and towns. 5. Steady wholesale destruction, through overwork, want of food, and the engines of war, amongst good useful beasts (these creatures being incapable of any enthusiasms of humanity.) 6. The crops, cattle, farmhouses of whole provinces ravaged and destroyed. Hundreds of villages burnt, and their inhabitants (such as have escaped murder) adrift on the world. 7. Whole populations instructed in rape and massacre as a means of securing civil and religious liberty; and practicing the same. 8. All the waste of material which accompanies waste of life in warfare. Addition to an already grinding taxation to make good this waste as it occurs. The certainty that increased taxation will be continued long after the war, to refurnish empty stores and arsenals, and to "reorganize" shattered forces. And a vast incalculable loss in trade and industry. 9. The rekindling, throughout vast regions and over several populations, of the most atrocious of all ferocities, religious hate. 10. The evil, whatever it may amount to, of familiarizing mankind once more with the worst savageries of ancient uncivilized warfare, with wholesale slaughter, and the most reckless use of men's lives. 11. The spectacle of lying, hypocrisy, and rapacity passing for truth, virtue, and self-sacrifice. On the other side we have to reckon: 1. The lessons brought home to Turkey, and the prospect that that empire, fast lapsing into corruption and desuetude, may become purified and invigorated. 2. The solace of knowing that a large part of the money lost to Turkish bondholders has so far ensured the protection of British interests. 3. The discovery of the true use and purpose of autonomous provinces, and the explosion of various blunders and lies as to the condition of the Christian peasantry of Turkey. 4. The unveiling of a vast deal of political imposture abroad, and the timely detection of much dangerous nonsense at home. 5. Certain provinces, already blessed with a fruitful soil, made more fruitful for the future by the ashes of burned crops and the bodies of slain men. 6. A large perceutage of profit for several rich contractors.

The Supervisors are evidently anxious to find work for the unemployed, and have resolved to ask the Legislature to provide funds for making a new drive at Ocean Beach, and tunnels under Russian and Telegraph Hill. The proposal is worthy of the eminent body from which it emanates, and may be taken as a fair indication of municipal intelligence. Is it because the Supervisors cannot find anything better for the unemployed to do, or because they have an itching to spend other people's money? Might it not be possible to take advantage of the stagnation in the labor market to try and save a few thousand lives now annually immolated on the altar of sanitary neglect and ignorance? Do the Supervisors need to be told that a thousand men could be employed in San Francisco for a whole year upon sanitary works, leaving the public a handsome and certain profit in the shape of improved health and a diminished death rate? But no; better have a new drive and a tunnel under Russian Hill than a good system of sewerage. Better be ministers of death than life—so say our Supervisors.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company will pay a dividend of £1 per share, for the half-year ended 30th June, this beiug the same rate of distribution as for the corresponding period in 1876.

THE ORIGINAL "OPHIR."

When royal Sol. ran out of cash,
He'd just send round to Ophir,
And there his clippers in a flash
Got all they chose to go for.
No wonder he could sing a "Song"
Of many an amorous stanza,
For hearts are light when stocks are strong,
And he'd a rich bonanza.

The fame of this immortal mine
Seems endless in duration—
The glorious days of "forty-nine"
Can't kill the old sensation.
I wonder if they had our skill
In analyzing bowlders,
And if they used the diamond drill
To cheat the poor stockholders.

Had they a gorgeous Stock Exchange,
And Bulls and Bears among them?
If so, it seems a little strange
The "wise King" hadn't hung them.
Yet, if old Sol. controlled the mine,
He'd scarcely hang his brokers—
He couldn't dress *himself* so fine
If they wore hempen chokers.

When Sheba's Queen to see him came,
And, being smitten, tarried,
P'raps he for that complacent dame
Some shares of Ophir carried. [knows?
Or p'raps he "sinched" her tight—who
When Kings go into mining,
One mustn't search their hooks too close—
Their deeds won't bear defining.

No doubt they ran the old mine well,
And did their share of sharping.
The hook-nosed rascals! Who shall tell?
But what's the use of carping?
We're not beyond reproach, alas!
Our brokers sometimes sell us,
And they whose houses are of glass
Should not throw stones, they tell us.

NEW IRRIGATION WORKS.

The lesson of the past season seems not to have been lost upon the people of California. The drought has shown the folly of relying entirely upon the natural rainfall, when such vast bodies of water could be easily pressed into service to insure subsistence and comfort, if not abundance and surplus, under all circumstances. We are told that the neglect to keep in repair the great water reservoirs of India, built by the former ruler, has lately cost more than a million human lives, and the expenditure of fifty millions of dollars to feed the starving people. The carelessness of the thousands of inhabitants in the Central and South Central portion of California has inflicted severe losses the past year, and seriously damaged the good name of our commonwealth. In these sections, for years past, the farmers have been content to produce only winter crops, even depending upon peddlers for the vegetables which they consumed upon their tables. Summer farming was neglected for want of irrigation facilities, and thus the land only partially utilized, and the earnings were dependent upon the winter grain crops. There is to be a new order of things, and henceforth the streams will be utilized. Several large irrigation works are at present in progress, others are soon to be begun, and there have been numberless individual and neighborhood efforts to increase the area of irrigable land. Prominent among the former may be mentioned the Mokelumne Ditch, the stone dam for which is now being constructed at West Moreland's bridge, and the extension of the San Joaquin and King's River Canal. There is an abundance of water in the streams of the Central and South Central portion of the State and in Tulare Lake, to irrigate hundreds of thousands of acres of land, and this is but a small portion of the water available. The sinking of 2,000 artesian wells in Los Angeles and San Bernardino Counties is an illustration of what can be done in developing the inexhaustible subterranean supply.

New Railroads in Colombia, S. A.—PANAMA, November, 1st.—The *Star and Herald* says: "We are informed that Mr. Ross, who passed here on his way to Europe a few days since, has made a contract with the Government of Colombia for the construction of what is to be called the Central Railroad, which is to cost $20,000,000. It is said the Panama Railroad subsidy of $250,000 per annum, has been given up to Ross for 22 years, besides which he is to have 25 per cent. of the Customs revenue. From Peru it is reported that public works are at a standstill since the death of Harry Meiggs."

GENERAL GRANT AND PROTECTION.

At a banquet given to General Grant, the other day, in Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., who proposed a toast to the health of General Grant, in the course of his remarks expressed a hope that the day was not distant when the ties between England and America would be drawn closer by free commercial intercourse. Replying to this part of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, the General said he had "a sort of recollection from reading, that England herself had a protective tariff until she had her manufactories established," and he intimated that in this respect we were only following the example set by England, and reminded his hearers that they had at one time protected every branch of their trade by high duties, which were only taken off when they felt strong enough to defy all competition. If General Grant had read a little more and studied deeper, he might have learned that England adopted Free Trade to relieve the sufferings of her people, and upon the honest and just principles that the purchaser should be allowed to supply his wants when he can do so best and most cheaply. General Grant's reasoning seems at first sight plausible, yet it is a poor defence to say that because a nation has at one time pursued a foolish policy, another must follow suit. Most of the import duties are now dead letters except for the purpose of prohibition, and the question is, whether it is wise to continue to impoverish the great majority of our people, and require them to pay more for their goods in order to enrich a few native manufacturers. Even for purposes of revenue, it is difficult to defend a tax upon imports by which the people have to pay two dollars for every one the Government receives. For example, suppose the domestic productiou to equal the amount imported, the people have to pay duty on the home article as well as on the foreign, for every cent in the shape of duty is added to the price of the domestic manufacture for the exclusive benefit of the mill owners and manufacturers, but the Government is only benefited by what is paid on the foreign article. Thus it is easy to see that protective duties impose a double tax upon the people, one in favor of the exchequer, the other in favor of the protected class, whereas, in a republican country, the community are really the class who ought to be protected. If there is to be Free Trade in labor, it does not seem unreasonable to ask that there should be Free Trade in goods. But if no revenue is produced, then the plain English of all protectiou is that the consumer must pay bounties to the manufacturer to enable him to compete with the cheap labor of Europe. Some, also, maintain that it protects labor itself, and argue that Free Trade would reduce wages. In reply to this, it may be said that the workman's net income, after payment of the duties, would be no greater than if his wages were less and he had no taxes to pay, and the lesser wages would tend to further reduce prices. By protecting manufacturers, the Government augments their wealth and power, and so favors the struggle between capital and labor. As a consequence we see the price of labor decreasing, and the laborer yearly becoming more dependent upon the capitalist. It has been charged against England that she monopolizes the trade of the world. She invites the products of all nations without restriction, and the truth is that producers prefer to deal with the country that will admit their products free. Again, the country that manufactures for a particular market will be sure to buy there such goods as it requires. It has recently been claimed that in many of our manufactures we are now able to compete successfully with the foreign. If this is true, there is no reason why they should be longer protected; if untrue, surely they have been fostered long enough, and purchasers should be allowed the privilege of buying in the cheapest market.

In 1875, the quantity of wine made in France was unprecedentedly large, the Gironde alone producing 116,000,000 gallons, and the whole of France no less a quantity than 1,848,000,000 gallons. In 1876, the quantity produced in the Gironde fell to 44,000,000 gallons. This year, from all appearances, there will be a considerable increase in quantity over that of 1876—in fact, a good average vintage, and this, notwithstanding the appearance of the vines, and the cold and wet weather up to almost the close of July had given rise to serious fears of a deficiency in quantity again in the vintage of 1877.

NELSON NOTES.

Frank N. "firmly stands by the rock;"
Croquet is the favorite game with "Doc."
Jim D. is building up the town
For place to do his peanuts brown.
Mac. has school-house on the brain;
R. F. has storage in the rain.
J. R. G. and S. J. B. bet on the election;
One dreads pay, and the other shuns collection.
Frink fell, and was un(h)armed;
Pixley says that G. is charmed.
N. E. and C. C. hunt the quail;
Thus ends my little tale. VERACITY.

NEW BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND COMIC ART. Bancroft & Co.

We have received from New York the recent work of James Parton. It is entitled "Caricature and Other Comic Art, in All Times and Many Lands," and is published by the Harpers. A large portion of its contents have been printed in *Harper's Monthly* during the year 1875; but many of its 205 illustrations—we might say the most curious and interesting—now appear for the first time: notably those exhibiting the present or recent Caricature of Germany, Spain, Italy, China, and Japan. The great living authorities upon this branch of Art are two in number: one in English and the other in French. The English author is the well-know Antiquarian and Scholar, Thomas Wright, whose "History of Caricature and the Grotesque" is well known on this side of the Atlantic, as is also his more recent volume upon that incomparable caricaturist of the last generation, James Gillray. The French writer is Jules Champfleury, who, in his valuable series of volumes—with copious illustrations—passes in review the Comic Art from the most ancient times to our own day. No one has treated so fully or so well as he has the Caricature of the Greeks and Romans. Mr. Parton says: "It has been agreeable to me to observe that some Americans are not without natural aptitude for this kind of Art. Our generous Franklin, the friend of Hogarth, to whom the dying artist wrote this last letter, replying to the last letter he ever received, was a capital caricaturist, and used his skill in this way—as he did all his other gifts and powers—in behalf of his country and his kind. For some time past, Caricature has been a power in this land, and a power generally on the right side. Long may our domestic humorists continue to amuse us, and long may the avenging satirist use his pencil to make mad the guilty and appall the knave. Unhappily, there is a plethora of subjects on which the latter may exercise his skill, and with great advantage to all honest people. In this volume of Mr. Parton's, there will be found a greater variety of illustrations of a satirical and comic cast than has ever been before presented at one view in our language. We can heartily commend this work as the production of one of the soundest and brightest of our didactic authors, and, whilst it will afford much instruction, it will also contribute much amusement to its readers. Hence it ought to be very attractive at the approaching festive season.

Sperite. By Theophile Gautier. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This is No. 3 of the collection of foreign authors, translated under the auspices of the world-renowned bibliopoles, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. We have a vivid recollection of the pleasure we derived from perusing, in the original tongue, this charming work of T. Gautier when it was first published in France. There is a verisimilitude in all the descriptions of countries visited by his hero, arising from the fact that the author had himself traveled in those lands. For many years Theophile Gautier occupied, in Paris, the front rank as a novelist, and had no superior as a critic of the Fine Arts.

LIGHT. By Mayer and Barnard. Published by Appleton & Co., New York; Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This is one of the "Experimental Science Series for Beginners," and

will be found exactly adapted for its purposes. It furnishes a number of simple and easy experiments in the phenomena of Light, which any one can perform with materials to be had in any dwelling-house, or that can be procured at a trifling cost. The illustrations and descriptions fully explain what is needed by the boy or girl student. We believe this book will occupy a place hitherto unfilled in our Scientific Literature, and will greatly aid all teachers, who wish their pupils to become careful experimenters, strict reasoners, and exact observers of natural phenomena.

The Tower of Percemont. By George Sand. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.

This book is the fourth number of Appleton's collection of foreign authors. It is one of the recent works from the pen of the late Madame Dudevant—celebrated under the assumed name of George Sand—and it is well worthy of her high reputation. It is remarkable that the writers who, of late years, have had the most marked influence on European Society, have been women. Hence, it is not surprising that an eminent savant once publicly declared, having regard to their masculine intellect and moral suasion, that the three authoresses, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, and George Sand, were *the three greatest men in the world.*

Bishop Kip has just given to the public his tenth work, entitled, "The Church of the Apostles." Its subjects are the "Creeds," "Fellowship," "Eucharist," and "Liturgies." Under these heads the Bishop discusses, in his usual scholarly way, the four most important potentialities in the history of the early Church. There was a power in what the early Church believed, giving unity to opinion which, of all things, is the most conflicting; there was invincible power in the paternity of an organization which had Christ for its founder, and the world for its field, with the power of discipline, the certainty of faith, and the unity of feeling; there was power in the eucharistic feast, which gave the disciples one food; there was power in the ritual which gave the whole world one worship. Society has been prodigiously unified under the teaching of "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." Buy the book, and judge for yourselves of the service the Bishop has done the Church by this contribution to its solid literature.

FRANCE.

The political situation of France becomes every day more intricate, more threatening, and more paradoxical. The Ministry, threatened by the Left, have gained on a loss and lost by a gain. The electoral majority of the opposition, which was a hundred and forty odd, dwindled to a hundred and two on the first vote, of want of confidence. At the same time the power of the Left, as against the Right, is as three to two. But the two are in power; their Chief was elected for seven years, expiring in 1880, by a majority of sixty-six. The party is united, and the sympathies of the interior are with them. The debate on the question of corrupt and influenced elections was mainly noted for the bold and able speech of the Duke de Broglie. M. de Fourtou is merely the gladiator to spar with Gambetta, just as Cassangnac was the bully of the Bonapartists. The opposing forces face each other, one of them "collecting all its force, dilated stands," the other fearful of a false step in restraining the more ardent and encouraging the weak-kneed. Europe anxiously looks on, for already the threat of German and Italian unity has been heard in the French Chambers, which means intervention, which means re-intervention and a general row, in which, except as to the Bosphorus and the Black Sea, Turkey will be forgotten and Russia ignored.

At a late military dinner, one of the visitors proposed a toast: "May the man who has lost one eye in the service of his country never see distress with the other." But the person whose duty it was to read the toast, by omitting the word distress, completely changed the sentiment, and caused much merriment by the blunder. It does not require much of an eye to see the impurities in Spring Valley water. The only way to remove them is to use a Silicated Carbon Filter, obtainable only from Bush & Milne, New Montgomery street, under the Grand.

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

A pocket-knife sharpener is a very simple implement and a most useful thing to carry when the cutlery is dull at dinner time. But an estimable young broker's clerk, who has been turned out of five boarding-houses in the last three months, has traced all his misfortunes, in the clearest way, to the apparently innocent and unoffending invention. He accepted his notice to leave the first four establishments unconscious of any reasonable objection to his presence; but on the last occasion he mustered up courage and insisted on the proprietress of his hash-house giving him explanation. "Young man," she replied, sternly, "until your presence embittered my existence, I had no difficulty in paying my butcher's bills, but like a traitorous wretch you have come into this peaceful private hotel, and every time you sit down to a meal you have sharpened one or more knives. To-day the knives in this establishment are so keen that where a boarder used with difficulty to cut up one mutton-chop at breakfast, without spraining his wrist, he now eats three clean, and there ain't enough on the bones to serve up again as stew. Go hence, young man, go! and may the malediction of an outraged widow be with you forever and ever! Amen." If you notice an unkempt and unshaven clerk with weak knees, crawling round California street, and shivering under the weight of a heavy curse, that is the fellow to whom this paragraph alludes.

On conning over the MS. historiette, to which we made allusion in our last issue, in which a certain Clay-street merchant cuts a ludicrous and disgraceful figure, we find that the developments are richer as we go deeper, and that the capers of this family man would give material for a plot as deep and intricate almost as one by Wilkie Collins. The last pretty bark, however, chased by this pirate, proved too much for him. She glittered like a "bijou" before his covetous eye, but when he came closer than she wished, and showed himself ugly, she let him have a full broadside, and turning round, threatened to carry the "war into Africa," or to send a missive into the home circle. He has put about, and is now endeavoring to repair damages. It will avail him little to do so though, if a certain Julia should return here to try issues with this Romeo. Like her namesake of the Comstock, she is expecting to put a tunnel through Clay street and tap a mine there in which, by all the laws of honor, she should have an interest. Come home, Julia, and make the fur fly, if the heavens fall. We have strong notion of putting our MS. into dramatic form and making a hit of it. We think it would take hugely if properly handled, as we need not go an inch outside the strict letter of truth for sensation. The public may dance, yet let who will, pay the piper. More, anon.

The account Mr. Augustus Royal gives is this. It seems that he resided in the fifth story of a boarding-house on the first floor of which were the apartments of a rich gentleman called Annis. Now Mr. Royal did not know Mr. Annis, but believing that almost any one could appreciate a deliberate practical joke, he concluded to perpetrate one as follows: One night before he (A.) returned from the Club, Royal got into his rooms through the transom and collected all the former's little trinkets, jewelry, and articles of "bigotry and virtue," as Mr. Royal humorously called them. His idea was to give the owner a surprise. Just as he had confiscated the last pair of shirt-studs a noise was heard, and the joker hastily slipped under the bed. The intruder was Mr. Annis, and some time during the night he heard a noise under the bed, which Mr. Royal explains must have been himself chuckling over the ludicrousness of his position. He was arrested and tried, notwithstanding the above frank and straight-forward explanation, and it says very little for the jury's appreciation of true humor that he has just been sent over the bay for eighteen months. It is too bad.

All philosophers of any eminence frequently retire from the busy hum of the world, and pursue their studies in solitude. It is, therefore, not surprising to find Philosopher Pickett drawing logical deductions behind the bars of our municipal jug. Sometimes he has to take possession of the Supreme Bench; at other times he makes a little incendiary speech, but in every instance he reaches the desired goal, and provides himself with the seclusion necessary to the carrying out of his plans.

The local amateur dramatists have created such a succession of remarkable dramas of late that everybody, but the grumbling critics, are gratified, or at least satisfied. The critics, however, as we imply, have found considerable fault, and have made all sorts of suggestions for the future guidance of the embryo Shakespeares in our midst. It will doubtless, therefore, gratify these flaw-pickers to know that a play has just been completed, entirely by day's work, upon which no less than six of our local dramatists have lavished their several giant abilities. It will utilize all the suggestions made by the profound thinkers of the press, and contain something to hit every taste. The prologue will be a modern street scene in Washington The first act will, by an ingenious and effective retrogression, take place during the reign of the Pharaohs. The next act will represent a stormy interview between Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth; the latter, of course, being represented as very aged, to render the incident possible. The second act will show a party of exiled Americans picnicking on Lake Como, with Oakey Hall catching sardines with a bent pin. The third act will introduce a tiger-hunt in India, a railroad accident, and a clog dance. If anybody remains for the fourth act—their money will be refunded.

Mr. Crocker is informed that that blamed fence of his has *got* to come down, and at once! The writer of this scorns labor and is not a friend of the working man, but he lives in Mr. C.'s neighborhood and said fence gives him a great deal of superfluous annoyance. In the first place he keeps some hens, and whenever one gets out of the coop it makes straight for the Crocker fence, where it cannot be reached with a twenty foot fishing-pole, and from whence it is invariably snaked into the back window of Yung's edifice eventually by that nefarious person. To add to this, every human being who calls on the *T. C.* stands at the front window and talks of that fence, and speculates on its hight and which one of the combatants will be the first to give in, until the writer's entire family border on lunacy. Yes, that fence has got to come down or be *burned down* by the red right hand that writes this, and, furthermore, Captain Lees is informed that we pen this determination entrenched behind four desks and a hand-press, and with the office shot-gun between our knees.

And now comes James Lick's cook, and mops up a little trifle of $1,100 for services rendered and not rewarded. Our own little bill is not ready yet, but the *T. C.* purposes astonishing the executors with a small account of a few thousand dollars shortly—that is, as soon as he has made up his mind what to charge it to. He once kept us waiting outside his room while he was putting on a clean shirt. That ought to be good for $500; and on another occasion we slipped down the Lick House stairs after a heavy dinner, which ought to be worth at least $1,000. Then there is a good deal of mental and bodily anguish suffered over the consideration of the late millionaire's wealth, and our own extreme poverty. Altogether Mr. John B. Lick, administrator, will be pretty lucky if he gets off with $10,000 by the time the *Town Crier* has done with him.

The inhabitants of New York, Boston and Toronto have our hearty sympathy just at present. Providence has hitherto seen fit to afflict them by fire, thunder, lightning and ring thieves, and now there is added to that terrible catalogue the awful scourge of earthquakes. We are so darned wicked here that we expect to be swallowed up at any time. That is nothing new. But Boston, at least, has kept up a flimsy covering of *quasi* respectability, and it looks mighty ugly when the Lord shakes her up like five dice in a box. At some future time we will give our Eastern brethren directions what to do during an earthquake, but at present it must suffice to advise them that, if they see a five-story brick building performing a trapeze act, it is best to walk in an opposite direction.

An enraptured youth, who resides not far from the summit of Rincon Hill, visited his sweetheart at South Park, the other evening. He found her asleep in the parlor, and the idea occurred to him to pin a rosebud to her gently heaving breast before waking her. At the first touch of the pin a slow, peculiar, hissing sound was audible, and the Hogarthian curves of her maidenly bust vanished like the baseless fabric of a vision, or as the Devil sinks through the trap-door in a pantomime. It was a p. p. he had ruptured, but the rupture in his relations with the young lady is one that no india-rubber will ever repair.

The United Order of Plasterers gave a party this week, and as they are a very fine body of men, it becomes a duty to caution the general public against supposing that an order of plasterers is a club of young men who smooth down their hair with castor oil and essence of verbena, or plaster their mustaches with cosmetic and cheap gum. The *T. C.* being junior deacon of the Grand Lodge of kalsominers, merely pens this item in defence of an illustrious kindred organization. We notice, with pleasure, that Pacific Lodge No. 3, United Order of Putty Slappers, contemplates a social shortly.

It is rather discouraging to a sensitive mind to find you have left your key down stairs when your room is on the sixth story of some big hotel, the elevator stopped running, and the time 1:30 A. M. But it is still more so after you have had the chamhermaid let you into the wrong room by mistake, you being too *tired* to notice it, to be awakened at 3 A. M. by your bitterest enemy, who counts over his scarf pins, while you fumble into your clothes, holds the door open scornfully and mutters something like "Drunk again," as you walk out.

The Supervisors have distinguished themselves before leaving the Board by putting out the new gas. Some men earn their death by blowing out gas, but a long and illustrious list of shining examples teaches us that a Supervisor may reverse the feat, and add a little something to the expenses of livelihood instead. It is astonishing upon what airy nothings some favorable specimens of avoirdupois contrive to live, and yet the sage man, who is anxious to put a job through, would never think of fooling around a Supervisor with nothing but gas.

While rich men are dying day after day and leaving their fortunes to be spent in erecting hospitals, colleges, monuments, libraries and a lot of other things nobody wants, where is the true benefactor of his race who will devote his means to buying up all the hair tonic the barbers of the country have in stock, and so enable a customer to get shaved without being treated like a convict because he doesn't want a dollar's worth of grease to take home with him.

Strangers just arrived from the East, who desire to save a dollar by walking up from the ferry these dark evenings, are respectfully informed that the gentleman with a bludgeon, spit curls, and a bull dog, who will inevitably offer to show them the way, is *not* a member of the Board of Supervisors, as he will incidentally remark, nor is the twenty dollar gold note he will ask you to change, of a kind which it is desirable to lay by for a rainy day.

It is understood that Sitting Bull will shortly visit San Francisco, attended by his staff of red and white officers. An American would actually lionize the murderer of his mother-in-law, if he could find a good excuse. The interviewers of the daily papers are already making requisitions on their editors for red cloth, blue beads, and fire-water to propitiate their intended victims—especially the fire-water.

The individual who has floated around this terrestrial globe a generation or so without acquiring sense enough not to stick his head through an elevator door when the car is descending from the floor above, is hardly entitled to much sympathy. Such a man went through this performance at the Palace, the other day, and two doctors are now endeavoring to haul him out to his original length again.

We are earnestly solicited, by our one subscriber in Hungryville, Nev., to publish the fact that no circus or traveling company has visited that town for two years. In fact, they have lived all this time on the board-bills paid by the last show that exhibited there three days, and was chased out of the county by the Sheriff on the fourth.

"**Simpkins**, what makes you always take your little nips in that drug store of late—take 'em medicinally, eh?" "Hush, my dear fellow, don't give me away. Fact is, I am to be put up as a temperance and education candidate for the Legislature, so I never drink at a bar, and am learning to speak grammar through my nose!"

The next move will be to give somebody a salary of five thousand dollars to distribute that twenty-five thousand Poor Relief Fund.

THE DAYS OF 1850 AND 1855.

Old time residents will remember that in early days it was very common for people in this city to live in tents and hovels, and some early comers will remember "Old Mother Wilson," who used to live in the sand hills far above Powell street on California street. In 1853, or thereabouts, the Rev. Dr. Scott found her out, and she was by him induced to go to old Calvary Church on Bush street, when he was pastor thereof. "Mother Wilson," as she was then familiarly called, lived quietly by herself, keeping a few hens and chickens and bringing fresh eggs to market. She had an old rag-picker for a boarder, who occasionally attended church with her, and for neighbor still another rag-picker, a Welchman, who, by the way, accumulated considerable property by the rise in real estate, and who for years also regularly attended Dr. Scott's Church on Bush street, always bringing his bible and hymn book with him in his handkerchief, occupying a front seat directly in front of the pulpit, and for years was always in his place every Sunday morning, side by side with Mrs. Ann Wilson. But when the "big organ" was put into the church he stopped coming, and when asked the cause, said he could not endure that "big devil of an organ," it was too much. After this he fell desperately in love with a woman living in the sand hills, and followed her to Europe, but afterwards returned, and we believe he is still living somewhere in South San Francisco, having property. But we have departed from our text—Old Mother Wilson. Her son in early days was a well-to-do baker in California street near Kearny, but did nothing to help support his good pious old mother, who for years was a pensioner of Calvary Church, and has been supported by that church at the Old Ladies Home Protection and Relief Society, Franklin street, where she died a few days since in the 99th year of her age. The writer called on her one year ago. She remembered him, called him by name, and spoke of the early days when we were friends. At the Home and elsewhere she has of late years been known as "Grand-ma Wilson." Until perhaps a year ago she has been able to ride to church every Sunday morning in the Sutter street car. She has now gone home to rest.

THAT EXCHEQUER CASE.

That stock case still hangs fire in the Police Court. We had hoped that ere this the defense would have been entered upon, that brokers' books would have been brought into Court, and that all buyers upon margins would have seen through the whole infamous process by which the brokers sell stock short, break the market to their own advantage, but to the sad loss of their customers. If the case is tried for all it is worth, it will surely illustrate the evils of buying upon margins, the process by which customers supply the instrument that is used to their own destruction, and how swindling brokers benefit by thievery. If all the brokers are brought into Court, made to show their books, and tell how much of Exchequer they sold short, whilst professedly holding it on a margin for the benefit of Leighton & Co., the operation will surely illustrate the infamy of the system, and supply us with the names of not a few who dishonestly practice it. To be able to hold up such fellows, by the aid of legal proofs, to the scorn they merit, would be so much gained. We promise that will be one of the results of the trial, or we will know the reason why it is not. Then the Legislature should enact a law to prevent this outrageous deviltry. Brokers should be compelled to give the number of certificates they purchase on their customers' accounts, just as a merchant gives the brand of any article he sells. A failure to do that should be a misdemeanor, and also vitiate the broker's account at the option of his customer. The remedy is simple and effective. It would make the business better, safer, and honester than it is, and no objection can be successfully urged against it that we are aware of. Meanwhile, people should eschew the hopeless practice of buying on margins.

"**How long** can a man live without brains?" asked a professor of a rustic. "I don't know," said the latter. "How old are you yourself?"

NIPPING IT IN THE BUD.

It is better to prevent incendiarism and riots in their incipiency by a few arrests, than to wait until sacrifice of property and possibly loss of life render graver remedies necessary. When men harrangue an exciting mob, and threaten to burn and hang, the law may well suppose that they mean what they say, and punish them accordingly. At any rate, they have no reason to complain if they are taken at their word. It is all very well for them, now that they have got themselves into trouble to declare that they did not mean it. Who was to know that? Men must he held to mean what they say. Besides, how could they he answerahle for the effect of their harrangues upon their hearers? The leaders might have hacked out in the face of danger, as leaders of their kind so often do, and, as indeed, these very leaders did, so soon as they found themselves hehind prison hars, hut the mob that they were exciting might not have been as mindful, or rather fearful of consequences. That heing so, it was wise and right to stop the thing in its incipiency. It is estimated that the Pittsburg riots involved a loss of eight mi*ons worth of property; who knows that a similar loss might not have been entailed here. At any rate, with such an example before our eyes, to he forewarned was to he fore-armed, and enough had occurred to warrant decisive action. That the action was decisive enough to the effective is perhaps its best justification. It is easy to criticise the authorities, as it must he confessed there is ground for criticism in this case, hut if the end is gained mistakes may be condoned. Unquestionably, the daily papers which reported only the incendiary language, advertised the meetings after they knew their character, and gave notoriety to men in search of it, are much to hlame for what has occurred. If the fellows had been left severely alone we are persuaded their agitation would have fallen still-born. It was, however, fanned into life hy the papers, became a menace, and as such has rightly heen brought to a sudden and ignominious end. *Requiescat in pace.* It ought not to be forgotten at home, and certainly should he made known ahroad that the late agitation was confined to a few nobodies, and was not joined in or sympathized with by the great hody of workingmen of our city. It cannot he too often repeated that more than 70,000 of our workingmen have over $63,000,000 in the savings hanks of the city, which is loaned out to merchants, manufacturers, and others upon real and personal estate. Hence, our workingmen are necessarily opposed to incendiarism, are conservatively inclined hy the force of their personal interests. Stronger guarantees for the preservation of existing interests is not found in any city in the world.

THE BELIEF INCREASING.

As the time for the meeting of the Legislature approaches the helief grows stronger that the Senatorship is not so sure a thing as was recently imagined. Three weeks ago it became clear that Farley was away ahead of his competitor, Ryland. That much was clear enough. Therefore the wise ones began to declare that the result had become a foregone conclusion. There were elements, however, that they had not reckoned upon, and which are now heginning to tell. It was known that Mark L. McDonald had a numher of sure votes which, however, were not sufficiently numerous to win him the nomination. It now turns out that there were an unexpectedly large numher of Democratic memhers, not only unpledged, but who are inimical to hoth Farley and Ryland. It is now said that with many of these McDonald is the favorite candidate, and that his strength hegins to he formidable. It is claimed that his fight, though made quietly, has heen conducted with exceptional skill and effect. We do not doubt it. Moreover, of this we are sure, that if elected he will make one of the hest workers in the interests of this Coast that has ever heen sent to the Senate. He will be no less true to his friends than to the interests of the State. Four weeks hence the result ought to be known.

For the Knavy.—"A *trial* trip—from the House of Detention to the Old Bailey sessions, in the police van.—*Funny Folks.*

IN MEMORY OF JOHN LATHROP MOTLEY.

Sleep, Motley, with the great of ancient days,
Who wrote for all the years that yet shall be!
Sleep with Herodotus, whose name and praise
Have reached the isles of Earth's remotest sea!
Sleep, while defiant of the slow decay
Of Time, thy glorious writings speak for thee,
And in the answering heart of millions raise
The generous zeal for Right and Liberty!
And should the days o'ertake us, when, at last,
The silence that ere yet a human pen
Had traced the sleuderest record of the past—
Hushed the primeval languages of men,
Upon our English tongue its spell shall last:
Thy memory shall perish only then.

—*International Review.*

The Silver King Mine was placed on the rolls of the Stock boards on the 11th instant. A dividend of 50 cents per share has been declared, payable on the 30th instant. It is the intention of this Company to pay monthly dividends hereafter, and the developments upon their property are a sufficient guarantee of their ability to do so. The Stock is selling at from $12 to $13 per share. Judge James Walsh left for Arizona on the 15th instant; he goes fully prepared to complete the purchase and organization of several valuable properties in which he is interested. In this connection we would say, that when the Comstock pioneers turn their influence and capital toward Arizona and its mines, it is safe to believe that *very valuable inducements must be offered.* Judge Walsh was the original locator of the Ophir. He says that he "has seen more in Arizona than he ever dreamed of," and pronounces it the "coming Eldorado." The Superintendent of *The Silver King North Company* continues to send encouraging reports of the prospects of the mine. The shaft is still in ore, and every indication tends to establish the value of the property. The *Tip Top and McCrakin* Companies are having mills constructed for their mines at the works of White and Allen, in this city; they will be completed in a short time and forwarded to their destination. The very rich shipments of ore from the *Stonewall Jackson* mine, which was exhibited on California street last week, has been converted into bullion—*the two tons netted some* $46,000.

SAMOA.

Again we are dosed with a budget of noxious falsehoods about Samoa, of which the dailies that print them would be ashamed, if they understood their true intent and purpose. The truth is, that neither the German nor English Consuls, nor residents, desire any quarrel with their neighbors, whether Americans or others. But certain rascally adventurers are bent upon getting themselves recognized by the United States Government, in order to better carry out purposes which it would be disgraceful for our people to aid in any way. These men sold muskets, bought at Mare Island Navy Yard, to the natives on both sides of a tribal war, which these rascals had excited. They obtained 640 acres for each musket. This is but a sample of lawlessness and crime which would be a long story to describe. They ought to find no countenance from our Government, press or people.

The following dividends have been announced or declared: The Chartered Bank of India, London and China, an interim dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. for the half year ending June 30th; the Oriental Bank Corporation an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. for the half year ending June 30th; the Union Steamship Company a dividend of £1 per share; the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, £1 per share, free of income tax; the Crystal Palace Company, 1 per cent. on the ordinary stock.

LOVE IN LARGE FAMILIES.

We would invite commiseration for the luckless swain who happens to fall in love with one of half a dozen sisters, none of whom are married, and all of whom are living under the paternal roof. That man, we will venture to say, has before him one of the most disagreeable and difficult tasks to be met with during the long campaign of life. We may lay it down as an almost absolute rule, that it is easier to carry off an only daughter, who is at the same time an only child and an heiress, than it is to get engaged to one of six girls, each of whom is more or less willing—let us say—to find a lover, and all of whom the parents would gladly see established in life. In the case of an only daughter, a certain loneliness, which she necessarily experiences from the fact of having no sisters, fosters in her the romantic temperament. Though she may be, for a girl, fairly frank and ingenuous, depend upon it she cherishes in her heart certain thoughts, fancies, ideals, and hopes, which she does not communicate to her parents. She abstains from doing so, because she instinctively knows that she will not meet from them all the sympathy that she requires. Her parents would probably be perfectly kind, but, instead of agreeing with her absolutely, they would give her good advice, which is by no means the thing she wants. A girl so placed is much more likely to be romantic, and what is called sentimental, than one who occupies a less solitary position. She thinks more, feels more, dwells more pathetically on images of love and romance, and the man who woes her finds the ground ready prepared for his undertaking. He is the visible embodiment of her abstract ideas and vague visions; and if she is one disposed to regard him with favor, there is no one to interfere with the advance of that sentiment into admiration and love. Her parents may disapprove of his suit, and may finally say so; but there is nothing in their disapprobation to weaken the attachment already formed, but rather everything to strengthen it.

The man who intrudes upon a family of five or six girls, finds a very different sort of ground for his exploits, and meets with a far more complex reception. Where there are six sisters living together, they do not allow of secrets, even in thought, being kept from each other. The solitary daughter lives, so to speak, a private life, no matter how great the number of her acquaintances; for if she chooses a *confidante*, she chooses one only, and one who will second, and not check, her own sentiments and aspirations. But girls cannot choose their own sisters. There the whole six are, together, and they form a society which is not altogether a co-operative society. The moment a young fellow makes his appearance, he is the object of a critical examination, not by one only, nor yet by the six individually and separately, but by the entire half dozen, aiding and abetting each other in the scrutiny. So long as he remains on a footing of mere acquaintance with the family, he is criticised as fairly and dispassionately as human beings ever are by each other. But the moment he begins to testify a distinct preference for one out of the six, he exposes himself to observation and comments of a less equitable kind. He is discussed, and discussed without reserve, in the presence of the one for whom he is exhibiting a preference; and this not from jealousy, or malice, or, indeed, any distinctively bad motive, but because she has suddenly evoked a livlier and peculiar interest in himself in the whole family, and because they live their lives and speak their thoughts publicly and among each other, and there is no view of him, that is taken by any one member, that is not communicated to the rest, the object of his suit included. We fear it must ever remain true, that love credits the loved one with perfections he does not possess, and fails to perceive in him imperfections that are glaring. In other and older words, love is blind. But large families do not allow any of their members to be blind. Five sisters take good care that the sixth shall be well acquainted with the peculiarities and defects of the man who is making love to her. It is astonishing how fastidious girls become concerning a man who does not want to marry *them*, and does want to marry some one else. There is no commoner observation among girls who are not sisters, than that they are surprised Bertha is going to marry Edmund, since he "is not good enough for her." Yet many of them would have been as little difficult to please as Bertha, had they been in Bertha's place. It is so much easier to criticise a poem or a play than to write one; and it is so much easier to find fault with

somebody else's lover than to procure a faultless one for yourself. Moreover, the mischief done in love matters in large families by criticism does not end with criticism. That yet more terrible weapon, ridicule, is brought to bear upon the advancing lover; and he is a brave or a fortunate man who does not recoil before its heartless *mitraille*. Any man can be turned into ridicule, and no man so easily as a man who is in love. Moreover, the unfortunate we are thinking of has to propitiate, not one girl, but six; and we doubt if the means have yet been discovered of propitiating six women at the same time. The fact that when there are many daughters they none of them marry, or marry only at a comparatively advanced age, has been observed by everybody: and we submit that the reason for an otherwise unaccountable phenomenon has been given. But it is only the first lover—the man who mounts the breech—who finds the task so difficult. When one daughter has been married, the rest surrender at discretion.—*Truth.*

CHINESE LABOR IN AMERICA.

Sir David Wedderburn has written the subjoined letter to the *Scotsman* on the above subject: Throughout the United States generally the relations between capital and labor are now in a somewhat "strained" condition, but in the States lying west of the Rocky Mountains a peculiar element is introduced into the matter by the presence of a large Chinese population. In China and throughout Eastern Asia, Chinese competition is formidable to the European capitalist and man of business. The Chinaman is contented with small profits, lives economically, and works with untiring diligence, so that in cities like Singapore and Hongkong, where property is secure from official spoliation, he rapidly accumulates wealth, and the results are apparent in the gradual purchase by Chinese from Europeans of the best building sites in the place. It seems in Eastern Asia to be a mere question of time for the Chinese merchants and bankers to get all business into their own hands, by underselling and buying up their European competitors. In Western America the case is very different. Here also the Chinaman abounds, but he belongs to the laboring, not to the mercantile class, and comes into collision, not with the white capitalist, who eagerly welcomes his cheap industry, but with the white workingman. In California, the hostility of the Caucasian toward the Mongolian has always mouldered, occasionally blazing forth from special circumstances, as at the present time, when things look particularly unpleasant for the Chinese—so much so, that of late the numbers crossing from China to America have not greatly exceeded those to a large extent upon the question of Chinese immigration; goods are advertised for sale as "the product of white labor only," and strong appeals are made to the public not to take the bread out of the mouths of white women and children by the employment of "John Chinaman." Indeed, the strongest case against the Chinaman is that he makes it hard for a white woman to earn an honest livlihood as laundress or housemaid in California, and here a genuine grievance seems to exist, of which Californian chivalry is entitled to make the most. I regret to say, however, that in Ohio, a short time ago, all the men in a factory struck work, because the manufacturer refused to dismiss the female employees of his establishment. Dislike to cheap labor has, in the minds of workingmen in America, more to do with the Chinese difficulty than antagonism of race, or zeal for the industrial welfare of the weaker sex, and at the present time the question is one the interest and significance of which is by no means limited to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.

The old saying that "a mare is a horse but a horse is not a mare," has been put in legal shape by a decision in the Baltimore Criminal Court. Two young men were tried on an indictment for the larceny of a mare valued at $100, but the evidence showed that the animal was a horse and not a mare, and the defendants were acquitted.

"DIE JAHRE KOMMEN UND GEHEN."

Years come and go; generations
Are perishing day by day,
But the love that my heart aches with,
It never will pass away.

If once, but once, I might see thee,
And sink on my kees at thy feet,
And dying there dying might tell thee
"I love thee, I love thee, sweet!"

THE RESUMPTION ACT.

The bill which the last Congress put upon the statute books as a means of restoring the nation to a sound currency, ought to go down in history under the title of the "Presumption Act." The only excuse for the boldness of this law its ablest advocates can offer is the popular tendency at the time of its passage towards inflation and paper money, and the strong necessity for doing something. In substauce, it is a simple promise that the Government will resume specie payments iu 1879, with the means to accomplish this end left almost entirely in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury. A fortunate change in the current of the foreign trade of the country, by which the excess of imports over imports caused a large influx of the precious metals, and retained a larger portion of the product of the mines, has rendered the act operative to a certain extent, and a great amount of specie has been accumulated in the Treasury vaults. This hoarding of coin became possible from the operation of causes independent of the Resumption Act.

It will be observed that the law relates only to resumption by the Government of the United States. The banks are left to their fate. They cannot possibly accumulate any coin while the law is so framed as to direct all the gold into the Treasury. The position the National Banks have been placed in is shown by their last statement to the Controller of the Currency, an abstract of which was sent by telegraph on the 19th, the 2,080 reporting holding only $4,869,656 gold and $3,700,703 silver. It is manifest that withiu a short time the last dollar of gold will be squeezed out of the bank vaults aud transferred to the treasury, and it is not improbable there will be a serious drain from the California bank reserves also, for in the present condition of the foreign trade, and at the existing rate of production from the mines, it will be difficult to supply the monthly requirements of the Treasury.

The concentration of such vast finaucial power in the hands of a Government official, and the transfer of the entire control over the banking system of the country to a Cabinet officer, was never dreamed of before in this country. By this law the Treasury is converted iuto a mammoth bank, with absolute power over the banking and commercial business of the country. It makes the Treasury a miserable effigy of the Bank of England, without any of the safeguards or elasticity of that great financial institution. So dangerous and cumbrous a method of getting rid of the greenbacks, or bringing them to par, should ouly have been resorted to if it were designed to abolish the National banks. As these institutions are to be maintained, resumption should manifestly have been accomplished through their agency. Had they been required to gradually replace their Legal Tender reserves with coin, the transition to a coin basis would have been easy, and accompanied by less danger. No actual redemption of the Legal Tenders in gold coin by the Government is necessary or desirable. They can be brought to par, or even above par, by funding in a four or four and a half per cent. bond, or by receiving them for duties, as replacement should go on at the banks. The business interests of the country are concentrated in the banks, and it should be the aim to put the liabilities of these institutions upon a coin basis as directly as possible. It is the credit of the banks the country looks to rather than the credit of the Government. Practical resumption means the ability to pay in the ordinary course of business, as demanded, the $1,741,000,000 liabilities of the National Banks, and the $2,000,000,000 liabilities of the Savings and State Banks, in gold and silver coin.

These considerations have marshaled in opposition to the Resumption Act many who are not to be regarded as opponents of hard money, who object to the means and not the end, and have given to the inflationists and rag-money advocates a strength in Congress which is more apparent than real.

AUGUSTINE TO AUGUSTA.

With reference to your question, I certainly have seen several fashionable new walking-dresses, with round skirts, not quite touching the ground; indeed, I find that the best dressmakers are all making promenade costumes in this way; but they are not all worn so as yet. Queen Fashion, under the Republic, is not so absolute as formerly, and then again, there are always a great many old dresses at the beginning of a season that have to be worn out. *A propos* of old dresses, as you wish to know a good receipt for cleaning all kinds of woolen dresses and stuffs, I have been to a lady who is very clever on such matters, and who informs me that, as you are living in the country, the best thing will be to get a good armfull of ivy-leaves and branches, and boil them in rain water for two hours; then wash the woolen things in this water, without soap, and iron them before they are quite dry. She tells me she has done so with cloth, merinos, and such like, with great success. At all events, you might try a pattern first.

It will be, indeed, charming if the fashion of round skirts should prevail for promenade costumes. The half-train dress quite spoils one's pleasure in walking. It is provoking to be draggiug a good dress on the ground, and most tiresome to be always lifting the skirt. All the inventions for carrying the same are either far from perfect, or most ungraceful. I for one shall do all I can to make this fashion last. I read in a newspaper, a few days ago, that all ladies found walking on the foot-paths at Leipsic, with long dresses that sweep the dust, would be fined five marks, and that the police had orders to prosecute them; also, that the names of the delinquents would be put in the newspapers. But I fear that it is too good to be true.

The marriage dress of the future Queen of Spain is, I hear, to be of white satin, entirely covered with point d'Aleuçon lace, the design of the lace being the arms of the different Spanish provinces.

Boas will be worn this Winter. Muffs are much made in velvet, plush, and rich satin, lined and bordered with fur. The stuffs are generally embroidered in beads, or silk, or chenille, the chief designs being flowers and coats of arms; also, very elegant muffs are made in marabout and ostrich feathers.

The most fashionable colors are still white, red, blue, and green, in all shades. The novelties in ribbons are double-faced velvet, plush, and satin; for instance, one side, a Bordeaux red velvet, the other side, turquoise-blue satin. Many elegant ornaments can be combined with these ribbons and a little lace, for bonuets, caps, and dresses. It is grande mode to trim en cravate ends and caps, etc., with many colors, all mixed together. I have seen prune, pale blue, red, dark blue, pale pink, and pale green in one cascade of ribbons.

There is nothing very particular just yet in dinner or evening dresses. I saw rather a pretty dress, however, in white faille and brocatelle. The long skirt had nine little flounces, with dentelés or cut pointed edges; in front, the apron, of brocatelle, descended en biais, or sideways, and was retained in light folds by sprigs of light blue and white flowers, of which a light garland encircled the border of the apron. The bodice, cuirasse shape, of faille, had short sleeves; a simple draped fold of faille descended from around the shoulders, and crossed the breast, with bouquet of flowers in the middle.

As an elegant robe de chambre, the japonaise is fashionahle. It is made of Japanese or China crêpe, with rich pattern. The dress is open, and covers a wadded skirt of same materials. Sometimes two colors of same material are employed—for instance, apple green and tilleul. The shape is rather like a very full Princesse dress. Then, again, the Costume Serbe, or Servian blouse shape, is new for morning iudoor dresses. These are generally made in cashmere. A pretty one is sylvain green, with border of old gold color galoon.—"*Augustine*," *in Truth.*

Mrs. Sandford, of Gaston county, N. C., had one baby in 1874, twins in 1875, triplets in 1876, and 1877 is yet to be heard from.

Mock Turtle--Kissing before company, and quarreling afterward.

THE DOVE'S DELAY.

When the dove was out on the waters,
Gray Noah, I make no doubt,
Sat by the opened window
Patiently looking out.

For he knew willful pinions tire,
And sober twilight brings
Unto the Ark again, weary,
The rush of repentant wings.

I sit by the window evenings,
And pleasant fancies come
That the sweep of your silks in the twilight
Is a bird's wing flying home. —*New York World.*

GAUCHO HORSEMEN.

After witnessing for some time the dexterity with which the lasso can be used, the stallion which had been herded with the troop of mares was singled out and captured. He had never been ridden before; and we were now to see an exhibition of the rare skill and courage in the saddle, for which the gaucho horsemen are famous. The horse, having been thrown by means of the lasso, as it has already been explained, the process of saddling and bridling shall be described in the graphic and accurate language of Mr. Darwin: "The gaucho, sitting on the horse's neck, fixes a strong bridle, without a bit, to the lower jaw: this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye-holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue. The two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leather thong, fastened by a slip-knot. The lasso, which bound the three together, being then loosed, the horse rises with difficulty. The gaucho, now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater), he holds the animal's head whilst the first puts on the horse-cloths. When the saddling is finished, the animal is, from fear and the previous exertion, white with foam and sweat." The process, as described by Mr. Darwin, was closely followed in the present instance. A sheepskin, however, was substituted for a saddle, and the domidor, or horse-breaker, only used the stirrup to mount the horse. Before he was saddled, the horse made tremendous struggles to get free, but a powerful and active gaucho, arrayed in a red shirt, black riding-boots—his long black hair streaming in the wind—altogether a most striking personage, held him firmly with the halter, and by the exertion of great muscular strength, was enabled to resist the struggler. At length the domidor mounted his hitherto unridden charger. The lasso was cast loose from the fore legs, and the animal, pursued by a gaucho on horseback, who plied him sharply with the whip, and harassed by a troop of dogs, barking furiously at his heels, was free to do his utmost to throw his rider. The great object was to keep the horse in constant and rapid movement. While at a hard gallop, the horse could neither kick nor plunge in such a manner as to disturb the equilibrium of an accomplished horseman; but when, as it happened from time to time, the horse stopped abruptly, arched his back, threw his head down, and then made a great buck jump, executing, in a strange way, a figure of ∞ in mid air, alighting on his fore legs, and with his hind legs kicking desperately, it required horsemanship and muscular power of no ordinary kind on the part of his rider to keep his seat unshaken. The domidor scarcely touched the bridle; but he clasped the horse with a grip of iron, his knees were buried deep in the sheepskin saddle, and his bare heels were fixed as firmly as with a vice under the horse's belly. After many a desperate rush, many a vehement struggle, and many furious gallops to and fro, guided in his mad erratic course by the lash of his rider, and the attendant gaucho, the wild horse was brought back to the corral, exhausted, and for the moment subdued by the power of his rider and his own unaccustomed efforts.—*Nineteenth Century.*

The announcement that Mrs. Joseph Austin has ceased her connection with the *Alta* as dramatic critic, will be read with regret by the readers of that paper. There was a charm, a pungency, a spirit, and withal an excellence of taste and soundness of judgment about her contributions which made them seem like an oasis in the otherwise great dreary desert of *Alta* inanity.

TO HIS WIFE, JUST BEFORE DINNER

Fast falls the snow, O lady mine! So stir the fire and pour the wine,
Sprinkling the lawn with crystals fine; And let those sea-green eyes divine
But, by the gods! we won't repine, Pour their love madness into mine,
While we're together. [dine, I don't care whether
We'll chat and rhyme, and kiss and 'Tis snow or sun, or rain or shine,
Defying weather. If we're together.

MRS. JOHN MACKAY'S SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF GENERAL GRANT.

A special from Paris says: The great sensational event here, on Wednesday last, was the fete, consisting of a dinner and ball given in honor of ex-President Grant by Mrs. Mackay, wife of "Bonanza Mackay," of San Francisco, at her mansion in the Rue Filsitt. The affair temporarily overshadowed in importance, as far as the American Colony and fashionable society are concerned, even the present political crisis here. The house where it took place cost 1,500,000 francs, and the furniture 500,000 francs. It looks out upon the Place de Etoile, and is a splendid residence. The garden was brilliantly illuminated and decorated with the national flags, with emblems set in a thousand gas jets. An orchestra was stationed on a pavilion built out from the house in front of the Rue Filsitt. A dozen footmen in liveries of crimson and gold lined the entrance and stairway. Everything that money could supply and elegant taste select, was there to add to the beauty and impressiveness of the scene. There were covers for twenty-four guests, as follows: General Grant and family; members of the American Legation and Consulate and their families. There were no unofficial Americans present at the dinner. The menu was inscribed on small silver tablets. After dinner a grand reception and ball took place. Three hundred guests were present, among them Marquis de Lafayette, Mme. de Rochambeau and De Bois Thierry, the Duc de Rivoli, the Duc and Duchesse de Bojano, the Duc and M'lle Ribon de Trobeu, Comtes De Beon, Serrurrier, De Montferrant, De Divonne and Excelmans, Baronne Delort and De Gleon, Barons Honbeyran and De Reinach, and the Vicomptes de Villestreux and Marchand, Duc Decazas, Senator Laboulaye, Mme. Henry Martin, Leon Say, Mme. Guizot and M. Cernuschi. The American Colony was largely represented, and the number of beautiful women was very remarkable. The ladies' costumes displayed extraordinary taste, elegance and richness. Dancing commenced early, and continued until 4 o'clock in the morning.

The writer of an article on "Carriages and Roads" in the October number of the *Quarterly Review* says:

"It was only the other day that the member of a New York firm passed through London on his way to continental cities. He had already visited India, China, Japan, and Australia, with his patterns for materials which enter into the construction of carriages such as spokes, hubs, bolts, leathers, etc.; so that we have in competition with us not only the New York carriage-builder, but the manufacturer of material to send ready to the colonial constructor at Melbourne and Sydney. And if the orders obtained (of the number of which he did not seem to complain) were executed according to sample, it was certainly not cheap clocks or wooden nutmegs that he had been attempting to supply. Indeed, in one case he had been seeking orders for certain buckles, rings, terrets, hames, etc., which would raise the price of any harness where they might be used from 25 to 75 per cent., and this for ornamental as well as strictly useful purposes. And that this word ornamental may not be mistaken for the mere addition of garish and expensive metals, let us add, in all fairness to the American, that the principle of these mountings involved the manufacture of the neatest as well as the most durable harness, for the metallic parts, that we have yet seen, inasmuch as all metal was covered by a durable rubber coating, and neatness and solidity were obtained far beyond anything yet presented in this kingdom of good harness-work."

LET US HAVE PEACE.

The right of acquisition and possession of property is the corner stone of the social system. When the savage first fashioned a bow and a stone ax this right to the fruits of his labor was recognized. Century after century the rights of property have been extended, and the civilized world to-day regards the liberty to labor in whatsoever direction one may choose and the ability to enjoy unmolested the accumulations from that labor as the perfection of human government. The fear of the loss of this right has sustained the despotisms of the world. The greed and envy of the mob has been from time immemorial the standing argument for a strong government. The rich have ever feared the poor; and there has therefore been a perpetual warfare between capital and labor.

The founders of our republican system of government sought to stop this unnatural conflict. Placing all on an equal footing before the law, giving to all men irrespective of their financial condition an equal share in the administration of the government, they endeavored to ennoble labor, end the clamors of poverty, and deprive wealth of the power to tyranize. The government is absolutely in the hands of the masses. The wealthy few are powerless at the ballot box, or in the halls of legislation, if the people are true to themselves. There is a remedy for every grievance within the law. The constitution provides a legal redress for every possible wrong.

Do the agitators who have been presumptuous enough to hold before our eyes the torch of the incendiary and the dagger of the assassin know that they are but fulfilling the prophecies of the enemies of free government; that they are attempting to bring into contempt the all powerful electoral franchise; that they are in effect asserting that the people are incapable of selecting worthy officials; that they are willing to destroy all incentives to industry by sweeping away the right of property; that they are outraging civil liberty by advocating wholesale murder and arson?

Even with all the grievances that are claimed, and these grievances multiplied a thousand fold, there is no excuse for the violent threats that have been indulged in, or the lawlessness which has been encouraged by these ignorant demagogues. Every man who either has at present or expects in the future to have a home in this city, or who desires by honest labor to sustain his family, will place himself on the side of law and order. There can be no doubt on this point, and the fanatics who would attempt anarchy would lead their fellow citizens to certain destruction. The press which panders to the ignorance and depravity that sustain this agitation deserves the scorn of all decent citizens, and will surely meet its just reward in due time. The journals which indirectly sanction the course of these violent leaders, where rigorous denunciation is demanded, forfeit all claims to respect and support.

The Chinese are here under the protection of the law, and their lives and property are as sacred as those of any other resident of the country. Were the white people of California unanimous for the inauguration of a war of extermination upon these Mongolians, there are millions in the United States who would come here to protect them. Rather than have so foul a plot upon the history of the nation, as would be the wholesale butchery of those people, the General Government would send to our shores a half a million troops. It is folly to suppose that a nation, whose philanthrophy has led it into a four years' war to emancipate the African slave, will tolerate inhuman treatment of the Chinese. On the contrary, persecution will raise up friends for them in every State of the Union, and it will become impossible to obtain any action to check the immigration of that class of labor. At best it will be difficult to secure the assistance of Congress to any hostile State legislation, and if we make the Chinaman a martyr, the same spirit which inflicted such harsh measures upon the South to protect the negro, will interpose to shield the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast, without regard to race or color. If we would rid ourselves of Chinese labor, or check its increase, there must he no violation of law. If the authorities of the city and State should desire to disregard their duty, and to violate the common principles of humanity by permitting mob violence, then this State would be given over for years to come to the Chinese; and, under the shelter of more liberal treaties and ample protection by Federal troops, additional thousands would come.

Whether, therefore, these malcontents seek to inaugurate a reign of

terror, in which the rights of property will be swept away, or they propose to use the pistol and the shot-gun in the solution of the Chinese problem, their designs are equally fatal to the welfare and prosperity of the metropolis, and they will be promptly met by the united power of the respectable and law-abiding citizens. There need not be the slightest fear that the Government will lack the power or the inclination to preserve order and afford protection to life and property.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

Some months ago, a Chinaman, who had been educated in an English University, passed a stiff examination there, and was admitted to the bar. This gentleman, Mr. Ng Choy, has returned to his own country, for the purpose of practicing in the consular courts on behalf of his own people, cases between them and foreign residents being adjudicated by consular tribunals. Since Mr. Ng Choy reached China, he has been appointed by Li Chang, the distinguished Viceroy and General, at the head of a Judicial Commission to prepare and report on a code or body of laws, which will enable China to place herself nearer to the system elsewhere in vogue. In a recent interview in regard to immigration to this coast, he deprecated the idea of the Chinese who come here being in any large degree from the criminal class, and commenting on our refusal to allow them citizenship, added that, as to assimilation, he did not think there would be much chance of it. It would, in any case, be the work of hundreds of years. Even if they had the voting franchise to-morrow, very few Chinamen would exercise it. A people who care less about politics than the Chinese do not exist in the world. In China there is one governing class, and the mass of the people never interfere in public affairs. Then, being asked as to the probable success of missionary efforts, he responded "in a quick, decided manner," that "our religion is as good as the Christian religion, and why should we change it? I think attempts to convert us are simply absurd, for the change would not better us, morally or intellectually. *No Chinaman, except for selfish motives, wants to become a Christian.*" Mr. Ng Choy's views may or may not be erroneous upon the latter point, but it is an indication of progress when a man, educated as he has been, is appointed to modify the laws of China.

Several cases of sham lords, and other "bogus" scions of the aristocracy, have recently been brought to light, notably in the instance of one who has been personating Lord Ogilvy so persistently, that the Earl of Airlie has been obliged to warn the public against him, his son really being at Present in India with his regiment. There is another of these worthies, and a very successful one, still on his travels. As "Hugh Courtenay," he has particularly distinguished himself, and for the past few years has been equally well known in Europe, India, Australia, and America as "Lord Courtenay," "the Hon. Conyngham Denison," "Lord Henry Vane Tempest," and other self-appropriated names too numerous to mention. It was once my fortune to meet this gentleman in America "on a tour." He stayed for five weeks in Buffalo, N.Y., on the somewhat limited capital (which he was never able to increase by any felonious borrowings) of one dollar and fifty cents (six shillings). The landlord of the hotel he patronized, suffered to the extent of nearly a hundred pounds, and all the respectable citizens of Buffalo, who, with proverbial American hospitality, had entertained the illustrious stranger, were mortified by seeing him pass the remainder of his visit in jail. Having conferred an inestimable benefit on the United States by leaving their kindly shores, he was, not long ago, adding insult to injury, by staying at one of the largest hotels in London, as "Lieut. Lambert, U.S.A." I saw him once myself during the past season, dining sumptuously at Greenwich. As I understand that he is well known, and that a description of him is obtainable at Scotland-yard, we trust that he, and many others of the same type, may soon be suppressed.—*Truth.*

Miss Kellogg was robbed in Montreal, recently, of $350 worth of jewelry and dresses.

THE ROSE IN OCTOBER.

O late and sweet, too late, too late!
What nightingale will sing to thee?
The empty nest, the shivering tree,
The dead leaves by the garden-gate
And cawing crows will for thee wait,
O sweet and late!

Where wert thou when the soft June nights
Were faint with perfume, glad with song?
Where wert thou when the days were long,
And steeped in Summer's young delights?
What hopest thou now but checks and slights?
Brief days, lone nights?

Stay! there's a gleam of winter wheat
Far on the hill; down in the woods
A very heaven of stillness broods;
And through the mellow sun's noon heat,
Lo, tender pulses round thee beat,
O late and sweet!

—*Mary Townley, in the Atlantic.*

ONE'S OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.

Judge Dwinelle, the other day, rendered an eminently just decision that will bring joy to the hearts of abandoned wives whose rascally husbands refuse to support their own flesh and blood. Some five and a half years ago Elizabeth A. Beyersdorf brought an action in the Fifteenth District Court against Louis Beyersdorf to dissolve the matrimonial bonds existing between them, and a few months later a divorce was granted on the ground of extreme cruelty. The custody of their two children was given to the plaintiff, and she was awarded two-thirds of the common property, which consisted of $900 on deposit in the Hibernia Bank. Since then both parties have intermarried with other persons. Last September, Mrs. Elizabeth A. American, formerly Elizabeth A. Beyersdorf, applied to the Court for an allowance from her former husband for the support of his and her child, Mary E. Beyersdorf, the other child having since died. In her affidavit on which the application was based the petitioner sets forth that her former husband is in good pecuniary circumstances, that he wears a diamond pin, a diamond ring, carries a gold-headed cane, and indulges in other expensive luxuries. Beyersdorf states that he was not the wealthy man his former wife endeavors to make him out to be, and that his fine jewelry was presented to him by his friends. He further states that he has a wife, child and mother to provide for, and is not, therefore, in a financial condition to respond to the applicant's demand. Notwithstanding all of which, Judge Dwinelle very righteously ordered him to pay $20 per month for the support of his child. The amount is perhaps small, but the principle involved is important. It settles the question that such claims can be made good. A son may be made to support an old and impecunious parent. It would seem that the law of nature, and failing that, the statue law should compel a father to provide for his young and helpless child. When he refuses to do that, he is less than a savage, and lower than a brute. The wild Indians of the plains place their bodies between the foe and their young, and will never surrender while the latter are in danger. The serpent that crawls will attack man, beast, or devil in defense of its kind. It has remained for not a few well-to-do San Franciscan fathers to wear fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, to further indulge their passions and, perhaps, keep expensive mistresses, whilst their own flesh and blood are left, so far as they are concerned, to grow up objects of charity, or to starve and die as best they may. It is well that there is a law to bring such inhuman monsters to book. Mothers will be glad to hear that there is, and we hope will not be slow to avail themselves of it. Pity the rascals cannot be whipped through the town. If it were possible to imagine such men amenable to shame, it might be well to publish their names. We may make the experiment some day.

[CONTRIBUTED.]

THE APOTHECARIES' HOP.

On Friday evening, November 16th, the California College of Pharmacy held their Annual Commencement in Pacific Hall. After a short prayer by the Rev. Mr. Noble and an address by Professor Le Comte, Professor W. T. Wenzell read the following interesting paper:

Egg Nog.

"Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong." —*Dr. Holmes.*

"Punch in the presence of the passenger"
—*Directions to Car Conductors.*

In the British Pharmacopœia, published under the direction of the General Council, A. D. 1867, the following formula is promulgated:

"Mistura Spiritus Vini Gallici. take of Spirit of French Wine, Cinnamon Water of each four fluid-ounces; the yolk of two eggs; Refined Sugar half an ounce; rub the yolk and Sugar together, then add the Cinnamon Water and Spirit."

It is a matter of regret that the framers of the Pharmacopœia of the United States have not indorsed this formula by giving it a place in their last publication. Perhaps national je alousy that England had anticipated them in giving this valuable pharmaceutical combination a local habitation and a name; perhaps the National Convention were unable to agree on a formula, some preferring the squeeze of a lemon in theirs, others preferring gum, while a third party may have favored the doctrine of private judgment, leaving the matter entirely to the taste and fancy of each consumer of the article. A large number of our brother pharmacists of the United States and many other countries have tested the British formula, and, finding it good, have adopted it, and so it has become the apothecaries' punch of the world. The fact that the strict letter of the formula is not obligatory in the United States, has led to many serious errors; thus some leave out the eggs, others substitute Spiritus Frumenti, or Whisky, for Spirit of French Wine, while some—be they anathematized forever!—use hot water. As a natural consequence, other diabolical combinations have been made, and even now, in our own city, I understand there is a mixture made out of milk and whisky, and sold under the name of Thomas and Jeremiah.

George T. Bromley, the celebrated circumnavigator of the earth, relates that being cast ashore on a deserted island off the coast of Patagonia, while wandering disconsolately on the beach, he found a bottle of Cutter's Whisky, A No. 1, and having a pocket stove about him, he got some water from a spring and boiled it. He then added the whisky, and pulling a lemon off a tree, squeezed a little in the mixture; then, rooting up a sugar cane, he stirred the delectable potion and drank it. The Patagonians, perceiving a man making whisky punch on their island, suspected him to be a smuggler, and sent out a deputation of one in a Whitehall boat to arrest him. George and the Patagonian finished the bottle between them, and then got aboard the boat. George steered and the Patagonian rowed, but George steered direct for the Golden Gate. The Patagonian never suspected anything was wrong until he came in sight of the Cliff House. When he perceived the trick had been played on him, he jumped overboard and swam to California City. George put up a flag of distress, in the shape of a pocket handkerchief, and the Captain of a Chinese scow, thinking he wanted some washing done, took him in tow, and so he arrived in San Francisco. Any one who doubts this story can call on Mr. Bromley between half-past three and four on Monday, and tell him so; children in arms not admitted.

All the world's a stage, but there are no less than three stages arising from too large and too frequent doses of this mixture: they are inebriation, intoxication and total obfuscation. The poet summarizes the treatment applicable to a person in the last mentioned stage in the following exquisite stanza:

"We left him alone in his narrow bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings and soda water."

At this part of the paper an interruption occurred which deprived the scientific world of the remainder of the learned Professor's paper. Some evil disposed person in the center of the hall let a pin fall. The effect is more easily imagined than described. For a moment it was feared that a scene of confusion and uproar would ensue, but soon the good sense of the audience got the upper hand and quiet was restored. Mr. Rogers then delivered the valedictory on behalf of his brother graduates. The following gentlemen then received their diplomas: Nathan Rogers, F. E. Ray, H. R. Harris, F. A. Bauer, J. M. Curragh, John Devine and E. Selzer.

Then followed the dance of the Adelphi Society. Of it we shall say nothing. The druggists looked as bright as silver-coated pills, and the young ladies as charming as rosy apples three for a dime. One of the prettiest ladies in the room was dressed in blue, and as she leaned on the arm of a gentleman with a black swallow-tailed coat, it gave Mr. Painter a chance to get off Douglas Jerrold's joke about the blue pill and the black draught. He did not do it, however. One of the features of the evening was the supper. The reader can imagine what an apothecaries' supper would be. There were Johanne's Bread and Soda Crackers, Leibig's Meat, and Savory and Moore's Food, Acorn Coffee and Catnip Tea, with Milk of Assafœtida and Sugar of Lead, Lettuce, with Croton Oil and Vinegar of Squill, Magnetia and Rhubarb Pie,

Sponge Cake, Bitter Apples, Peppermint, Lozenges, Brown's Troches and Tar Drops. The wines were of the rarest vintage, the Wine of Ipecac and the Antimonial Wine being the finest we ever tasted, while the demand for Walker's Vinegar was so great that the supply was exhausted before the reunion terminated.

In conclusion, the *News Letter* would remark to the young graduates that the name they have selected for their society, the A-delph-eye, is anything but a glass-eye-cal one!

Schopenhauer is now recognized as the most brilliant philosophic genius of the century. His philosophy is, however, a philosophy of pure idealism. The world of matter is only thought, an idea, a representation (Vorstellung). There is no sun, no earth; only an eye that sees the sun, only a hand that feels the earth. The external world exists only in the mind of the person perceiving it. As Fichte spins this world out of his consciousness in saying "no non-Ego without an Ego," so Schopenhauer accepts the same idealistic hypothesis, asserting that there is "no object without a subject." The existence of a subject knowing and the existence of an object known, are necessary postulates of every act of knowledge. Time and Space are nothing, argues Schopenhauer, since they do nothing. All changes take place in them, but they change not. All things existing in them may be annihilated, but they are indestructible, eternal, infinite; it is impossible to conceive Omnipoteuce itself destroying them. The past is the past, and cannot be brought back; the future a will-o'-the-wisp, which we are always pursuing and never reach. The present alone remains. Schopenhauer was by nature, by the practice of his life and by philosophic persuasion, a pessimist. Neglecting and neglected by his family, despising and despised by the men and women he knew, he was convinced that this world is the worst of all possible worlds, inhabited by the worst of all possible beings—Man. The doctrine of pessimism is, however, woven into the warp and woof of his philosophy, and is not merely the result of personal neglect.—*From Thwing's Article in the Last Number of the International Review.*

The military mind is much exercised respecting Lord Charles Kerr. Certain charges concerning this officer of the Guards were brought against him by another officer of his regiment; they were officially investigated, and the decision was, that, whilst Lord Charles was acquitted of dishonorable conduct, he had erred through negligence. He has, however, been invited by the authorities to sell out. On his demurring to this, he has been informed that, if he does not take this step, he will be cashiered. On this, he demanded a court-martial, and the demand has been refused. Without venturing to decide upon the merits of a case, in which details are wanting, it certainly does seem hard that an officer should be forced by his superiors to leave the army, on account of allegations which he has no opportunity to disprove. The exigencies of military service throw much arbitrary power into the hands of superiors, but, before an officer is practically turned out of the service, he ought to have his conduct submitted to some sort of court of inquiry, whose proceedings need not necessarily be made public, but before which he may plead his case. This would only be in accordance with the most elementary principles of justice.

The readers of "Truth" like puzzles. The following query well deserves a solution: "If not asking too much, would you kindly inform me in what relation Mr. D. is to Mr. F. and Mr. F.'s children, after the former's second and third marriages, and if there is any connection between M. F.'s children and the children of the second and third marriages of Mr. D. in the following example: In the first instance, Mr. D. marries Mr. F.'s sister, and has a family; she dies, and he again marries, and has another family; at the decease of his second wife, he again marries, and has a third family. Does Mr. D. still remain brother-in-law to Mr. F., and uncle to Mr. F.'s children; and, if so, why are the children of the second and third marriages not cousins to the family of Mr. F.?"

[From the Town Crier Column of the S. F. News Letter.]

The Smith Family.—Gentlemen, my name is Smith, and I am proud to say I am not ashamed of it. It may be that no person in this crowd owns that very uncommon name. If, however, there be one such, let him hold up his head, pull up his dickey, turn out his toes, take courage, and thank his stars that there are a few more left of the same sort.

Smith, gentlemen, is an illnstrious name,
And stands very high on the ladder of fame.
Let White, Brown, and Jones increase as they will,
Believe me, that Smith will outnumber them still.

Gentlemen, I am proud of being an original Smith; not a Smithe, nor a Smyth, but a regular natural S-m-i t-h, Smith. Putting a y in the middle or an e at the end won't do, gentlemen. Whoever heard of a great man by the name of Smyth or Smithe? Echo answers who? and everybody says nobody. But as for S-m-i-t-h, Smith, why the pillars of fame are covered with that honored and revered name. Who were the most racy, witty, and popular authors of this century? Horace and Albert Smith. Who the most original, pithy, and humorous preacher? Rev. Sydney Smith. To go further back, who was the bravest and boldest soldier in Sumpter's army in the revolution? A Smith. Who palavered with Powhattan, galivanted with Pocahontas, and became the ancestor of the first families in Virginia? A Smith, again. And who, I ask—and I ask the question more seriously and soberly—who, I say, is that man, and what is his name, who has fought the most battles, told the most lies, deceived, married, buried or abandoned the most women, owns the most children, written the most love letters, been the most often fooled, and withal has made a stir in the world—yes, a stir that smells—who, I ask, is he? History says, I say, you say, everyhody says—Bill Smith.

It is an exhilarating spectacle for the observer of human nature to watch the nobs from Menlo Park hold their noses as they ride into town on the Southern Pacific in the early morning. The first sight which flecks the landscape is a "Baby Carriage Factory," with the middle word all but erased, and an odor which suggests that the babies or the carriages are almost as old as the factory. An immense number of cows carefully turned inside out, but the main section of the animal gone, are carefully hung on a fence to dry and emit a perfume which does not suggest its eminent adaptability for satchel bags. An enforced halt at a miniature drawbridge gives a whiff from Claus Spreckle's sugar refinery, while a lot of coffins in assorted sizes close the panorama. In short it is impossible for any one to make the trip with pleasure excepting a blind man with an exaggerated case of catarrh.

Every one has observed a little miss pulling her dolly to pieces to see what it is made of. Childreu of a larger growth may not similarly investigate live specimens with impunity. Mrs. MacMahon attempted it in a leisure hour last week, with the most unsatisfactory results. She dissected a baby with as much skill as an old householder carves a Thanksgiving turkey. But it is very hard to put a baby together again after it has once been taken to pieces. Somehow they don't seem to fit and the works won't go. Mary was found at this awkward stage sitting in a pool of brains, and was immediately hauled off to Court and charged with misdemeanor. Mary fully deserved this vigorous treatment. Had she killed the child outright we very much fear the unhappy womau would have been charged with committing a nuisance.

The problem of run-overs has at length been solved by one of those rare chances which sometimes dissipate the mist of doubt. It is now the custom to carefully alight from the vehicle when any one gets in the way, and either impale him on a penknife, or run a tunnel through some vital part of him, for the better circulation of fresh air. The impediment gets out of the way with an alacrity and a surety which prevents his ever getting in the way again. This is less expeditious than the old way of simply running over the victim and breaking a few odd bones; and it is infinitely more satisfactory to the Jehu while his mad is on. Indeed, the only drawback to its thorough enjoyment is, that next day he always wishes he had run over the man accidentally.

Mr. Henry Bolander sends a card to the Board of Education. It is of no particular use, save that it pleasantly establishes the facts, hitherto comparatively unknown, that Bolander can write, and that the Board can read. Botany Bolander casually remarks that he resigns the Superintendency of Public Schools. Considering that another man has been elected in his stead, he could not in reason do less. The remarkable document concludes with a threat that Mr. Bolander is about to resume the business of his youth. He does not definitely state whether this is the manufacture of mud-pies, the perpetration of flip-flaps, or a continuation of youth's celebrated act entitled the snuffles. He is, however, supposed to remotely allude to the practice of teaching school. Fortunately, Mr. Bolander accomplishes the feat of teaching school without teaching his scholars anything. This is the only excuse for permitting him to follow his bent.

A Marysville gentleman having committed the utter folly of dying without directing the disposition of his body, was much mortified while jolting along peaceably in his coffin to hear a very lively scrimmage among the mourners. It was his very natural idea to interfere, when his attention was distracted by his soul, which was being very courteously disposed of. St. Peter and St. Satan met on neutral ground, and after a polite discussion settled the affair to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. The corpse was so much interested in that part of his funeral that he allowed his body to be lugged off to the Catholic cemetery, and left his brothers to fight their Protestant mad out. It is well to mention that the devil obligingly waived all right to his share in the transaction owing to the Marysville climate having forestalled him in his peculiar method of treatment. Also the widow made it so warm for everything around the funeral that Helltown seemed comparatively a refrigerator.

Mr. Emerson Rogers, who lives on Mission street, near the Mission, and next to a Mr. Purvell, came home unexpectedly early the other day. He found the latter gentleman extended on the parlor sofa and smoking one of his five-bit Havanas, while Mrs. Rogers was performing the "Kiss Waltz" on the piano, with great intensity of expression. Mr. Rogers was not himself personally acquainted with his neighbor, but Mrs. R. kindly put an end to his embarrassment by an introduction. The next day, as Mr. Rogers was trimming some rose bushes, a pistol went off in the next yard, and a bullet bored its way through his hat. Immediately thereafter Mr. Purvell, who had fired the shot, assured him through a knot hole that he had shot at a cat and missed it. All the same, the Rogers' mansion is now for rent. It is spacious and comfortable, contains all the modern conveniences, and is in a most sociable neighborhood.

The Oakland people are in a sad dilemma. A meeting of the Board of Education was gravely held, last week, at which they discussed many plans for getting themselves out of their present difficulty, viz.: the superabundance of children, and the inadequacy of school accommodation. The Oakland intellect does not adapt itself eminently well to the discussion of any theme more abstruse than the change of train-time or the condition of Lake Merritt. It did not, therefore, occur to these grave savans to dispose of the vexed question by letting the surplus children go without an education. In order to avoid a recurrence of the difficulty, our esteemed brethren of Oakland are advised to send their wives to the Paris Exposition, to remain until the school funds look up.

Mrs. Flora Pinney, weary of espionage and testimony, has become once more Mrs. Geo. M. Pinney. That is to say, she had at last accounts. It is a dangerous statement to make recklessly, but such is the general impression. There are peculiar difficulties in the way of prophesying what this eccentric young woman may become next. Logical deductions suggests that after a week or two of liberal Pinney treatment, she will be touched up into the similitude of a painter's palette. Shortly thereafter she may become a widow. Eventually she will make as dainty a roast as the devil ever turned on a spit. But he must not cook her too much, for the little duck is game to the end.

Some villain bribed about forty small boys to stand in front of Crocker's residence, the other night during his party, and ask everybody who came out for a "check."

That was a cruel joke played by Budd on Chadwick of the Baldwin the other day. Everybody knows that the shortest line between Chad's head and feet is down his back; so when he gets his shoes polished he has to leave it to the integrity of the bootblack to make a good job of it. As he was steering towards the porter's room for his morning shine, the irrepressible B. slipped ahead of him and gave the porter a lump of red chalk, a dollar, and some hurried instructions. In a few minutes Chadwick looked like a heavy tragedian who had waded in gore through a five-act melo-drama. He didn't find out the mistake until he went to bed that night, although forty times that day he growled to himself, "I wonder what the blazes everybody means by asking me who I've been kicking to death."

There is one honest man in Stanislaus county, named John L. Crawford, and he is entered on the great register as a hog thief. We regret to note that he gives England as the place of his nativity, and his age at twenty-nine, because he will find it more difficult to change his mode of life every year he lives, and stealing hogs rarely results in a comfortable and serene old age. Mr. Crawford would find more scope for his abilities probably in Texas, only that down there they never steal anything smaller than a cow; but if he prefers pork to beef, by all means let him stay where he is. We have given him a kindly notice, and if he feels grateful for it, he can show it by sending us a roaster or a side of bacon to this office.

The Calvary Presbyterian Congregation are about to go down among the laboring poor and relieve them personally, give them work and help and comfort and, for once, forget themselves. At least, such is the gospel plan recommended to them on Sunday by the Rev. Mr. Smith of Brooklyn. If it does not work they can easily once again remember themselves and forget the poor, and send the gospel plan to the devil, where, as a rule, it eventually goes. It may not be worth while to state that it is confidently expected that the entire congregation is expected back by Sunday next to report failure.

In ancient times, hungry dogs were glad to accept a bone, let the donor be whom he might. As long as there was meat on it, the dog barked "thank you." Now, however, when the charitable element of San Francisco is subscribing liberally toward alleviating any distress which may exist, the unwashed malcontents claim their right to appoint a man who shall administer the alms. If these frowsy beasts were run into the bay—that is, the leaders of the workingmen who are trying so strenuously to excite a riot—there is not a rock-cod or a mud-fish that would save himself from starvation by feeding on their foul corpses.

To put the case very mildly, there is a slight tinge of egotism in General Rosecranz' address to his "republican friends." He obligingly remarks that though the salary of Superintendent of the Mint is no object, yet as the position is respectable and he is especially qualified to draw the salary—we mean to perform the duties—he would accept it. It is also slightly incongruous for an old war democrat to appeal to the republican party, and probably democrats and republicans are equally mystified over his peculiar proclamation.

A Barbary Coast ruffian named John Williams died, this week, from the effects of wounds received in a row with another brother minister. And the daily papers incautiously announce their delight, thereby provoking the discontented loafer to vent his spleen further against his natural enemy, the press. The local reporter should never exult over the death of a bad character; on the contrary, he should remember that where one weed is pulled up a hundred others grow in its place.

The time approaches when our local bank directors will make their annual inspection of the financial resources of their several institutions, and also the time when the cashier gives the night-watchman a week's holiday and sleeps at the bank himself with the back door unlocked. Burglars, attention.

It doesn't do to give to every unidentified charity collector who calls nowadays, but if Mayor Bryant or Mr. Babcock will just step round and say it is all right, the Relief Committee can have an odd China dog mantel ornament we have no use for, and over a dozen Patent Office Reports, very little used.

"SIE HABEN HEUT' ABEND GESELLSCHAFT."

They have company coming this evening,
And the house is ablaze with light;
Up yonder a figure in shadow
Sweeps past by the windows bright.

Thou seest me not,—in the darkness
I stand here, under thy room,—
Still less canst thou see the darkness
Is shrouding my heart in gloom.

My dark heart loves thee, adores thee,
It loves, and it breaks for thee,—
Breaks, quivers, wells out its dear life-blood,—
But all this thou dost not see!

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

The treaty ratifying, appointment confirming branch of the National Government, has drifted into a curiously interesting position. In the absence of Senator Sharon, the Republicans have nominally a majority of two. But Paterson and Canover have temporarily, at least, gone over to the Democrats, which turns their minority into a majority. Three seats, being contested, are vacant. Eustis was elected over two years ago from Louisiana, but up to this hour the Senate has not passed upon his case. For more than two long years a Sovereign State has been, through its representative, knocking at the door, asking to be allowed its share in the making of the laws which it is called upon to obey. If Eustis was not duly elected, that fact ought to have been declared without delay. No further evidence is needed; the testimony is all before the Senate's committe, so that nothing remains but a decision upon the points involved. Yet the committee lay the case aside, and proceed to take evidence in regard to the claim of Kellogg, who was elected two years subsequently, and therefore ought to wait until the previous claimant is disposed of. "First come, first served," is a good old equitable rule that should obtain in this instance. The motive of the committee was obvious. By taking Kellogg's case first, and by deciding in his favor, a Republican vote would be gained, with which it is thought that the admission of the Democrat, Eustis, would be refused. To prevent this, Thurman moved that the Senate should proceed to take up the case of Eustis, and it was on the several divisions which took place that Paterson and Canover deserted their party. Before, however, a final decision was reached, a motion for adjournment until Monday was carried, so that we must wait yet awhile for the end of this interesting struggle. Meanwhile it is apparent that this is another case of attempting to steal a vote. The question as to whether a particular candidate has or has not been duly elected, is one of fact, or of law, which should be passed upon, irrespective of party considerations; but it will not be, and, as a consequence, the Senate of the United States, and not the State of Louisiana, will elect the new Senators, and who they are finally to be, depends wholly upon Paterson and Canover. Either of them could give the victory to the Republicans. Whilst so much depends upon a single vote, it is a remarkable fact that Paterson is under indictment for purchasing his seat by bribery, and only prevents arrest and trial by pleading his Senatorial privileges. Smalls, a member of the Legislature he corrupted, has been actually convicted of being bribed by Paterson. Thus we have the whole thing refined down to a fine point—about as fine a one as that which showed that the Presidency was virtually determined by the nigger saloon-keeper, who happened to be a member of the Louisiana Returning Board. This may be called "the era of stolen votes." It will be well for the country if that era speedily passes away, never more to return.

Aprons are said to be fashionable in Paris again. If that is so, it may be possible to induce servant-girls to wear them again in this country.

Mrs. Dean, of St. Louis, who had four babies at a birth, has lost two of them.

"I KNOW A BANK."

I've seen the streamlet cut its way
Through banks of reed and osier spray;
I've seen it run through grasses rank,
But never a green or a verdant bank.

I've seen the tables at Baden and Ems—
A kind of banking law now condemns—
Where the croupier gathers the tinkling franc,
But never a green or a verdant bank.

I've seen a bank, I won't say where,
Where the tiger lurks in his deadly lair,
Where all my money was sunk or sank,
But never a green or a verdant bank.

I've seen a bank, and so, too, have scores,
When a smiling President closed its doors,
Sweetly announcing, "I'll pay, perhaps"—
Those are the green and the verdant chaps.

The only men and the only banks
Who earn our solemn and lasting thanks,
The only banks, as the public knows,
Whereon legitimate "wild thyme" grows.

I've put my money in stocks and shares,
To be gored by bulls and hugged by bears;
I have played in lotteries rife with blanks,
But never with green or with verdant banks.

I have bet four times on a losing Queen,
I have called the turn where no turn has been;
I have gone on notes for a man who drank,
But nary a green or a verdant bank.

I have bought up stock when its value shrank,
Insured small vessels that always sank,
Lent coin to foreigners on their rank,
But never have played on a verdant bank.

Wherefore, as each fresh scheme falls through,
My sympathies always are with the few,
And I get the President's highest thanks
As he seeks for other more verdant banks.

G. H. J.

THE WAR.

I believe I may state, with the most perfect confidence of being accurate, that there is not the slightest foundation for the rumors now prevalent regarding the initiation or the intention of British mediation with a view to the termination of the present war. It is held by her Majesty's Ministers—and the intimation has been given to those whom it concerns—that the present time is inopportune for the spontaneous suggestion of an abandonment of the arbitrament of the sword for that of the council chamber. Each combatant has been formally told that Britain stands ready when asked to come forward with good offices. It may, however, be added that *this attitude of what may be called benevolent passiveness is intended to last only during the winter.* If one of the Powers engaged shall not have so fared, as the result of her efforts during that season, so as to be either so satisfied with her successes, or so resigned under her misfortunes as not to desire the prolongation of the war during a second campaign, I believe myself right in stating that England will then hold different and far more decided language. Nay, more; it may be taken as correct that it is the foreknowledge of this which is so stimulating the Russians now to the hard enterprise of a winter campaign.—*Atlas, in The World.*

AMENDING THE TARIFF.

It begins to look as if the United States tariff will be amended ere long. High duties have served much of their purpose in firmly establishing manufactures, and now a new want is felt, namely, new markets. Reciprocity seems to be a popular idea, and it is argued that a great impulse may be given to trade and industry by admitting certain articles from some particular country free, or at low duties, on condition that that country shall admit certain other articles from the United States on like terms—a sort of give and take policy. The famous commercial treaty negotiated by Cobden between England and France was a project of that character, and resulted in such substantial benefits to both countries that the precedent may well be followed and extended. Certainly reciprocal arrangements might well be tried with our near neighbors of Canada and Mexico. It is expected that a new treaty with Canada will be proposed this winter, and the fate it meets in Congress will perhaps decide whether the Executive will feel justified in opening negotiations in other quarters. As regards Canada there never was any commercial reason for abrogating the old treaty. It had for more than ten years been a source of profit to both sides.

The gambler's of New York have a regular organization, with a salaried attorney.

THE BOOKS GIRLS READ.

It is often said that there is no evil absolutely unaccompanied by its compensating good; and if the late agitation respecting certain unsavory "manuals of devotion" has the effect of causing parents and guardians to inquire a little more closely into the style of literature affected by their charges, no one can say that it has been entirely without its use. It is unnecessary to remark that the books freely read by the girls of the day would have caused the hair of their grandmothers to stand on end; it is more to the point to observe that they are sadly often such as should never be suffered to fall into a young woman's hands. It is on girls that the evil chiefly tells; for though a great deal of the literature of the day is eminently undesirable for boys also, it is a matter of less moment what they read, and they very frequently cut the Gordian knot by declining to open a book. The days are long past when girls could be satisfied with the novels of Sir Walter Scott, of Miss Austen, or any of a similarly safe and moral tone; indeed, though the *Waverly Novels* are standard works, constantly referred to by word or by implication, they are absolutely unknown to the typical young lady of the day. Bread and milk is very good, and much enjoyed before a taste has been acquired for more stimulating food; but it is seldom returned to when once *entrees* and dry champagne have become habitual. It is much the same with literature. The mothers of the day are either too careless to notice what their girls read, or they make a pretence of "not liking to interfere with their pleasures, poor dears!" or, fond of objectionable books themselves, they are too selfish to deny themselves for their children's advantage.

It is a melancholy sight to a thoughtful mind to see girls—mere children in years if not in worldly knowledge, who would be more innocently, even if not very profitably, employed in reading fairy-tales—devouring debasing novels. It is very often said, "O, it does not signify when they are young; it is impossible they can understand the harm of what they read." This has a certain substratum of truth; but at an early age seed sinks deep, and the barely-understood sins and incomprehensible allusions lie dormant in the mind, and only await the quickening touch of the greater knowledge born of maturer years to enable them to bear fruit. But having begun the consumption of strong meat so early in life, even its coarse taste begins to pall, and fresh stimulants are soon required for the jaded palate. It is not so very long since a French novel was a thing read, if read at all, in secret, and carefully concealed if any one was heard approaching. Now girls and young married women talk openly, and without a shadow of reserve, of the very worst of these productions.

This vitiated taste has, of course, had its effect on the novel writers of the day, and it is very rarely, indeed, that any mark of fiction that does not owe its exciting incidents to the breach in thought and wish, if not in absolute deed, of the Seventh Commandment, achieves any marked popularity with the chief supporters of the circulating libraries. It is manifestly impossible that so large a quantity of this poisonous stuff can be imbibed by girls, and yet leave no trace behind. Constantly following the fortunes of fascinating heroines whose morals are of the very easiest, but whose sins, whether in will or in deed, are made to appear natural, inevitable, heartrending—everything, in fact, except blamable—their moral sense becomes insensibly, yet not the less surely blunted, and they see no harm in talking openly on subjects which are, in fact, always before them. It is not so much the actual details that are harmful—for a veil of romance is skillfully thrown over them, so as to induce sympathy with the sinner and condonation of the sin—it is the state of mind that is produced. Matrimonial infelicity is taken, as a matter of course; all the rosy visions of love, true, devoted and eternal, with which girls formerly commenced life, have ceased to exist, or if discovered in some country-bred damsel, are the subjects of unspeakable scorn or inextinguishable laughter.

No one can listen to the conversation of the girls of the day without perceiving that for them nothing is sacred excepting rank, fashion, and, above all, money; and for this state of things the novel of the period must, to a very great extent, be held responsible. From the time when they are able to understand the tales which are so perilously attractive, girls devour them to the exclusion of any more solid mental food, with the exception, of course, of such literature as may be forced upon them

in the schoolroom. That they should thus draw all their mental nourishment from trifle would be bad enough, even were the dish free from poisonous ingredients; but filled as it is with the worldliness and the essence of crime, it can hardly fail to prove deleterious. In the older-fashioned novels vice was often introduced, but always with reprobration; there was no danger that a young girl should be so led away by the specious pleas put forward in extenuation of the heroine's breach of the marriage-vow that her feeling should be entirely of pity, and not of reprobation.

It is curious that, in an age when, as we are informed both by the pulpit and the press, selfishness is rife, and when we hear the calculating nature of the young people of the day criticised on all sides, the popular school of fiction should acknowledge no moral guide, excepting the gratification of passion, and should represent feelings of love—always, be it understood, for an unlawful object—as absolutely insurmountable. Is it very wonderful that girls whose early views of the life on which they are about to enter are formed on such models should fail to resist temptation when it comes in their way? All the specious glamour that is thrown over the heroine's guilt—which often reaches the pitch of trying to make it appear that the renunciation of the most solemn vows, of duty, and of self-respect, are commendable instances of "self-sacrifice" to the "irresistible passion" of an even more guilty lover—cannot be read and re-read in ever-varying aspects without leaving their trace; and it, alas, becomes soon distinctly visible. The trail of the serpent is quite unmistakable in the glibness with which tales of scandal fall lightly from the tongue which should blister rather than repeat them, and in the assumption, so clearly to be perceived from the general tone of the conversation, that there is no virtue anywhere, that none are pure, and that those who appear so are only skilled adepts in the precious art of not being found out. Pope knew the world as well as most men have ever done, and his lines are true for all time:

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Surely the knowledge and the love of evil come all too soon without young girls being allowed to taint their innocent minds with literary garbage, and so to disturb their mental vision that they will never be able even to see the pure and harmless pleasures of life, for they will always impart to the simplest among them some of their own *arrieres pensees*. Supervision is exercised over their bodily food; it is to the full as much required for their mental pabulum. If the mothers are too idle, too indifferent, too absorbed in selfish ease of pleasure to trouble themselves about the matter, why, in the name of all that is wonderful, should not the fathers interfere? Is it nothing to them that their daughters' minds are being as surely depraved by literary dram-drinking as their bodies would be by brandy or absinthe? Selfish absorption in their own pursuits is one of the crying vices of the men of the time; they go their own way and seek their own amusement, apparently oblivious that any duties are attached to the possession of a wife and children. Ever ready to scoff at a woman's sense or intellect, they yet leave exclusively in her hands the up-bringing of the rising generation, and never trouble themselves to the extent of asking a question. If they would but exert their authority, and absolutely forbid the perusal of books of doubtful morality by either their wives or daughters, the social atmosphere would soon become purer, and the portentous length of *chronique scandaleuse* shrink appreciably. —*World.*

New Orleans is almost the only place east of the Rocky Mountains where the cent is not in circulation. The lowest denomination is the five-cent piece, or "picayune," and the poor are thus often compelled to buy more than they want of certain articles, and the result is waste and loss. The principal opponents of the introduction of the cent are the provision dealers, who believe that it would decrease the amount of their sales; the horse-car people, who think it would create a demand for a reduction in fares, and the bankers, who object to the trouble it would cause their clerks. The press, however, is waking up, one or two bankers are interesting themselves in the subject, and a reform is only a question of time.

"The World," the Flesh, and the Devil.

[By a Truthful Penman.]

"**Truth**" says the dread that the Mahometans of India are likely to rise against our rule, because we have not supported the Mahometans of Turkey, has proved illusory, but has it struck no one, that if the Turks can set at defiance the collective advice of all Europe, and then vanquish the European Power, which attempted to enforce this advice, it may occur to the Indian Mahometans, that the subordination of the followers of the Prophet to a Christian Power, is, perhaps, not quite so inevitable a necessity as we would have them believe it to be?——I see the telegraph offices are making experiments for sending four telegrams at a time through the same wire. If they succeed in carrying on this plan, we may reckon upon a good mixing-up of words in our already much ill-used private messages. I once received a message in London, which puzzled me for more than ten minutes. It ran as follows: "Meet me to-night on the platform. Grand Trunk of Canada 9½; but Consols are firm, and Exchequer bills par to 5 premium. Do not forget the opera-glass and cigarettes." I wrote to the Central Office for an explanation, and was, within the next fifteen days, favored with the notification that, owing to some mysterious cause, there had been a "mixing-up" of words. I need hardly add that my rendezvous was lost.——London *Fun* says of Ex-President Grant: Now your travels are pretty well over—You've seen a good deal since the start—Do your speeches on Britain, my rover, Proceed from your head or your heart? When your health is proposed you hesmear us With praises high flown and gallant, But I don't think you really revere us, Oh, clever ex-President Grant. When you say that the wish of the Yankee Is to live like a brother with us, As a matter of form we say "Thankee," And think you are "cute" and a "cuss;" For you know that the States look on Britain As a land they would kick but they can't: In their papers and books it is written, We read it, ex-President Grant. No doubt you're a thorough good fellow,— You've worked with a will in your day: And now in the "sere and the yellow" You're eujoying yourself in a way. You hut speak for yourself when presented With addresses town councillors "plant," For your treacle of us is resented By your people, ex-President Grant.——One of the main reasons of the Russian defeats, has been the cowardice of the Russian commanders. They have regarded their lives as so exceedingly valuable to their country, that they have kept so far out of danger, as to have been unable to distinguish what transpires during an engagement.——Why is Russia so rotten? I asked a friend of mine, who resides at St. Petershurg, and who is in London on a visit. "The Emperor," he replied, "is a kind, weak, and goodnatured man. He is entirely in the hands of his friends, who are most of them corrupt scamps. These friends have been the real rulers of the empire for the last fifteen years."——*Fun* adopts from the French four versions of a famous saying adapted to circumstances: The late Emperor —L'Empire c'est la Paix. MacMahon—L'Empire c'est l'épée. Paul de Cassagnac—L'Empire c'est *Le Pays*. The French Workman—L'Empire c'est le *Pay*.——Among the other attractions of the Paris Exhibition will be a visit of the imperial orchestra from Vienna in the month of July. The Viennese artistes will give several concerts during their fortnight's stay in Paris.——A season ticket for the Exhibition will cost a hundred francs, and free the holder from all charges.——It is perhaps hardly known out of Ultramontane circles that a Catholic lady, sister to a Liberal Earl, performed the feat, not long ago, of sweeping a London crossing for a day, on behalf of a charity. The lady's benevolence is so real that hardly a smile was raised at the curious achievement, and the perfect plainness of her habitual attire prevented any fantastic public effect. But the world has missed the truly wonderful spectacle it might have enjoyed if a sister religionist, fired with emulation, had had her wish: this lady was found in hysterical tears because her husbaud judged that her artistic bloom and perennial curls would have roused general amazement if stationed at a crossing and joined to a broom.——Cubbing the other day with the Pytchley, pretty Mrs. —— came to grief in a brook, from which she emerged dripping from hat to boots. "What am I to do?" she said piteously to Captain R., who, seeing the fall, had ridden to her assistance. The gallant captain was a lady-killer and an Irishman. "I

think I must squeeze you," he said, in his happiest manner. "Thanks," said the little woman, rising to the occasion; "but I see my husband coming, and I think he would do that better than you."——From an Indian paper (the *Englishman*) we extract the following: A steamer bound here, unfortunately, had a death occur on board. There was not sufficient iron on board to sink the corpse, so a few lumps of coal were used. An old salt on board remarked on the proceeding, in nautical vernacular, somewhat to the following effect: "I've seen many a poor fellow buried at sea before, but this is the first time I've seen a poor devil going down below made to carry his own coals!"——A lady sends us, as corroborative of the article which appeared in *Truth* recently, a cutting from the report of the Address, on the 1st of October, at University College. Dr. John Williams urged the study of "Gynecology" on his hearers (as if women were a new and curious kind of scientific "subject"), and ended by remarking, as an encouraging hint to medical students, that discoveries may be made in this 'ology, which will put a stop to the pretensions of their detested petticoated rivals to compete with them for fees. This, at least, is the only interpretation that can be put on the following phrase: "Such inquiries, moreover, had a most important bearing upon a social question, lately much discussed—the employment of women. Persistent and strenuous efforts had been made to admit women to professions which demanded from their members strength, energy, and power of continuous efforts and application. . . . It was a physiological and pathological problem, which could be solved on physiological grounds only." Fair ladies, beware of your gynecological doctors. They will study on you how to prove the unfitness of your sex for any profession which pays.

GIVE HIM JUSTICE.

On Wednesday, in broad daylight, on a public street of this city, a person named C. C. Terrill, an ex-legislator, drew a dirk knife and stabbed a laboring man whilst in the peaceful performance of his daily labor. The City Physician pronounced the wound probably fatal. If it should prove so, there will be a widow and two orphans. If the statement of the man he true, or even if that be taken as correct which comes from the red-handed perpetrator of this horrible deed, in either event there is the strongest *prima facie* case of unprovoked, cold-blooded slaying, or attempted slaying, that we remember to have occurred in this city. With that case the law, under ordinary circumstances, might be permitted to deal without press comments. But there are signs, only too apparent, that because the offender has wealth and influence, is a member of powerful bodies, and has been a member of the Legislature, his offense will be treated with a leniency that would not be extended if the victim had been the slayer instead of the slain. Terrill was at once admitted to bail, and in a sum totally disproportioned to the gravity of the offense, and very little larger than that recently demanded from crack-brained, penniless agitators, who, it turns out, had committed no actual breach of the law. Other evidences indicate that this man's apparent crime is to be treated exceptionally. Why should it? It is claimed that he has been a useful legislator. Surely that is rather a reason why he should be held strictly by the laws which he helped to make. A law-maker, of all men, should not be a law-breaker. It is astonishing that such a man should have been found carrying a dangerous weapon, which, in itself, was an offense. That he was ready to use it on the instant shows a reckless disregard of the sanctity of human life which must find no countenance from those entrusted with the administration of the law. By all means let this man Terrill have justice meted out to him. Whilst we are teaching one class to respect the law, it will not do to permit another to set at naught its most sacred provisions. It is right to protect property, but it is above all essential to protect life.

Bullion Shipments from Arizona.—Nineteen bars and 5,958 pounds of silver ore from the Stonewall Jackson mine, in the Globe District, the McMillan Mining Company owners, arrived yesterday at Yuma, and were forwarded immediatcly to San Francisco. The estimated value is about $20,000 per ton.

THE WORKINGMAN'S LITTLE HISTORY; OR, THE "AMERICAN SOVEREIGN" AND HIS CROWN.

John Workingman grows discontent,
And John admits no argument.
Quoth he: "Now, right or wrong, I say
That every dog should have his day.
The rich have all, the poor have naught,
And things are not as be they ought;
The wealth that's wasted on Nob Hill
Would many an empty belly fill;
My belly's empty, so we'll see
If some one won't divide with me;
I'll gag the capitalist's maw
And pick his pockets—damn the Law.

So John at once the climax caps
By hiring certain windy chaps,
Who war against good grammar wage,
To fan his sulkiness to rage.
These jabbering gentry strut and flout
And froth and scream and stamp and shout,
But not a soul knows what about.
Such phrases as "the Sons of Toil,"
"The honest Tillers of the Soil,"
And other slogans that you know,
Make up the kind of breeze they blow.

Then John, who hears he is a "king,"
A "sovereign," and that sort of thing,
Pitches his hod and shovel by,
And swears he'll *be* a king, or die.

So forth he marches, wise and strong,
To remedy a wrong with wrong,
And meets—success? no—hickory clubs.

Next morn this "king" his noddle rubs,
And thinks 'twas wisely written down:
"Ill rest the head that wears a crown."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN LIGHTHOUSES

It is now nearly twenty years ago since the Trinity Board, doubtless with much misgiving, first employed the electric light as the means of illuminating the seas off Dover from their lighthouses at the South Foreland; but the "Brethren," having waited long and patiently, are at last in possession of facts which will enable them to speedily render our coasts, as they have almost always been, the best illuminated in the world. The reports presented by Professor Tyndall and the engineer to the Trinity Corporation, Mr. J. N. Douglass, prove conclusively that the best dynamo-electric machine yet invented can be supplied and kept at work for a reasonable expenditure, and very shortly the two lighthouses at the Lizard will illuminate the entrance to the Channel with the best light in the world. Nowadays invention in electric lighting progresses apace, and the best machine of to-day is eclipsed by a better of to-morrow; but at present there is no reason to doubt that the Siemens machine which is to be used at the Lizard, is the best of its kind. Weighing little more than one-eighth of the lightest of its competitors, and occupying about one-fourth of the space, it yielded a light superior in illuminating power, at the same time being less expensive, both in first cost and maintenance. The lights at present in use at the South Foreland and Dungeness cost upwards of £750 per annum, whereas the Siemens machines will yield a much more powerful light for a considerably smaller expenditure. A Siemens machine gave a condensed beam equal to 2,080 standard candles per horse-power, against 1,257 candles obtained from a Gramme machine for the same expenditure, and when two of them were coupled together, a beam of extraordinary splendor, equal to over 14,000 candles (condensed beam) was obtained. According to Dr. Tyndall, the combining of a couple of small Siemens machines with one of the group-flashing dioptric apparatus, invented by Dr. Hopkinson, would produce a light transcending in power and individuality all other existing lights—such a light as would displace, with enormous advantage to the mariner, the two lamps at present exhibited from the towers at the Lizard. The Trinity Board, however, having completed the apparatus for that station, determined to retain the distinctive feature of the Lizard light, and accordingly two brilliant fixed electric lights will be shortly erected to guide the mariner in his voyage up Channel. In fine weather, one machine will be used in each tower; but during mists or fogs the light shown from each lantern will be equal to upwards of 14,000 candles. The manufacturers of the Gramme machine state that they are now making machines capable of yielding a light equal to 35,000 candles; and if they can substantiate their statements by a practical trial, the employment of dynamo-electric apparatus in lighthouses will become universal. The small size of the Siemens machine, its cheapness, and the slight expenditure of power required to work it, recommend it for general use on board vessels, especially passenger steamers.

Charles Keane said a bad horse was like a poor play; it can't run, and won't draw.

CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY

FALL COURSING MEETING.

Wednesday morning saw about a hundred members of the California Pioneer Coursing Club No. 1, and about two hundred visitors assembled at Merced to witness the Fall meeting of this well-known sportsman's association. Leaving Merced about 8 A.M., the company drove, or rode, out to a convenient spot for commencing the day's sport. Mr. R. Warwick acted as Judge, and Mr. W. Davidson as slipper. As, unfortunately, both dogs cannot win the same heat, it is very seldom that entire satisfaction can be given by a judge; and although some of Mr. Warwick's decisions were open to question, yet it was remarked that the owner of the losing dog was invariably disgusted with the result. Without attempting to explain throughout the laws of coursing, it may be well to allude to one or two features of the sport with which the general public is not familiar. As soon as a hare is found, the slipper, holding the dogs in a leash, runs as rapidly toward it as possible. When the Judge considers that the hare has sufficient start, say about sixty yards, he gives the word "go," and the slipper looses the strap, and the greyhounds commence the chase. Mr. Davidson is one of the fleetest runners in the State, and reputed to be one of the best slippers in California. The success of the dog does not necessarily depend on his killing the hare, or, indeed, on the hare being killed at all, as it will often disappear down a hole, differing in this respect from the European hare, which makes a nest for itself in the grass, known as a "form." The ability of the greyhound is determined by points, so many being allowed for his quickness in turning, so many for a wrench, and for other technical terms relating to his speed, sagacity, and agility. When one dog, which is drawn to run against another is not present, as is often the case, he is pitted against another dog, similarly circumstauced, and each is awarded a course, whichever wins. This is to insure every dog running the same number of courses, and is termed a bye.

The accident which has been mentioned in the daily papers as occurring to "Gentleman Jones," is more serious than was supposed, but it is a remarkable illustration of that wonderful dog's inimitable pluck. He had just overtaken the hare, and was making a plunge to grab it, when he rolled over with terrible velocity, striking on his fore-shoulder and leg, and making two holes in the tendons. The leg was terribly bruised, and the leg and shoulder filled up rapidly with air and blood. In spite of his injuries, which will take several months to heal, the gallant greyhound kept on with the heat, although it was impossible for him to win it. He was not, however, in good condition when first brought on the track.

We cannot help remarking here that Messrs. Tunstead and Dave White have in a small way been nursing the traditional frozen viper, which, when warmed at the farmer's fire, turned round and stung him. Not that we desire to compare that queen of beauty, a greyhound, to a viper, but we allude to the fact that these two gentlemen themselves imported nearly all the best thoroughbred English stock in the State, and that by generously giving away their produce to friends, they have actually to compete with blood of their own importation, and occasionally to lose their money and suffer defeat at the hands of a hound whose victory they are themselves responsible for. However, we suppose the true sportsman takes all this cheerfully, for the sake of elevating the pastime to which he is attached.

Revenons a nos moutons, or, rather, *a nos chiens*. The hares at first were started without trouble, though afterwards considerable beating and tramping had to be done to rouse puss from her lair. Although they were not very plentiful, they were very strong, and in some instances afforded capital sport. The fable that hares run in a straight line is, as every one knows, an imaginary one. It is their faculty of making short turns and pursuing a circuitous course which so fully tests the powers of the dogs, and affords such excitement to the lookers-on. The first course was run between H. Ward's bk. b. "Joan of Arc" and T. Tunstead's w. d. "White Cloud." The hare started almost immediately the dogs were put in the slip, and the heat was cleverly won by "White Cloud." J. Searles' bd. d. "Czar" and his blk. b. Lady Belle ran a bye, "Emperor" and Laura being absent. James Douglas' bd. d. "Thornhill" followed by beating C. L. Place's w. and f. d. "Gentleman Jones." Mr. Place, however, won the following course, in which his bd. and w. b. "Branch"

gained an easy victory over W. Davidson's f. and w. b. "Wee Lassie." Mr. John Lind's brd. and w. h. "Beauty" beat Charles Barr's brd. d. "Spring," and Mr. Tunstead's f. b. "Forest Queen" got away with H. Ward's f. b. "Nell Flaherty. W. P. Lambert's bd. and w. b. "Flora" ran a bye with Dick Cunningham's f. d. "Davis," and won. The next a bye between T. L. Smith's hd. and w. d. "Master Joe" and N. Curry's f. and w. b. "Waif" was a splendid run. "Master Joe" won, and the first hare of the day was brought into headquarters. Probably the most exciting course of the morning was the one which followed between J. Douglas' bk. b. "Lucy" and T. Tunstead's w. and f. b. "Minnehaha." "Lucy" saw the hare first, but "Minnehaha" was the fleeter dog of the two. The latter, however, made her first appearance in public in this race, and was correspondingly green. The interest in the race was centered in "Lucy's" clearing a five-foot fence in her stride, "Minnehaha" following less cleverly, having recently recovered from a broken leg. "Lucy" won the course, but we predict great things for Mr. Tunstead's bitch in the future.

The next course run by James Adams' bk. h. "Queen Emma" and D. W. White's bk. d. "Underwriter" was declared an undecided heat, but eventually given to "Underwriter." The event in which "Thornhill" and "Lady Belle" were interested was most exciting as far as the spectators were concerned. The hare obligingly ran in a circle, and was finally splendidly killed on the jump by "Thornhill" in view of the assembled crowd. "Branch" and "Beauty" finished with a "no go," and ran over again with the result in "Branch's" favor. In the next appearance of "Forest Queen" she was matched against "Flora." Just as the "Queen" was in the act of killing her hare she fell head over heels, and "Flora" being close handy, made the kill, but this was also decided a "no go." "Master Joe" and "Waif" next came together, and it was suggested after this course that "Waif's" owner should change her name to "Wait." She lost sight of the hare and trotted back contentedly to his discontented master. "Joe" made a splendid run, finishing with a fine kill. Some dissatisfaction was expressed over the decision about "Lucy" and "Underwriter." "Underwriter" did all the work and made all the points as long as the dogs were in sight, but the decision was rendered in "Lucy's" favor. In the third ties "Thornhill" beat "Czar" and "Branch" beat "Forest Queen." "Lucy" had also to retire before "Master Joe." This finished the day's work, leaving "Thornhill," "Branch" and "Master Joe" alone to compete for the all aged stakes. On Thursday the sport was resumed, "Thornhill" beating "Branch," after which "Master Joe" ran a bye. In the deciding course "Thornhill" beat "Master Joe," and thus won the first prize. "Master Joe" takes the second prize and "Branch" the third. The fourth prize was awarded to "Czar." "Thornhill" is a very fine looking brindled dog, by "Nelson" out of "Nancy," and is the property of James Douglas.

The Puppy stakes only contained seven entries, Mr. Taylor's w. and f. b. "Lady Thorne" beating Charles Barr's bk. and w. d. "Master Ben," and Mr. Barr's bk. and w. d. "Conductor" beating Dave White's bk. d. "Bonnie Dundee." James Clark's w. and f. d. "Winnemucca" got away with Mr. Barr's f. and w. d. "Don Pedro, and "Katie Pease" ran a bye.

In the second ties "Lady Thorn" beat "Conductor," and "Winnemucca" "Katy Pease." "Winnemucca" finally carried off the puppy stakes by beating "Lady Thorn." There were also several sweepstakes run, and some very pretty coursing done. There are only three rules applying to those present, which are, first, not to make a noise and to stand still when the dogs are slipped; secondly, to keep off ground that has not been beaten; and thirdly, always to keep behind the slipper. It was a very pretty sight seeing the cavalcade of horses, buggies and wagons advancing in line and halting as the hare broke away and the dogs were unloosed. The country being perfectly flat affords a splendid view in most runs, and is by nature admirably adapted for this favorite sport. The Club and their friends had almost entire possession of the town of Merced for three days, and returned to the city yesterday highly delighted with their pleasant and successful meeting.

"**Messonier** never painted a woman." We don't see why he should. They are abundantly able to paint themselves.

THE FALL OF KARS.

The fortress, made memorable by the brilliant defence under General Williams in 1855, has fallen. After a stubborn resistance, the garrison was overpowered by a force immensely superior in numbers. The capture of Kars has had in it something of the nature of a surprise; at any rate, it may be said that it has added another to the many startling surprises of this war. Very recently an official description of the fortress and its exterior defences appeared in the *Moskovskiya Vedomosti*, which stated that the Ottoman Government had converted Kars into so strongly a fortified camp that it could not be taken by sudden open attack. This was the universal opinion of all military men, and its sudden capture must have surprised the Russians themselves. It gives them the key to the conquest of Armenia, but, as to the effect it may have on the future of the war, it must not be forgotten that Kars was taken in vain in 1855; and, although it may enable the Russians to overrun Armenia, it does not insure success to their troops in Europe. If the Russians can continue to place two to one in the field against their enemies, it is evident in the end they must prevail. In the battle at Aladja Dagh they had 65,000 men, with an immense superiority in artillery and cavalry, against 30,000 Turks, under Ghazi Mukhtar. At Kars their numbers must have been 40,000 to 15,000 Turks, or nearly three to one; and, according to late Russian accounts, Plevna is now surrounded by 120,000 men, a large portion of whom consist of the famous Guards, with 640 pieces of artillery. Ghazi Osman's garrison cannot exceed 60,000 men, with 160 cannon, so that the Grand Duke Nicholas must by this time have the numerical odds, which appears to be requisite before any attack can be made, and which demonstrates that the effete Turk requires three, or at least two, Russians to one to conquer him. We may, therefore, expect soon to hear of another sanguinary struggle on the European theater of war, and that another hecatomb of slaughtered and bleeding victims has been offered up to allay the ambitious designs of the "Christian Liberator."

Although the Czar's armies have accomplished less than was expected, it is possible that the fall of Kars may offer an opportunity for the rival combatants to pause and calmly take a survey of their positions and the objects to be gained by persevering in the war. Already there are rumors that the Porte is willing to coucede the terms demanded previous to the war. If this be true, the Czar should be satisfied, as, when he issued his manifesto, confident of victory for his soldiers, he protested that he wanted no territory, and solemnly renounced all projects of conquest or aggrandizement; he declared his readiness to bear the cost of war in order to obtain autonomic government for the Christians. His admirers loudly applauded such magnanimous disinterestedness, and Europe, believing in his moderation and the justness of his demands, allowed him to make his attack upon Turkey. Not a few, however, especially in England, remember that similar protestations were made in 1828, and that the treaty of Adrianople gave Russia a considerable extent of the Black Sea coast, and advanced her territories to the banks of the Lower Danube, besides saddling Turkey with the expenses of the war. Hence we learn that the English are again becoming excited over the fear of an extension of Russia's influence in Asia Minor, and consequent danger to England's interests in the East.

The fall of Kars cannot fail to be viewed as an event of considerable importance to England, as in the minds of Asiatic rulers it will again encourage the belief in Russian invincibility, and greatly add to the dread of Muscovite power. Such influence or any extension of territory in Asia, England would doubtless put forth her whole strength to resist. England wisely withheld her support from Turkey in the present war or to encourage her in her misrule of the Bulgarians, but let her own interests in the East be imperiled by Russia and there is little doubt but that her sword will be drawn in defense of freedom and civilization. If England should go to war with Russia it will not be for conquest nor for accession of dominion, but for liberty. It will be for the further development of liberty which civilization produces; it will be for the expansion of energies and development of industries, and for the elimination of foreign obstacles in the path of progress—hence for the preservation and increase of civilization and freedom.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

In pursuance of a custom widely if not universally observed by the Executives of the States of the American Union, as well as in response to the religious emotions and impulses of a people who acknowledge their dependence upon Divine Providence for life and all the blessings of life, and recognize the obligations of gratitude they are under to Providence for whatever blessings, whether material, social, political, religious or otherwise He may bestow upon them, His Excellency William Irwin, Governor of the State of California, has been pleased to appoint Thursday next, the 29th day of November, to be observed by all of us as a day of thanksgiving, to be kept by each in the way that may seem to his conscience or inclination to be most fitting. Some will go to church and afterwards eat good turkey. Many more would eat the turkey if they had it. Others will enjoy a day in the country, and it will be well if through nature they look up to nature's God and rest and be thankful. It is true that in inviting people to be thankful the Governor recites a long list of troubles, some real, but more of them imaginary, and this renders his proclamation a curiously inconsistent document. But, the Governor apart, it is certain we have much to be thankful for. Life and health and peace are blessings that the famine-stricken people of India, and the war-cursed populations of the Turkish provinces might well teach us how dear they are. Then our State promises well. The mines never looked better. New regions in Arizona and elsewhere are opening up. The Winter's rains have commenced, and promise us a harvest of great plenty. There is a temporary depression to be sure, but it is only temporary, and if it results in inducing our people in times of prosperity to provide for short spells of adversity, the effective teaching of that lesson will in itself be something to be thankful for.

ART JOTTINGS.

Thursday's "Bulletin" has an amusing, and, at the same time, instructive, editorial on "Frauds in Art." It is astonishing how people will be led astray by such itinerant picture-peddlers as those which have brought suit against the New York *Times* to recover damages for having injured their business. It seems almost incredible that one of the parties complainant should, in his testimony, admit that he did not know whether the renowned artist, whose pretended work he was offering for sale, was alive or dead; nor did he seem clear in his own mind whether or no some artists yet living were not *old masters*. This must have been the view taken of the question by a wealthy lady of San Francisco. Some years since, at a reception, the Bishop of her church was one of the guests. He is looked upon as authority in art, and was asked by the lady of the house, who, in his opinion, was the best portrait painter in the city. Several names were mentioned, and the recent efforts of one highly commended. The lady had seen the work of this artist, did not consider it good, and added that, in the course of a year or so, the family were going to Europe, and would have their portraits painted by some of the *old masters*.

We hear of no sales of paintings to come off here this fall. The last effort was that of Mr. Gale, from Philadelphia, who offered the collection exhibited at the Mechanics' Fair. It is said they brought very low prices, in consequence of attacks made upon them by several journals here, *a la* New York *Times;* of course, if pictures are not what they are represented to be by the sellers, it is the duty of the press to point out the fraud to the public, and if they are as represented, it is easily demonstrated, and a suit in damages against the offending journal is the proper remedy.

Should the collection of *old masters*, referred to, be offered here later on, no great success can be looked for. Picture-buyers just now are scarce, and the few there are would require some assurance of the genuineness of what they were buying, other than that furnished by the wringing of hands and half concealed inward chuckling of the professional art-huckster.

Young man, if you would be the toniest of the tony, you must wear sleeve-buttons so large that they will hide your dirty cuffs.

OUTGOING AND INCOMING SUPERVISORS.

The existing Board of Supervisors will shortly retire from office. They have not yet done so. In point of fact, they have never yet done anything; but, when they do make exit, they will have accomplished their first feat. It will be pleasant to record so much, as a bewildering variety to the character of the weekly reports. In bidding farewell to these gentlemen, in their official capacity, it is gratifying to know that they have one and all managed to keep out of the penitentiary with a brotherly unanimity truly touching. It is not said that any one of them has built a new cupola on his house, or added materially to his depth of girth. To their honor be it said, however, that the monthly bills have created less consternation in their families than was formerly the custom. It is only due to the Supervisors to state that this is because they were more promptly paid. It is not possible, at present, to recall any other service done by these gentlemen for the public. The streets are pretty bad; so is the gas; so is the water. They have been left severely alone. It is not known how well it has paid to let them alone; but we fear the price has been too small to pay for the wear and tear of the Supervisors. A farewell blessing and sad good-bye is echoed by the "middle men" of the big jobs, who fear that the big swells who are coming in will have big prices. Hats off to them! A small-priced Supervisor is an excrescence—an unnatural suggestion of infinite littleness—the nail from the small toe of the destroying grub worm—the point from the bill of the consuming grasshopper—the thin edge of a little wedge of nothing.

JUDGE FERRAL'S DECISION.

Prosecutions having been entered upon, we could have wished that conviction and punishment had followed, in order that the agitators might have been taught that the limits of free speech are exceeded when they talk of hanging and burning. But desirable as that result would have been, we are bound to confess that as the case was presented, Judge Ferral's decision was unquestionably sound. To convict men of riot, for mere spoken words, unaccompanied by any, even the smallest, overt act, indicating a present power and intention of giving them effect, would be a dangerous precedent, and a violation, as we believe, of constitutional law. Such a conviction would involve cherished principles which it would not do to sacrifice, or in any manner endanger, even to accomplish so desirable an end as the repression of Kearney and his misguided followers. It is possible to conceive of such words as were proved to have been used being punishable, but not as riotous proceedings. If the necessity should again arise for prosecutions, we hope next time they will be undertaken with a greater consideration for the requirements of the law. If our advice, given at the outset, had been followed, the agitators would have been let severely alone, by both the press and the law, in which case they would soon have sunk into utter insignificance. They have been dignified and advertised overmuch, and so have acquired a temporary importance they would not otherwise have acquired.

THE FREE LABOR EXCHANGE.

The fact that many hundreds of men, and of woman too, are in daily attendance at the Labor Exchange ready, able and willing honest work to do, is evidence that that institution was not started one moment too soon, and that there are really a large number of deserving unemployed in our midst. Mr. Zeehandelaer, with considerable executive ability, is doing good work in the organization of the Exchange, and already it is in good shape to accomplish its ends. What is now wanted is that persons who need labor, and those who can find a way to employ more of it than under ordinary circumstances they might require, should forthwith send in their orders. It is apparent that good men to fill all kinds of positions are readily obtainable. Those who help these men to help themselves will, in the end, benefit themselves and promote the interests of the State.

AMENDING THE LAW CONCERNING STOCK GAMBLING.

It is stated that a distinguished lawyer has drafted a bill for submission to the Legislature, containing provisions intended to regulate stock gambling in a direction beneficial to the outside public. This is a step which it must be confessed is not about to be taken one moment too soon. The gigantic proportions which the business has assumed, the large sums of money involved, and the vast number of people concerned, all alike demand that the traffic should be brought within the purview of the law, and rendered amenable to those principles of common honesty which are supposed to govern transactions between man and man. The gambling spirit cannot, perhaps, be eliminated from the business, but the law can at least insist upon a fair and square deal. It can, and it ought, to punish the broker who fradulently pretends that he bought his customers' stock at the highest price of the day, and sold it at the lowest. Above all, it can, and it ought, to prevent that worst of all stock evils, by which the outsider's stock is parted with, loaned, or used to fill shorts. That act is, in its nature, embezzlement, and should be declared by law to be so, and should be punished accordingly. No honest man should engage in such a transaction. It shows how demoralizing the whole business is, that they all do it. Men, otherwise honest, part with their customers' stock in order to break the market to their own advantage, and to his injury, as if it were a perfectly legitimate transaction. It is about time all concerned were taught elementary principles of common honesty. Much can be done by a few simple, salutary additions to the law.

EXTINGUISH THE GAS.

Our readers are aware that some time ago gas companies everywhere felt somewhat nervous about the electric candle. In England gas stock fell considerably. It was seen that the project of substituting an electric light for gas was so nearly accomplished that its final success was only a matter of time. European scientific men are at work upon the problem, and private advices seem to indicate that such progress is being made that an important announcement may be forthcoming any day. Once the necessary appliances are perfected so that the electric candle may be as effectively worked upon a large scale as it now is upon a small one, we may then forthwith extinguish the gas, for of a certainty a cheaper, safer and in every way better light will have taken its place. The electric candle produces neither heat nor smoke, it cannot cause fire, and it is expected that it will produce a brilliant light at a nominal cost. That it will one day come into general use is pretty certain. We believe that day is nearer at hand than some people would like to think possible.

BONANZAS LOOMING UP.

The street is getting enthused. Stocks are up, and reports of developments are coming to hand as fast as the telegraph can bring them. John B. Haggin and Hank Smith yesterday visited the Ophir mine, and both of them report very favorably of the ore body. Mr. Haggin says it is the finest prospect he has ever seen. Mr. Smith had an average assay made and the ore went over $400 to the ton. Sam Curtis says of the Alta that it has a perfectly formed ledge, carrying rich ore with strong quartz. Yesterday morning a decided improvement was reported in the appearance of the incline winze on the 1600-foot level of old Belcher. The whole face is in good quartz. The east drift on the 2060-foot level has penetrated quartz and is promising well. These statements are said to be official. It looks as if there is to be a booming market. A lively time, based upon *genuine developments*, would brighten everything up wonderfully just now.

"Wax your lips is the latest way to tell a man to cease talking.

LIES OF THE DAY.

A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.—WARBURTON. With the adaptability of a lie, son has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—LORD BROUGHAM. A lie begets others; one lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.—LORD THURLOWE.

"And the Parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a lie is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.—TENNYSON.

It is not true that Bly saw a lie about her last week.——That he sent Deasy, his man Friday, to watch room 31, Pearson's den, to find out what Nellie was after.——That he found out all about it.——That John W. P. had any business affiliations with Jack Tyler of the defunct Collateral Savings institution.——That the Grand Blonde is married.——That there was very nearly a case of scan. mag.——That Mrs. —— got lost in the corridors of the Palace, and by mistake entered the wrong room.——That the *chambermaid* who discovered the mistake, now parades "on her Sundays off" with a beautiful set of second-hand jewelry.——That the Occidental boarders are too cute to make any such mistakes.——That the Lick House ladies hide in the wardrobes and eventually invest in homesteads, a la Gallagher, while those at the Grand and Cosmopolitan are virtuously indignant!——That Drury Malone has been engaged at the Grand Opera House, and will make his debut in the ballet scene of the new spectacular now under rehearsal.——That he will dress in Alvarado's tights.——That the Liar man of the *News Letter* will take notes and govern himself accordingly.——That General Cobb's brigade has volunteered to lead Kearney's proposed procession.——That Jim McCue and Blossom Von Schmidt will occupy the same carriage.——That General McComb and Counselor Hayes will bring up the rear.——That Flora M. and her George again suck the same straw, while Joe C. holds the glass.——That W. B. C. and his attorneys are comparatively happy.——That Sargent has telegraphed his congratulations.——That Page offers free carriages for the funeral, and that La Grange has agreed to take him once again to his hospitable arms.——That Solon Pattee wrings his hands because he could not get his finger in the Leighton pie. That Frank Pixley's horse is the legitimate offspring of his mule.——That the new Labor Exchange will be a failure.——That the crowds of laborers go away disappointed when they try to pronounce the manager's name—Zeehandalaer.——That Horace Hill and Ned Cahill will perform in the new drama, *The Bottom of the Sea*.——That they are more absorbed in the idea that they see the bottom of the stock market, or Coso Consolidated.——That the Odorless Excavating Apparatus Company require a sample to be delivered for chemical analysis before the rate of charge for work done is delivered to the customer.——That when old Dr. Marion S. brought the young doctor from New York to San Francisco he brought him from the frying pan into the fire.——That with Ophir at $53 the street would consent to Sharon going to Washington. He can't be spared just now.——That Frank Hassey has registered himself at the Health Office as the father.——That Frank will appear as a man we know with a little one on either hand.——That he is anxious until he sees their whole pedigree in print.——That the doctor says the tongue portion is tender enough for him, which is vouched for by Dansman.——That Anne says he is getting mean, as she don't ride in the coupe any more.——That when he ceases to bleed there will be no more game offered by "Uncle Tom," and no more cloth laid by "auntie," and no more tongue or anything by the niece.——That it is coming to that then for fresh fields and pastures new, and, let us hope, something worth while for his money.——That Flora M. thought it necessary to go through the ceremony again.——That the Nevada testimony against that female plaintiff is all reliable and procured without money and without price.——That if the Lord in His mercy would take Bolander to Himself the School Department would be relieved of a heavy weight.——That the new Directors should make haste to undo the most glaring wrongs of their predecessors.

When is water most likely to escape?—When it is only half-tide.

THE TEXAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Chicago, Nov. 22d.—A reporter interviewed Thomas A. Scott here with the following result: As regards the Southern Pacific Railroad, known as the extension of the Texas Pacific to the Pacific Coast, I think it is destined to be one of the great highways of the country, and that the road ought to be built speedily, for the interest of all the great business centers of the country, which, of course, includes all the Atlantic ports in the Southern States, and all the business railway centers, reaching all the way through to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York. It will be, and should be, valuable as an outlet to the city of Chicago, because it will develop new fields of wealth, which Chicago ought to be interested in, and will be, no doubt, when the track is constructed. It is certainly to the interest of Chicago, and all this section of the country, to have an opportunity to give aid to this enterprise. The people have no greater field to develop than that extending from the Red River, on the borders of Texas, all the way through to El Paso, and ultimately to the Pacific Coast.

SILVER INFLATION.

The silver advocates have not a particularly bright prospect before them of their pet projects becoming law. Their proposals have assumed precise shape and form, so that we are no longer in ignorance as to how far they would go. They propose that the United States mints shall coin silver into dollars of 412½ fine, for all comers, without limit, and without charge. Then such dollars are to be a legal tender for the payment of all debts, public and private. A bill to accomplish all that, has passed the House of Representatives, but hangs fire in the Senate. It is said that it will be largely and surely amended there. It is thought that the "free coinage" proposal cannot pass, and that the amount that may be legally tendered in payment of private debts will be limited, whilst it will be insisted that the public debt shall be payable only in gold. Even if the bill should pass the Senate, it would seem impossible for the President, in the face of his pledges, to assent to it. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the views of the Silver inflationists will not prevail.

A good time coming, and is even now at hand. Between Thanksgiving Day and Christmas our city will be lively. We shall throw aside dull care, and unite to be happy ourselves, and to make our families and friends happy. Presents will be in order. They tell a father, mother, brother, sister, or friend, that they are held in affectionate remembrance. The great holiday exhibition is now open at 126, 128, and 130 Sutter street. At that great center of attraction, B. Nathan & Co. sell clocks and bronzes, among other things, at first cost of importation. They intend to close out their immense stock of clocks and bronzes, which is the largest and choicest assortment in the city, at 25 per cent less than their present low prices. Buyers have already begun to find out what bargains are obtainable, as is evidenced by the throng that is busily engaged there in making purchases. It is an establishment that is well worth a visit.

Edward W. Fisher went to a picnic in Harrisburg, Pa., with a girl, and during the day fell gradually but surely in love with her. In the evening he wished to call on her, but she told him she had an engagement with another fellow, who was to spend the evening with her. Fisher went under her window and took laudanum, but the dose was not sufficient to kill. Then he shot himself, but the bullet missed his heart, making a wound from which he will recover. He is now being nursed by the girl, and she may learn to love him, after the story-book fashion, although as yet she says, "He's too big an idiot to live, but I don't want him to die on my account."

Notabilia.

Providing for the Million on Thanksgiving Day.—The Governor has invited everybody to be thankful, and, according to custom, we shall all, let us hope, eat, drink, and be merry. One man has hit upon a good idea. It is not a new one with him. Last year he carried it out to perfection. Five thousand people wanted to get a good thing for Thanksgiving day, and got it at Swain's Original Bakery, at 213 Sutter street. MINCE PIES were what everybody went after, because they were known to be of peculiar excellence. They were. They gave such satisfaction that this year most extraordinary preparations are necessary. But everybody may rely upon being supplied. Swain has determined to be equal to the occasion.

An eminent Scotch divine happened to meet two of his parishioners at the house of a lawyer whom he considered too sharp a practitioner. The lawyer jocularly and ungraciously put the question, "Doctor, these are members of your flock; may I ask, do you look upon them as white or black sheep?" "I don't know," answered the divine, dryly, "whether they are white or black sheep; but I know if they are here long they are pretty sure to be fleeced." Well, people in San Francisco look out for a business house at which they can buy clothing without being fleeced; that is why they go to Litchfield & Co.'s, 415 Montgomery street. Those merchant tailors supply the best for the money.

One of the Norwich steamers had struck, and while the passengers were hurriedly making preparations for their safety, a fat old Dutchman seized a life-preserver, and trying it on, began to fill it, blowing till he was red in the face with his efforts. "Hallo," said a bystander, "you can't fill that thing; there's a big hole in it." A blank look came over the Dutchman's face. "Mein Gott, is dat so? Den I better keeps my wind in me." When our Notabilia man wants to keep his wind in, he never fails to lunch at Swain's, 213 Sutter street. The neatest and best place in the city. The ladies all say so.

Innocent old lady (to the new parson, who is making her his first pastoral visit)—"Ah, sir, I'm the most abandoned woman in the parish." *Parson* (horrified)—What! Do you thus boldly confess it?" *Old Lady*—"Why, of course, everybody knows that my husband abondoned me ten years ago." There are too many just such abandoned wives in San Francisco. It is becoming a popular pastime. But if the wife would make home a charm, she should soothe him with the sweet notes of the Hallet & Davis piano. No other instrument has such an effect.

An Aleppo girl, who has more than one lover, subjects her suitors to a trying ordeal for her hand. Taking three bits of live coal from the fire, she lays one in each of her lover's hands. The one who holds out the longest wins the girl for his bride. Our Notabilia man would get round her in a twinkling, and without holding a hot coal, either. He'd simply say: "Dearest, come with me and select a present at Ackerman Brothers', 123 Kearny and 209 Sutter. That would fetch her forthwith.

A dead hen is better than a live one; she will lay wherever you put her.

Probably most of our girls have felt so, but few of them ever had the grace to express it in this way: "She frankly declared that the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she seemed to be in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window-sills of which were composed of æolian harps." She made that pretty speech to our Notabilia man, but she was inspired thereto by sitting with him for her photo, at Bradley & Rulofson's, Montgomery street.

The folks of East Brooklyn, N. Y., are to have a "panic dance"—whatever it is.

According to recent letters, the development of the Aztec mine, of Aztec district, Arizona, is going steadily ahead, and before long this valuable property and surrounding mines will form a new center of excitement, based upon intrinsic merit. One of Rickard's patent oxidizing and chloridizing furnaces is to be erected at the Aztec, and will soon go to work on its rich ores. This furnace is meeting with great success, and as its chief feature is economy, it should engage the attention of mining men.

The Decker Piano is known far and wide for its superiority to all others, and as being the product of the oldest manufacturers of Pianos in the United States. It must not be confounded with another of inferior make called the "Decker Brothers," which seeks to make its way through the popularity of the older instrument. Decker has his name molded into the plate work. Bancroft, Knight & Co. are the agents.

Special to the European Mail.--General Grant will leave Paris at the end of November for Spain, and, after going to Lisbon and Seville, he will embark at Malaga on an American packet, which will take him to Gibraltar, Tangiers and along the African coast to Alexandria. After spending fome days in Egypt he will repair by Malta to Italy, where he will remain some time.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or hold an umbrella, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon. She is also the best judge of a cooking range or stove. She loves a good one, because it does its work well, and gives the husband a dinner done to a turn. That is why they all leave their orders at De La Montanya's, on Jackson, below Battery.

In order to save time and trouble, young men should remember that it is plowing sand and sowing salt to attempt to talk poetry to a girl who has been eating onions. Save your money, preserve your health, and rid Spring Valley of its impurities by taking home a *Silicated Carbon Filter*, sold only by Bush & Milne, New Montgomery street, under the Grand.

The man with a cigarette, a new silk hat, a nobby cane, feels convinced that he was born to represent the "culture" of the nineteenth century. If he would tone off a little, settle down like a respectable man ought to do, and marry as an expectant father should, then he will be wise enough to buy the bed-room sets, lounges, etc., at F. S. Chadbourne's, 727 Market street.

An observing politician says that the difference between those going in and those going out of office is mainly this: The former are sworn in, and the latter go out swearing. But tbe latter may be consoled by applying to our Notabilia man, who will forthwith introduce them to the Golden Plantation brand of whisky, at F. & P. J. Cassin's, 523 Front street.

Probably one of the most trying times in man's life is when he introduces his second wife, seventeen years old, to his eldest daughter, who is past twenty. Certainly one of the most pleasurable moments of his life is that in which he is first introduced to a supper of Canned Salmon, of the *Red Cross Brand*, as sold by Emerson Corville, 415 Pine street.

A lady, rather inclincd to flirt, says most men are like a cold, very easily caught, but very hard to get rid of. But some men are not worth catching. How is a lady to tell? One rule we know of is infallible. If he has has good sense to drink only Gerke Wine, as sold by Landsberger, at 10 and 12 Jones Alley, he is all there, you bet.

Thirty or forty gentlemen and ladies tired another fox out on Long Island recently. One of the ladies was thrown from her horse and stood upon her little head, which, of course, added to the sport. She vows that she will stick to Napa Soda hereafter.

To have eyes and not see is a great misfortune. "C." Muller at once —the Optician, 135 Montgomery, near Bush.

ARIZONA.

In mining circles the Territory of Arizona begins to occupy a considerable share of public attention. Continuing reports of rich strikes in various locations are coming from the front, and capital is gradually but surely seeking investment in many of the enterprises. The stock of the Silver King, Tiptop and Stonewall Jackson mines is being bought and sold freely upon the Boards, and other companies will shortly follow. We hear of several that will be listed within the next thirty days. Mr. P. T. Nougues, writing from Florence under date of Nov. 16th, says: "Silver King North is looking as well as any mine outside of the King; last assays were $480, $700 and $1,100. I hear excellent reports of Helling's mine at Phœnix, and of the Vulture at Wickenburg, and leave to see them to-morrow." Upon this gentleman's return we shall give an extended report upon sundry localities which he proposes to visit. We hear a good deal of talk regarding what is known as the Aztec Syndicate, a corporation in which the clergy are interesting themselves, for the development of Arizona enterprises. That gentlemen of the sacred cloth have ambition to absorb a little of the golden harvest as it is reaped and carried to the granaries, is not at all strange, and we cannot agree with a contemporary who takes them to task for doing so. We have not yet fully investigated the enterprise in which they have directly interested themselves, still, believe that it is a perfectly legitimate one. Give the parsons a chance. A little piety judiciously distributed among the heavy mines of Arizona cannot but be productive of some good, especially if it is accompanied with a little coin. A great deal better to invest it thus than to buy red flannel shirts for the Patagonians or Bibles for the Chinese. The following extracts will be read with interest, as giving a slight idea of the resources of the country of which we write:

A Prolific Dump.—An Ore Dump that Resembles the Widow Kruse's Oil Jug.—The old Silver King dump has made lots of money for the several parties who have taken their turns in it. First, the Copeland boys took it in part payment, when they sold their part of the mine to Reagan and Mason. They cleaned up $75,000 at a cost of less than $30,000. A party of Frenchmen bought their dumps after they had got through, and have already taken $50,000 out of about half of it. After picking the ore over, Copeland had some 400 tons of the refuse left at the mine. This was bought for $1,000 by another lot of Frenchmen, who have already made a small fortune by sorting it over. The day will probably come when their old tailings will be worked over and over till they fall to the lot of that class of Chinamen who work the abandoned gulches of California, and they will make good wages out of them.—*Arizona Sentinel.*

Some Rather Rich Ore. -$20,000 to the Ton. Seventy-five per Cent. Silver.—The Stonewall Jackson Mine of Arizona. The Reno *Gazette* of the 17th inst. publishes an interesting letter from its special correspondent in Arizona, under date of Nov. 7th, from which we extract the following: "The Stonewall Jackson mine was located by two prospectors named McMillan and Harris. After going down a few feet they bonded the mine to some parties in California for the sum of $125,000 and kept on sinking themselves. They sunk a shaft 75 feet deep and got $80,000, when the bonders paid the sum agreed upon and got possession. Its present owners, working but three or four men, in one month dug out $100,000, and say they have $1,000,000 more in sight. The mining is unlike that anywhere else in the world, I suppose, for the following is the process: A miner goes down into the shaft with a pick and an ax and breaks off pieces of the streak which he thinks will weigh about 250 pounds (a good load for one side of a mule), and then deliberately chops off with his ax some of the corners, and sends it above. Here another man takes it, sits down on it and further chops it up so as to have it of convenient shape for packing, puts it on a mule and sends it off for shipment to San Francisco They hardly mine that way on the Comstock, do they? Tons of ore, which have been obtained entirely by labor of this kind, have been shipped to San Francisco and sold there for from $12,000 to $20,000 per ton. When the whole lode is turning out rock that is nearly pure silver, then the question of what to do with the silver will be one of importance."

Conference Proposed by the Railway Companies.—Washington, Nov. 23d.—Pacific Railroad officials have submitted to the Senate Judiciary Committee a proposition in writing, that should the Government not accept the proposition heretofore submitted by the railroad companies, they would leave all matters in dispute to a conference of five eminent citizens, to be appointed, two by the Government, two by the companies, these four to select the fifth.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Editor News Letter:—The late fire at the North Point Bonded Warehouse brings me to my feet. In 1850 or '51, I. C. Woods, of Adams & Co. (now preserving wood), Dr. Hastings, of this city, and others, projected a warehouse—North Point Dock Warehouse. Years after it fell into the hands of W. T. Coleman & Co., who used it for the storage of their consigned goods—corn meal, buckets, brooms, hams, and all the Yankee tricks. Coleman & Co. separated, Coleman going one way and Edward Mott Robinson another. In the division of spoils in dissolution, the North Point went to E. M. R. Henry B. Williams—W., B. & Co.—said to me, one day: "I have got two offers for the North Point property—$105,000—but as you are at work making the property pay, I will, with your permission, telegraph a higher offer." We went to Blossom's, and took a drink and lunch, and by that time I had got it through my head. I said: "Telegraph $110,000 for me—one-third cash, one-third six months, one third twelve months." I was rather astonished at my impudence, but more so when the telegraph came, "Offer accepted." That made me rustle, and I went to my friend J. T. Boyd and told him that I wanted to put this thing off to raise the money. My firm friend was a French brandy broker, A. Pavillier. I went to him and said: "I have helped you, and I want you to help me. Do you know Gustave Mahe, of the French Loan Bank?" "Yes, sir; I am one of the Directors of that Bank." "Can I get $50,000 mortgage on the North Point property?" "Yes, if it's first mortgage." I went back to Boyd and said: "I can make it go, and will give you one 50-vara out of the six in the block—the only one with bad title (up on the hill)—to steer me; the other five O. K." I then started for my old backers, Falkner, Bell & Co., and said: "Sell out your interest in the Greenwich Dock property and come in with me, and take the three lower water 50-vara lots." They did it, and the next man I saw was Isaac Friedlander, whom James Bell sent me to. Mr. Friedlander said: "I cannot go to your place. I want to locate at South Beach." I showed him my ideas, and James Bell and Mr. Falkner said, "Take it." They took it on an agreement that I was to put up a building for them, and no charge for my services. I did it, got paid by Pool & Howard and the other warehouses to go out of the business, put my property up at auction and sold it to John Zeile, the Doctor's brother, for $105,000; made $100,000 in the operation and three years' work, and put it in the Flowery District, Ophir, Raymond & Ely, Belcher, and Crown Point, and lost every continental. Now to the fire at N. P. I know how it occurred, quarter past twelve, mid-day. Champagne packers fired out, at twelve, half-ton of straw on the floor. An unlucky scratch of a match did not work, but, when those doors were closed, the fire started and went up—not down—and that closed out North Point. No more bonded warehouses there—flour mill, sugar refinery, or something of that sort. But, as Tom Whitney said to me, the fifth night after the Chicago fire, as I met him at the Galt House, Louisville: "Big thing! Bonfire. We don't own it; belongs to London, the South, Boston & Co." (T. W.) "We get a new town, and the insurance companies are advertised, and so is Chicago." He came here to see me, a man who sold $150,000 in the M. L. A., and Ralston talked to him and said, "Where did you get that chap from?" I said, "Chicago." He said, "Can't you get some more of 'em?" I said, "No, they come in single packages."

And now let me show you one big thing we own. The greatest, biggest fire department in the world. I'll show it to you. Keeping up to the times, I read the *London News* and *Times*, *Danbury News*, *Graphic*, *Chronicle*, *Alta*, *News Letter*, *Mail*, *Bulletin*, *Post*, *Call*, *Wilkes' Spirit*, *Examiner*, *Boruck's Spirit* and the *Resources of California*, wading through the lot at 4 to 6 A. M. I heard, the 20th of November, 1877, the first alarm at the Nucleus at a quarter past 5. Went down to the street and saw the Maine Restaurant on fire. When I arrived opposite I saw old No. 2 going it, and as an English captain with me remarked, "Damn me, they put a fire out before it commences." So much for Dave Scannell & Co., that we don't half appreciate. Give the fire boys a Thanksgiving dinner. Where is Sam Harding and his animal carts? Give them a dinner at each engine house. Then get Sam Harding to clean out the markets Thanksgiving morning, but don't let the butchers and other

vendors give it all, and all the balance of the town give something. Take the Pavilion and give the poor a Thanksgiving dinner—the restaurants will all cook it; the brewers will all give beer. Set tables for 10,000 people—all stand up; the lumbermen will give lumber and the boss carpenters will put up the tables. Next day let everybody send in to a committee appointed old clothes, old boots, shoes, hats, etc., and let those that give money pay it in to Mayor Bryant, W. T. Coleman & Co., and Williams, Blanchard and Louis McLane and others. Set the unemployed poor girls and boys to sweeping the sidewalks, the men to cleaning the streets; pay them out of the money subscribed (the city is too poor), and if everybody will help and give something we can have the biggest Thanksgiving on this continent. Then get Governor Woods, W. H. L. Barnes and all our big speakers to speak half an hour each in Platt's Hall, Pacific Hall, Union Hall, etc., announcing each speaker, say twenty-four speakers at each hall, admittance to each hall $2 50, and we will get a fund to help the poor that will work and help carry them through the winter. The ladies will all help, and the press will help, and everybody should help, and Stanford & Co. will help. Cheap excursion tickets, to go and return, good for five days, and you will find the whole Pacific slope will be here. Give them one good day's racing at every track in and about the city, and we get another fund started. Let all the places of amusement give us one night to the fund, and when the arrangement is perfected flash it over the wires and you will have this city full. Let Nevada send ore to be sold at auction—another fund. Dress all our markets, and it looks as if we would be pretty well advertised. And the gas company will help—they will give us free gas one night only. CHARLES PETERS.

LETTER FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

—— HONOLULU, Nov. 7, 1877.

Dear News Letter: The roar of the British lion is heard in these distant isles, and has sent terror to the clique of white adventurers who lord it over the poor Kanakas. The cause of the roar is the reciprocity treaty passed between the United States and the Hawaiian Government, if such it may be called. As you are aware, this reciprocity admits a large class of American goods free of duty, while the same kind of goods imported from England, or any other European country, has to pay high duties. In the treaties between England and this kingdom, Great Britain demands the rights and privileges of the most favored nations, but she certainly does not get them since the reciprocity treaty went into force. English goods on which duty is paid cannot compete with American goods that enter free, and the consequence is that British manufactures of a certain class are ruled out of the market. The English and also the German merchants here are paying duties under protest, and have referred the matter to the home Governments. The Hawaiian Government has sent an Envoy Extraordinary to London to try and placate the aroused lion, but with what success is not yet known. The reciprocity treaty has benefited only a few sugar planters, who subscribed the coin to lobby the scheme through Congress.

Business is overdone here at present. Nearly all the vessels leaving for foreign ports go in ballast, a few taking light cargoes. The Pacific Mail steamships and a few regular traders between this port and San Francisco are amply sufficient as common carriers for the commerce of this place. Vessels not having regular business connections here have often to wait from thirty to sixty days before they can get freight enough to pay running expenses, if they are so fortunate as to procure even this.

Several California built schooners have arrived here within the past few months for trading purposes amongst the different islands. They are handsome models, and anybody would know that Turner built them, as they sit on the water like ducks. The steamer *Likelike*, built in San Francisco for the Hawaiian Government, has been unfortunate since her arrival here. At one time she was considered lost, but a search being made she was discovered at one of the distant islands, where she lay some forty-eight hours to repair her machinery. At present the *Likelike* is laid up, having broken three of the flanges of her propeller. It will be a month before she can get under way again, as the necessary fixings have

to come from San Francisco. This vessel is now owned by Samuel Wilder, and is commanded by Captain Shepherd, well known in your city.

What would Bobbie Burns, the immortal, say if he knew there was a Hawaiian Caledonia Club in this land of barbarians, who drank toasts to his memory. But there is such a club, and it is composed of splendid fellows. At a late election the following officers were installed: Chief, A. S. Cleghorn; First Chieftain, H. E. McIntyre; Second Chieftain and Treasurer, Captain Daniel Smith; Third Chieftain and Secretary, J. M. McDonald; Chaplain, Rev. A. McIntosh; Standard Bearer, Simon Grant; First Sergeant-at-Arms, Alexander McDuff; Second Sergeant-at-Arms, George A. Robertson; Consulting Clansmen: H. Macfarlane, J. W. Robertson, Robert Grieve and James Renton, Sr. Your Scottish admirers, and you have hosts of them, will read this novel item with relish.

The senseless agitation that has for some time past occupied the public mind on the Chinese labor question, and by men claiming to be workingmen insisting for their so-called rights, is doing an immense deal of mischief in the business community. It tends to weaken confidence; it closes the vaults of our savings institutions against borrowers anxious to improve their property; it prevents and retards public works; it diverts capital and money from legitimate channels; it drives away people from our shores; it deters immigration from coming to this coast, and in many other ways works injury to the State at large. Judging from recent decisions of the State Courts, one is led to think that we have no laws upon our statute books that can reach the lawless rioter and disturber of the public peace. We are certainly living in perilous times when men can meet together and publicly threaten to pull down and destroy the property of our citizens without let or hindrance. Something must be done to check this lawlessness or our city will soon be in the hands of a mob. Our city authorities ought certainly to bestir themselves, or else we will soon find that we are in the hands of an enemy, seeking to devour and destroy, to level with the dust those whom they imagine are inimicable to the peculiar views of Kearney, Day, Pickett & Co. At present the wheels of commerce seem to be paralyzed. With a superabundant supply of gold coin in our coffers, business is at a stand. Bankers say they dare not lend any money until they see where this present threatened invasion is to end. Our underwriters are also alarmed, and even the government at Washington is solicitous to know the wishes of our best citizens in this hour of threatened invasion, and which is openly declared to take place on Thanksgiving Day (the 29th inst.) We hope our citizens will stand firm and check all attempts at riot or disorder that may be shown by the excited masses.

It had been expected that the manager of the Chicago Savings Bank, who is charged with being a defaulter to the amount of about £200,000, would be arrested on the arrival at Liverpool of the Allan steamer *Canada*, by which vessel it had been ascertained he had left Canada, as was telegraphed to the "authorities at Scotland Yard." When the *Circassian* reached Liverpool, a detective of the borough police went on board, but only to find that the person wanted had left the ship at Londonderry, where the vessels of the Allan Company usually call.

We are glad to hear of the safe return from Western America of Sir Joseph Hooker, after an unusually long and stormy passage across the Atlantic. Sir Joseph brings with him large collections of plants from the Colorado and the Rocky Mountains of the Northwestern States.

The blacksmith who proposed the toast, "Success to Forgery," was supposed at the time to have made a great bull, but he has just been discovered to be a director of a savings bank in a neighboring town.

Monday, October 15th

T Sweeney to Paul T S[illegible]	Lots 189, 190, 191, 6 f Map 1	Gift
Lorenzo Nuzzy to Hannah Nuzzy	N Pacific, 68.9 e Rus[illegible] e 34 9x[illegible] s/a	Gift
Maurice Tooles to Robt Ward	N Natoma, 96 s w 1st, s 25x63.75	2,900
Maurice Tooles to Same	Same	2,900
Hannah Van Arsen to Jas S de La Montanya	N Jackson, 66 e Rattery, e 1x45.10	5
Hannah Weygant to Rush Street Methodist Episcopal Church	N Bush, 137.6 e Dupont-adero, e 55x137.6	5
Thos Curren to D Kinnett	Ne Dore, 25 se Bryant, 25x80	900
Jos Bonsome to P Schenck	Nw 24th and Valencia, 68x94	5
Robt Barlow to L P Lowell	N Clay, 90 e Davis, 45 [illegible]	67,500
E B McLaughlin to T K Wilson	Lot ½ s Pine, S ½ w Webster, 25x [illegible]	500
City and Co to F to R Herman	Se Tennessee and Baker, 1[illegible]	
Cath Croman to M Croman	Lots 289, 291, 295, Gift Map 1	5
H Barrendt to Wm Bonnet	E Shotwell, 140 s 19th, 25x [illegible]	1,505
V de Witt to S L Jones	Nw Channel, 275 s w 6th, 1[illegible]x65.11	1,800

Tuesday, October 16th

Thatcher Emery to D W Mahoney	N Hayes, 137.6 w Gough, w 27.6x [illegible]	$1,150
Ann O'Hara to John Egan	W Noe, n Reed, n 25x80	1,000
Robt C Rogers to Dan Rogers	W Alameda, bounded by Laguna, Wash, Steiner and Pierce	5
Robt C Rogers to Same	S Bryant, 225 e 3d, e 35 x s 137.6	500
Isaac Cason to Mary A Jamieson	E Washington av, 35 s Precita av, s 25x 114	650
W E Strand to Wm E Strand	Lot 46, blk 11, City Land Association	1
J Baumgarten to I Oppenheimer	All property in the Ullmann Tract, date October 6, 1877	
Wm Hoops to Geo P J Watson	S California, 7 e Pierce, e 22.6x[illegible]6	3,800
Cath Mahon to W P J Morris	Re-record of 271 D 168, n Hayes, 180 w Octavia, w 26.6x120	625
Park J Corbett to Judah Boas	N Hayes, 205 w Octavia, w 1.5x120	200
Judah Boas to Cath Corbett	" " n 120 x e 3 ins	5
John Gretben to D P Gretben	E Baldwin, 97.6 s Pine, s 20x6[illegible]	1

Thursday, October 18th

Robt McClary to John Stack	Lot 5, blk 11, University Hd Assn	$ 250
Ann J Marquand to W S Thorne	Lot 3, blk 81, Excelsior Hd Assn	2,000
Frank F Taylor to P Connor	O L blk 746	5
Jno M Moore to W Hawkhurst	S Bay, 50 e Franklin, e 2[illegible]x137.6	5
John Hinkel to Anne Baron	Lot 1, blk 10, Excelsior Hd Assn	500
M Spencer to C Rubland	S Fell, 60 w Laguna, w 20x85	2,084
Nathan Peiser to Ann Friedmann	N Hayes, 148.6 w Gough, w 24.6x120	Gift
R R Av Hd As to Robt Lavery	Lot 5, blk 88, in said homestead	442
Jas Kelly to Robert K Nuttall	Ne 3d, 46.1 s w Stevenson, nw 30, ne 77.6, se 61, s w 20, nw 46, s w 57.6 1, beg	$7,500
Timothy McNamara to Jas S Rain	N 20th, 114 e Castro, e 50x114	750
F Buzzurro to M Castagnino	S Filbert, 77.6 e Dupont, e 26x60	1,770
Sam'l Hancock to John Sullivan	N w Natoma, 142 s w 6th, s w 33x75	3,762
Morris Coleman to H Meyerstein	Ne Tyler and Larkin, n 137.6x137.6	50,000
Nathan Peiser to Morris Coleman	Same	50,000
Carriage Hd Asn to Jno H Dahl	Lots 21, 22, blk 7, and lot 8, blk 13	900
H W Bradley to Same	Lots 1, 16, blk 352, S S F Hd and F E As	1
Same to Same	Lots 1, 16, blk 287, same	1
J H Palmer to Euphemia Ermes	Se Union and Jones, e 46.2x120	6,100
Margt Conley to Fanlin White	N Page, 89 e Octavia, e 27x120	444
C M Billings to Timothy O Brien	E 1 of ¾ w lot 1478, dist 26 s from ne cor of said lot, s 26 x w 60	400
F Gazzolo to E Guinde	N Sacramento, 3 e Drumm, e 25 x n 59.9	500
Caroline Lewis to E Pander	N Geary, 137.6 e Dupont, e 17.6x60	5
Joseph Pander to Same	Same	5
D Castagnet to Tobias Pander	Same	1,950
Wm Gerarhty to Jas Riley	N Page, 89 e Octavia, e 27x120	1,500
Bridget Garrity to Same	Same	1,500
Dan'l Harney to Luman Wadham	Sw Union and Leavenworth, w 25.6x62.6	1,500
Louis Triebel to Jos Gutberlet	N Post, 75 w Baker, w 25x100	1,300
Vincent M Luco to H S Gales	¼ of ¾ w lot 1453; and ¼ of B and W lot 228	3,070
H S Gales to Jas D Walker	B and W lot 228	
E B Falkner to Same	Same	
Jas D Walker to Thos Jennings	Same	50,000
Chas A Chapin to J Hutcheson	sub lot 6, blk 180, University Ex Hd	140
Maria Divine to R H Brown	Ne Pacific and Scott, e 2[illegible]x137.[illegible]	9,000
N.e W Manson to Henry K Moore	N B'dway, 89.9 w Stockton, w 39.9x137.6 also, n B'dway, 128 w Stockton, and sundry lots in different parts of city	100000

Friday, October 19th.

John B Lewis to Lizzie Sinton...	S Tehama, 80 e 3d, e 25x80.	$ 1
Martin Carroll to Jacob V Hoag..	N Liberty, 205 w Guerrero, w 50x114....	5,000
David Sornberger to M Goldberg.	S McAllister, 150 e Octavia, e 25x137:6..	3,500
Levy Wells to L Gottig.....	W Seymour av, 75 s Turk, s 25x90.....	1,301
Lawrence Gottig to Wm Hollis...	Same.....	
H T Holmes to Simon Manny....	W Varrennes, 127:6 n Union, n 30x60 ...	2,500
City and Co to Jno Manchester...	E Shotwell, 261 n 24th, n 30x122:6.....	....
Fredk W Lange to C M Lange....	Ne Lombard and Kearny, e 68:9x68:9....	Gift
Same to Same.....	Se Lombard and Montgomery, e 137:6x 137:6.....	Gift
Wm S Coleman to J G Levensaler	D Guerrero, 102:6 n 21st, n 50x100.....	2,500
Peter H Burnett to Lizzie Sinton.	S Tehama, 80 e 3d, e 25x80.....	1,510
A S Gibbs to S W Fuller	All real and personal property.....	....
Jno J McKinnon to T McInerney	S 5th av and P, se 25:0¾, sw 24, se 98:11 s 95, nw 157:6, e 92 to beginning part Tide Land blk 95.....	1,000
Robt Hannegan to H B Hickman.	E Jones, 112:6 n Ellis, n 25x87:6	6,000

Saturday, October 20th.

James Simpson to J R Whitney..	Nw Turk and Polk, n 137:6x137:6.....	$
Rosana Cummins to H McKinley.	N Howard, 100 w 1st, w 25x85.....	2,000
Edw Hagthrop to G C A Krohn...	S O'Farrell, 87:6 e Buchanan, e 25x120..	2,250
Emil A Fischer to Edw Farrell...	N Washington, 80 w Buchanan, w 25:3 x 137:6.....	3,000
B Regensburger to M Regensb'ger	S Sacramento, 104:3 w Webster, w 25x 132:7½	1,595
M H Regensburger to T Walter..	Same.....	1,000
Geo Kennedy to Emil A Fischer.	W Devisadero, 100 s Washington, s 25x 120.....	5,700
Thos Sweeny to Giant Powder Co	Und 1 acre in Sweeny Tract, ne cor O L blk 776	1,000
Geo Kennecy to Abel R Biggs....	N Clay, 132:6 e Broderick, e 27.6x127:6..	4,750
John B Louinger to David Raggie	N St Charles st, 137:6 e Kearny and 123:6 s Broadway, n 54:9 x w 20; and all interest in St Charles street.....	2,300

Monday, October 22d.

A M Stetson to Jas A Brown.....	N Riley, 80 w Taylor, n 60 x w 28.....	$ 65
Lorenzo Swett to Same.....	S Clay, 80 w Taylor, s 60 x w 28.....	5,500
Same to Same.....	N Pleasant, 80 w Taylor, w 28x60.....	500
E W Burr to Julie C Tayac.....	N ⅓ of 100 v 4, of Lagoon Survey.....	100
S J Corbett to Stephen Roberts...	N Pacific av, 137:9 w Laguna, w 68:9x 127:8¾	13,000
Cors I Flatt to EmilyC Holmes...	S 15th, 50 w Church, w 37:6x100	5
Same to Mary E Flatt.....	S 15th, 87:6 w Church, w 37:6x100.....	5
Lafayette Loveland to J Buckley.	Nw Larkin and Chestnut, n 137:6x137:6.	1
Jas Buckley to Robt F Rogers....	Same.....	4,000
Holly M Upson to Same.....	Same.....	100
David Porter to Nicholas Cousin.	S Clay, 30 w Leidesdorff, w 30, s 59:9, e 3 s 59:9, e 27, n 119:6 to beginning.....	25,500
Joseph Carran to Francis Baraty.	Sw Short and Eagle, sw 68:11, nw 125:2, ne 61:8, se 87:2 to beginning.....	5
John Gorman to M Moritz.....	E Mission, 30 s 24th, s 98:5, s 135:7, n 26:6, w 115 to beginning.....	580
W J Gunn to John Higgins.....	S 30th, 125 W Warren, w 25x125	300
James Lonergan to Geo T Pracy..	S 24th 82 w Noe, w 80x114.....	1,150
Dennis Ryan to J Crowley.....	Se Brannan, 275 ne 7th, ne 35x100.....	2,800
Same to Same.....	W York, 75 s Solano, s 25x100.....	2,000

Tuesday, October 23d.

Hugh Hart to Nancy Hart.....	S Minna, 423:6 w 4th, w 61:8x80.	Gift
Jos G Kent to Alexr Weill	Ne Sutter and Octavia, e 68:9x120.....	8,750
F A Saillet to Marie R Saillet....	N Dole, 181:6 w Dolores, e 54:2x114.....	5
Jno A Cardinell to Saml Hegan...	S Hancock 230 w Sanchez, w 25x114....	1,000
Jacob Bar to H A Nickey	N 10th av, 150 w M, w 25x100.....	800
Hugh Mahan to Farm's & Mcs Bk	E Cook, 264:4 n Pt Lobos av, n 25:3x120	975
Wm Hollis to George H Wells....	Nw Chenery, 289:10 sw Fairmount, sw 59, nw 103, n 55, se 145 to beginning ..	800
Cong Shaare Zedek to Cn Sherith Israel	E Stockton, 69 n Broadway, n 40x69.....	888
Thos N Starr to Marie Stirling....	Nw Naples and India av, n 150x100.....	500
M Wurkheim to Fitel Phillips....	N Geary, 92:6 w Dupont, w 22:6x60.....	17,500
John Crowley to M Hennessey....	W Brannan pl, 100 s Brannan, s 35x60...	675
Geo McClellan to Cashuna Wilse.	Sw Church and Day, w 30x114	1,200
F C Haven to Saml Falconer.....	N Pine, 137:6 w Hyde, e 197:5-7q137:6...	5
Smith Brown Cornelius Cole.....	Ne Vallejo and Webster, n 137:6x276....	12,500

Wednesday, October 24th.

J J O'Brien to R H Brown.....	Ne Jackson and Steiner, e 137:6x117:8¾	$5,150
J M Rusrell to Geo D Russell.....	S 25th, 152:9 e Sanchez, e 50:11x114	1
Hannah Landsb'rg'r to H Lndsb'r.	Lots 12, 13, 14, blk 5, Mission W 30th St Ex Hd Unton.....	1
John Landers to Antonia Borel...	Nw Market, 90 sw 15th, sw 50, nw 115, ne 5:5½, e 58:6¾, se 76:11⅛ to beg	4,000
B Sequine to Michl Gallagher....	W De Haro, 200 n from sw Center and De Haro, n 25, w 100, s 25, e 25	450
Sam'l J C Swezy to Jas E Gordon.	Lot 27, South Park.....	3,500

Thursday, October 25th

Nevada Bank to Aug Heome.....	Ne Washingt'n and Gough, e 137:6x137:6	$ 5
Same to J C Weir.....	Sw Washington and Franklin, s 55x137:6	5
Augnst Hemme to Same.....	Same..	5
Geo Edwards to P Cnnningham ..	S Jersey, 45 e Noe, e 30x77.....	1,250
Same to Edwin R Forsette.....	Se Jersey and Noe, e 45x75	1,450
W S Edwards to Jas C Regan....	W Noe, 79 n 25th, w 80 x n 35	1,850
Jas C Regan to Mary C Kelly.....	Same.....	5
Jas C Weir to Amelia Harris.....	E Laguna, 45:10 n Bush, n 22:11x82:6 ...	4,750
Same to Sophe Jewell.....	E Laguna, 68:0 n Bush, n " " ...	4,750
T McInerney to Mary E Pleasant.	Lots 1 to 10, blk 28, West End Map 1....	5,500
Geo W Beaver to Wm Hayes.....	S 16th, 240 e Castro, e 40x130.....	92
Jas W Cudworth to Fredk Frank	W Laguna, 137:6 n Union, n 27:6x87:6...	1,200
Jas Rossiter, jr , to H Paulissen..	Se Belle Air pl and Pfeiffer, e 20x52:6....	650
Wm Hollis to Frank McAleer	W Hampshire, 201 a 24th, s 24x100.....	2,500
A A Pardow to Elise H and Elise M Pardow.....	Ne Polk and California, e 100x62.....	5

Friday, October 26.

Nevada Bank to H Goodkind.....	Sw California and Van Ness, w 178x120	$ 5
August Hemme to Same.....	" " " w 178:3, s 137:6, e 44:3, n 17:6, e 134, n 120 to beginning.....	5
Sav and Ln Soc to Aug Hemme..	Same..	5
Robt Alexander to E Rosendorn..	N Pine, 160:5 e Buchanan, e 22:11x137:6.	4,150
Wm Hale to Same.....	Same.....	5
Wm E Domett to J Blaxome.....	Nw Valencia, 305 ne 29th, ne 327, nw 120 ne 25, nw 122:6, sw 361:4, se 174:6 to beginning.....	13,000
Michl Begley to Dennis Miller....	W Sherman, 223 n 18th, n 24:8x125.....	650
A W Wehner to Herman Mattern.	N John, 80 w Powell, w 20x62:6.....	5
Herman Mattern to A W Wehner..	Same.....	5
Edmd J Buckley to E G Buckley..	Sw Jackson and Taylor, w 137:6x68:9...	Gift
Same to Giles H Gray.....	Sw Green and Battery, s 50x137:6.....	5
Saml Falconer to Chas Mayne ...	N Pine, 137:6 w Hyde, e 19-7 5-7x137:6...	5,000
Nevada Bk to Minerva E Hemme.	Se Washington and Franklin, s 49:8¾x 137:6.....	16,000
Jos G McCall to Geo Edwards....	E Chattanooga, 125 s 23d, s 25x117	2,600
Geo E Dunn ro R C Hooker.....	E Church, 50 s Ridley, s 75, e 227, n 52 deg 10 min w to a pt, w to beg.....	1,000
R E Associates to Mary E Tozer..	E Valencia, 217 s 20th, s 25x90.....	6,611

Saturday, October 27th.

Cor's Sullivan to O G Moore	W Mission, 60 n 18th, n 50x80.....	$5,150
Henry C Heath to Same.....	S 20th, 205 w Sanchez, s 114x w 50.....	300
Wm Winter to Mary E Winter .	S L, 107:6 w 18th av, w 25x125.....	Gift
Geo McWilliams to B Breitweiser	Sw San Jose av and 27th, s 61, w 74:7¾, n 33:9, e 91:8 to beginning	1,700
Same to Jos Hatfield.....	E Guerrero, 141:6 s 27th, s 25, e 70:8, n 25:4, w 75:2 to beginning.....	625
Geo S Banks to Delavan Hoag....	N ½ of 50 v lot 1088.....	5
Ly Wing to A B Stout.....	N Washington, 132:1 e Stockton, w 14 inches x n 115.....	408
A B Stont to Tom Ping Chew ...	Same..	408
Silas A White to Fred G Rider...	W Devisadero, 52:6 n Grove, n 30x90....	2,000
C Beach to John Clark.....	W Sherman, 75 s 18th, s 24:8x125.....	700
Geo Kennedy to J G McCall.....	N Clay, 137 w Devisadero, w 40x127:6...	5,200
Pac Sav and Ild Assn to G Evans	N Figg, 160 w Sanchez, w 80x114.....	30
Wm Dakin to Jno Comerford.....	W Alabama, 182 n 23d, n 26x100.....	825
Wm Hollis to Jas McGinn.....	N Ellis, 27:6 w Pierce, w 27.6x120.....	5,500
John Hammond to Irving Scott...	N Geary, 165 w Leavenworth, w 27:6x 137:6.....	11,000
Mary Ann McCabe to Ann Cronin	Sw Pt Lobos av and 19th, w 30x100.....	450
Michl Sweeoy to Wm Greeo.....	Se Loniaa, 402:6 ne 4th, ne 10 lns x 69 ..	150
G S Kittredge to J Kittredge.....	W Bartlett, 120 n 23d, n 40x125.....	600

Monday, October 29th.

Jno Hunt jr to Jno G Klumpke...	Lots 101, 191, West End Homestead Asn	$ 500
Geo T Vincent to Jno Hunt jr....	Lots 16, 101, 191, same	5
Cnas C Judson to Michl Lynch...	Commencing 125 s Ridley, and 29:7 e Church, s 19 degrees 20 min e 137:6, n 82 deg 45 min e 2[illegible]6:7¼	....
Saml Keyston to Jno T Smith....	Nw Valley and Church, n 64x100	1,500
Wm Morrissey to Julia Morrissey	W Sanchez, 28:6 s 16th, w 100 x s 25th...	Gift
C P Robinson to Mary R Mercado	Subs 23, 25, of P V lands 182 to 193	Gift
John Scott to Stephen Roberts...	N Pacific, 68:9 w Laguna, w 68.9x127:8¾	9,000
Jacques J Rey to Henry Frank...	N Commercial, 115 w Davis, w 40x55	6,000
Oscar Foss to J W Northam.....	N Edd, 141 e Devisadero, e 29x137:6...	7,500
Same to Same.....	Ne P and 16th, ne 50x100	1
Timothy Sheehan to J F Murphy.	E Cook, 414:10 n Pt Lobos av, n 25 v 120	500
Abner Doble to Clement Blethen.	Ne Jackson and Scott, c 275x127:8¼	19,000
John E Tracy to Thos McTernan.	Se 29th and Sanchez, e 80x114	1,000
Geo Kennedy to Wm T Hunter...	N Clay, 80 e Broderick, e 25x127:6	4,600

Tuesday, October 30th.

Geo McWilliams to H F Smith...	S Valley, 105 w Sanchez, w 25x114	$ 350
Frank B Austin to Jas L Martel..	W Van Ness, 30 s Pine, s 50x84:9	9,500
Wm Hollis to Carl E Schoeppe...	E York, 164 n 25th, n 23x100	600
Chas C Judson to Geo H Piper...	Se Church and Ridley, s 125, e 227, nw 186, w 69:4 to beginning	900
Geo H Glidden to Mary C Dunn..	Se Church and Ridley, s 259, e 338, nw 362:6, then 69:4 to beginning	Gift
Adam Swigert to Adam Swigert...	Nw Howard, 100 ne 11th, ne 50x90	9,000
Geo H Piper to Mary C Dunn....	Se Church and Ridley, s 125, e 227, nw 186, w 69:4 to beginning	1
F P Latson to M M Latson.....	W Bartlett, 195 n 25th, n 65x117:6	1,500
Thos Flynn to Reb'ca Matthews.	Se Bryant, 125 sw 4th, sw 25x85	3,000
Josia Griswold to Mary Griswold	E Webster, 51 s Jackson, s 25:6x80	700
Masn'c Cmty Assn to J Hammond	Lot 28, Section 23	140
Philip G Galpin to C C Butler....	S Geary, 137:6 w Buch'n'n, w 137:6x137:6	1

Wednesday, October 31st.

Nicholas Ennis to C H Holt.....	Lots 30, 31, blk 5, Garden Tct Hd Addn.	$ 500
M Schuppert to Jno G Klumpke.	Lot 16, West End Homestead Associatin	5
N P Malmgren to T McInerney...	Lots 12, 13, blk 138, O'Neil and Haley Tract; sub to mortgage for $550	950
Geo Nicholas to Robt H Green...	Lots 379, 381, Gift Map No 2	100
Wm H Bate to Guiseppe Solari...	Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, blk 23, West End Map 1..	1,900
Edw Bangs to Jas Hanson.....	W Dame, 125 n Randall, n 50x125	725
Hyppolite Dutard to C Dunphy...	W Van Ness, 24 n Oak, n 24x82:9	7,250
Danl Callaghan to City and Co...	S 14th, 160 w Howard, s 520 x w 35	1
Sav and Ln Soc to C H McMahon	S 20th, 30 w Noe, w 50x114	650
Wm E Domett to Saml Keyston..	NwValencia, 632 ne 29th, nw 120' ne 25, se 122:6, sw 25 to beginning	500
Wm Hale to Sarah E Locke.....	Und ½ sw Calif'nia and Octavia, w 137:6	5
Same to W W Montague.....	Und ½ same	5

Thursday, November 1st.

S Hoffman to Regine Selisberg...	W Battery, 30 n Bush, n 50:8x77:6	$ 5
Wm Hollis to Laurence Kelly.....	E LeRoy pl, 137:6 n Sacramento, n 22:6 x70	1,100
Horatio S Gates to Wm Sharon..	Ne Larkin and McAllister, n 137:6x137:6.	....
Volney D Moody to Elizth Paul..	W Guerrero, 185 s 17th, s 25x80	5,300
Walter Young to L R Myers	Nw Howard, 207 sw 3d, sw 43x80	5
Bridget Carroll to John Rogers...	S Greenwich, 130 w Taylor, w 30 x s 70.	2,575
Ross Avery to Wm E Crist.....	Se Precita av, 160:4 ne Mission, ne 26:8, s 115, w 25, n 105:6½ to beginning	1,300
Henry Curdy to Annie M Curdy..	E Laguna, 112:6 s Haight, s 25x87:6	Gift
Sally Hill to Matthew Magrane...	Lots 721 to 724, Gift Map 2; lots 1276, 754 756, Gift Map 3; lots 1939 to 1942, Gift Map 4; and sundry lots in Golden City Homestead	6,000
Bay City R E Assn to Same.....	S Santa Clara, 137:6 e Missouri, s 125, w 37:6, n 25, e 12:6, n 100, e 25 to beg	5,000
Wm Coffey to Mary Irwin.....	N Folsom, 136 e 11th, n 138x69	11,500
Liv'na S Macondray to Jos Cuneo	W Stockton, 75 n Washington, n 67:6, w 105, s 5, w 32:6, s 62:6, e 137:6 to beg; and n Washington, 125 w Stockton, w 12:6 x n 75	11,000
T B Kent to Livinia S Macondray	W Stockton, 132:6 s Jackson, s 5x137:6.	5
S E Kerrison to Mary Kerrison...	S Serpentine av, 323 e Folsom, e 140, s 217, w 40, n 182 to beginning	Gift

Friday, November 2d.

R McAdams to Thos Magee	N 23d, 50:10 w Sanchez, w 25:5½x114	$1,550
Thos Magee to Chas W Stein	Se Stevenson, 235 ne 4th, ne 20x70	4,100
C T Taylor to Ida F Davis	W Webster, 75 s Bush, s 25x100	Gift
John Hant Jr to Jno G Klumpke	Lot 16, West End Homestead Ass'n	100
A J Pope to Otto F Von Rhein	E Mission, 195 n 25th, n 65 x e 115	5,500
Otto F Von Rhein to Lily White	E Mission, 195 n 25th, n 25x115	2,250
Same to Dorothea Landschneider	E Mission, 220 n 25th, n 40x115	3,600
Ann McDonald to Thos Lavin	Lot 44, blk 210, Gardenville Hd Ass'n	1
Alexr Leykanff to Johanna Ernst	Nw Brannan, 143 ne 3d, ne 41x80	5
Johanna Ernst to Jno W Stetson	Nw Brannan, 121 ne 3d, ne 66x80	5
Geo Mearns to Same	Same	5
Sav and Loan Society to Same	Same	5,730
Geo Edwards to Mary Marcy	E Noe, 77 s Jersey, s 25x75	1,400
Same to Wilson S Edwards	W Noe, 79 n 25th, n 25x80	1,850
Henry B Atkins to A P Hotaling	S Page, 192:6 e Gough, e 27:6x120	7,000
Odd Fell's Cem As to E Emmons	Lot 14, Sectn plat 7	130
M E S Miller to Thos Knight	Nw 8th and Old Channel, ne 250, nw 165 nw 403, w 280, s 430, sc to beginning	10
Lucy B Page to Wm Sinon	Ne Green and Hyde, n 275, e 137:6, w 136:6, s 137:6, w 137:6; ne Union and Hyde, n 137:6x137:6	5
Pac R E Assn to J M Comerford	S Duncan, 275 e Church, e 25x100; s Duncan, 200 e Church, e 25x100	....
Julius Scott to J O Johnson	Lots 24, 25, blk 52, City Land Ass'n	300
Wm Noonan to Michl O'Day	Lot 2, 8, blk 20, Fairmonnt Tract	500
Alexr B Grogan to J Meussdorffer	Lots 92, 195, 174, 176, West End Hd Tct	2,000
G H Williams to Emma Edelman	5 acres of ne cor of ne ¼ of section 1, Tp 2 S, R 6 W, lot 10 x 5 chns	1,500
P Rosenblum to Stein, Simon et al	Lot 23, blk 92, Buena Vista Hd, and lot 10, blk 7, Noe Garden Homestead Asn	800
A W Stone to E A Buzenet	359 D 192, Lot 71, San Miguel Hd Assn	300
A J Shrader to Dennis Jorden	W Potrero, 57 s Alameda, s 57x200	4,750
Dennis Jorden to John R Sims	Same	6,500

Saturday, November 3d.

Levi Parsons to Nicholas Smith	609:84-100 acres of San Miguel Ranch	200000
Geo U Lawler to Jno H C Prim	Se Minna, 430 sw 3d, sw 20x70	4,000
Jno C Smith to Eleanor D Smith	S 19th, 37:6 w Jessie, w 37:6x85	6,100
Chas N Felton to Maurice Dore	Sw Post and Montgomery, w 110, s 96:2-94-100, ne 135:56-100, n to beginning	300000
Saml F Sinclair to Jane Reynolds	Commencing 137:6 e Beale and 247:6 s Folsom, se 115 x ne 22:6	150
Morris Sperling to Thos Magee	W Bartlett, 230 s 22d, s 25x125	3,000
T Ellsworth to Geo W Frink	Lots 13 to 18, blk 265, O'Neill and Haley	....
Patk O Rourke to C Hanhensak	Ne Decatur, 63 se Bryant, ne 50 x se 30	2,000
Edw Boyle to J F Carroll	N Tehama, 300 w 5th, w 25x75	3,200
Jos Holland to Wm Rehnert	Se Folsom, 87:6 sw Fremont, se 25 x sw 12:6	750
Emil Lahatty to Wm Hale	Lot 61, Gift Map 1	50
Jas A Mars to Same	Lot 37, Gift Map 2	5
Wm Hale to Ellen Clarke	Lots 52, 61, 128, 130, 359, 455, Gift Map 1	500
J F Carroll to Ann Boyle	N Tehama, 300 w 5th, w 25x75	3,200
Wm Maloney to Jno McNulty	W Mission, 105 n 20th, n 25x90	5,600
Cornelius Foley to Jas R Bolton	N Greenw'h, 137:6 w Jones, w 68:9x137:6	3,000
H Kronthal to Henry Goodkind	Sw California and Van Ness, s 60x134	5
Henry Goodkind to H Kronthal	W Van Ness, 60 w California, s 60x134	5
Jos Sedgley to Henry Zacharias	Ne Santa Clara and Florida, e 75, n 100, e 25, n 25 then to a point, and then along Florida to beginning	5
C L Lods to C F Doe	Lot 13, blk 21, Market Homestead	900

Monday, November 5th.

Sav and Ln Socy to Mary Bray	N 30th, 280 w Church, w 25x114	$ 350
H Huntington to S F Theol Semy	Lots 4 and 8, blk 1 Univ'rsity Md Sarv'y	1
Jane Leland to G D Crocker	W Bryant, 140 s 25th, s 47:6x100	5,500
R Drew to S Schweitzer	S Solano, 50 e Jersey, e 25x105	800
Thos McInerney to C Knoblock	Lots 12, 13, blk 130, O'Neil and Haley	1,500
Same to Eliza Bentham	N M st, 100 e Guerrero, e 25x114	Gift
Gerson Michael to Henry Levy	Lots 853 to 858, Gift Map 2	5
F Thomas to Jno Breitenbach	Se Natoma, 172 sw 8th, sw 25x75	2,000
Thos Holmes to Marion E Holmes	Se Central av and Sutter, e 94:7¾, s 96:6 w 80:3, n 95.5 to com	Gift
Jos Bowden to Hib Sav and L So	S Filbert, 68:6 w Leav'worth, w 46x58:9	1,238
Wm Keenan to Jno Greenless	Se Stevenson, 175 sw 6th, sw 25x75	4,000
Robt McElroy to Ml Maguire	S Page, 55 e Laguna, e 55x120	4,750

Tuesday, November 6th.

Jas Rooney to Ann Eustace	Lots 5, 6, 7, blk 5, Peoples Homestead	$ 900
Edw Vallant to Reb'ca McIntosh	S Precita pl, 74 w Columbia, w 24x100	800
Wm Crary to Stuart A Winall	Sw Washington av, 192:5 nw Howard, nw 27:6x56:8	800
Stuart A Winall to A N Wahler	Same	1,100
A Diaz Pena to Edw Kuss	W Webster, 010 s Sutter, s 27:6x83	1,900
L D Duncan to E T Menomy	S Berry, 137:6 sw 6th, sw 45:10x120	1
And J Moulder to Same	Same	4,000
Wm Hollis to Caroline F Howard	E Pierce, 87:6 s California, s 29x02:6	3,800
Chas H Wade to Jos P Brown	Lot 9, blk 7, University Mound Survey	200
Henry Carlton to Lucius H Allen	Lot 137:6x137:6; being the e ½ of 100 vG6 in blk bd by 2d, 1st, Folsom and Harrison	15,000
Jno C Moody to Saml Heitshu	Lots 6, 12, blk 6, Paul Tract; lots 2 to 5; blk 35, R R av Homestead	5
F D Brandon to Pac R E Ass'n	S Duncan, 100 e Church, e 25x100; subject to deed of trust for $500	
R P Hurlbut to Jas G Loomis	Lots 165 to 167, 185 to 187—Gift Map 3, subject to mortgage for $1,000	1,000
Francis Montell to G Davidson	S Bay, 137:6 w Mason, s 60, e 22:11, s 60, w 68:9, n 60, e 22:11, n 60, e 22:11 to commencement	2,000
Patk Dolan to Bridget Dolan	Lot on n 16th, 150 w Sanchez; also, s 18th, 55 e Noe, e 25x101:6	2,000
Emilie Neustadt to M Greenbaum	Interest as trustee under 887 of deeds, page 9	1
W Hollis to G D Danskin	S 21st, 134 e Valencia, e 22x90	4,000
Louis Pavillier to Jas C Pennie jr.	S Walnut av, 77:1 w Octavia, w 25:10x25	1,100
J de La Montanya to Hannah Van Allen	N Jackson, 53 e Battery, e 3x25:5	10
John Spottiswood to C Wentworth	W Steiner, 112:6 n Ellis, n 25x112:6	1,650
Jas Cudworth to C Thomson	N Union, 262:6 w Laguna, w 25x137:6	1,650

Wednesday, November 7th.

Henry N Titus to J F Cross	Und ½ s Union, 165 e Jones, e 27:6x120	....
Seligman Hahn to Max Davis	E Larkin, 137:6 s Post, s 34:6x60	10,500
Geo Edwards to James Foster	W Fair Oaks 244 s 21st, s 32x117:6	2,250
L A Imhaus to Celestina Imhaus	Sw Chestnut and Mason, w 68:8x24:6	10
Rosina Cummings to H McKinley	N Howard, 100 w 1st, w 25x85	3,000
H McKinley to John Cornyn	Same	5,000
Martin Jensen to James Deely	W Lyon, 107:7½ n California, n 25x100	1,300
Julia Borneman to P Sullivan	E Diamond, 82:6 n 20th, n 27.6x100	400
Flint Tct Hd Assn to Geo Daly	Same	1
P O Barry to John Hannah	Se A and 23d av, e 13:3 sw 22:3, n 17:10 to beginning	5
G Moenning to Lina Moenning	E Octavia, 87:6 s Fulton, e 50, c 100:3, n 50, w 100 to beginning	Gift
Jacob B Warfield to Chas Gorr	Nw Folsom, 200 sw 8th, sw 25x90	4,000
Geo W Arnold to Amanda Arnold	E Fair Oaks, 61 s 23d, s 34, e 135:8¼, ne 35:1, w 139:7 to beginning	5
Edw Vischer to S L Johnson	Ne Sanchez and Navy, e 80x114	2,590
S L Johnson to G D Angspurg	Same	5
Same to same	Ne Jones and Broadway, e 114, n 77:6, e 23:6, s 7:6, e 50, n 67:6, w 117:6, c 137:6	5
Same to same	E Powell, 115:6 n Greenwich, n 27, e 87:6 s 5, e 50, s 22, w 137:6 to beginning	5
C D Angspurg to S L Johnson	E Powell, 132:6 s Lombard, s 5x77:6	5
C J Brenham to Claus Spreckles	W Howard, 75 s 16th, s 12:6x100	1,250
Betty Brenham to Same	Same	5
Andrew Kohler to Adam Bootz	Lot 24, West End Hd Association	350
Jacob Shwetzer to L P Gautier	Lot 45, same	350

Thursday, November 8th.

J F Michaelsen to L C Michaelsen	Lots 10, 11, blk 12, West End Map No 1	$4,500
E G De Crano to Mary De Crano	E Broderick, 105 n California, n 27.7x100	Gift
Eliza Meyers to S B Wakefield	Precita Valley lot 66	1
Frank F Taylor to M McDonald	Outside Land blks 715, and e ½ of blk 801	1
C J Eaton to Daniel E Martin	Sw Fremont, 297:10 se Folsom, se 23x137:6	2,800
Geo McWilliams to Jane Coleman	E Noe, 26:6 n Valley, n 25x105	250
John McMahon to E J McMahon	N 25th, 160 w Noe, w 55x114	Gift
Chas Gulliver to Harriet Gulliver	Und ¾ w Valencia, 282:6 n 16th, n 3 x90	1,000
Chas H Stanyan to J C Weir	N Bush, 137:6 w Buchanan, w 84:4½x137:6	4,080

Monday, November 12th.

Warren Loud to Saml C Harding	N Satter, 182:6 w Dupont, w 50x70	$7,559
S Hannah to P G Barry	Se A and 23d av, e 5, th s to a point, sw to 23d av, nw 17;100 to beginning	1
Patk Mannix to City and County	Street O L	1
Edw E Harvey to Same	Same	1
Owen McGrath to Same	Same	1
Alfred A Green to Jos E Butler	Mission and Ocean Beach Road	100
Jos E Butler to Wm S Fitch	Same	1
D Mahoney to Same	Same	1
J P Jackson to Same	Same	2,000
W S Fitch to Miss'n and O B R'd	Same	1
Same to City and County	Same	....
Mis'n Ocean B M C Co to Same	Same	28,730
Geo Daly to Jerome B Painter	Lot 34, blk 12, Flint Tract IId Assn	100

Tuesday, November 13th.

A K Hawkins to Lanr'ce McNally	Sw 6th, 30 se Minna, se 50x75	$ 5
Same to Same	Ne 11th, 137:6 se Market, se 62:6x137:6	5
Dennis Daley to Sav and L'n Socy	E Tennessee, 175 n Butte, n 25x100	1,000
Geo W Fink to Robt Melms	Lot 3, blk 2, Johnson Tract	720
H B Mendeley to T J Bass	Nw Cleveland, 75 ne 7th, ne 25x75	4,250
J B Hart to Julia Horan	Nw Natoma, 100 sw 7th, sw 25x75	100
Jno J Fulton to Wm B Swan	W Standford, 125 n Townsend, n 50x80	2,000
T Livingstone to Fredk Betrem	Se 19th av and California, s 150x120	400
G H Goddard to Oscar Gerzabeck	W Steiner, 96:3 n Fell, n 41:3x110	5,000
Peter B Foster to Wm H Lyon	W Shotwell, 125 n w 21st, n 60x122:6	7,000
Jos E Smiley to F G Heuston	Nw Augusta and Utah, n 100x100	1,000
Edw Schlucher to Saml Stryker	Se Silver, 212:6 sw 3d, sw 37:6x80	4,700
Dadley C Bryan to Joseph Britton	S Green, 137:6 w Taylor, w 137:6x137:6	2,000

Wednesday, November 14th.

G W Dearborn to John T Hill	N Broadway, 88:9 w Stockton, w 39:9x137:6; and sundry lots in diffe'nt parts of the city	58,500
Moritz Lachman to David Held	W Octavia, 107:6 n Pine, n 30x137:6	4,500
Emmie Lolor to Chas P Lolor	Nw Mission, 240 ne 5th, ne 35x160	Gift
Chas P Hoag to H P Gregory	All property real and pers'nal for benefit of Creditor	1
Jno W Shaw to I L Requa	(Re-record) 439 D 129, se Laguna and Fell, e 137:6x120	5,000
I L Requa to Thos Magee	Same	13,500
Thos Magee to Henr'ta Silverberg	Se Fell and Laguna, e 27:6x120	3,875
Ellen Sullivan to Chas Levis	Nw Buchanan and Ellis, w 50x75	Gift

Thursday, November 15th.

S H Blumenberg to H Laurencel	S Pine, 103:1½ e Sansome, e 34:4½x137:6	$ ....
Susan E Foster to Same	Same	....
G C Mnon to Jas A Gauley	N Washington, 137:6 w Fillmore, w 137x127:8½	14
Anna S Gauley to A Himmelman	Same	45
A Himmelman to R H Brown	Nw Washington and Fillmore, w 275x127:8½	20,000
Louis Hoeckele to Chas Ulrich	Sw McAllister and Franklin, w 55x87:6	18,500
F E Luty to Timothy Collins	W Homestead, 60 s 24th, s 50x125	500
J F McCarthy to Gustave Mahe	Ne 2d, 275 se Harrison, ne 230, sw 68:9, sw 130, se 68:9 to beginning	5
Jno Simms to Same	Same	5
Frank M Pixley to W M Traylor	N Broadway, 137:6 w Buchanan, w 137:6 137:6	10,800
Bernard Gettleson to Jacob Berel	E Stockton, 67:10 n Greenwich, n 10:8, e 97:6, s 27:5¼, w 30:8½, n 5:3¼, w 20:11¼, n 2:6, w 45:10½ to beginning	4,000
Eliza Spear to Rnbt F Spear	E Kearny, 103:2 n Greenwich, n 34:4x137:6	Gift

Friday, November 16th.

O S Carvill to Jane Aitken	Lots 1 to 7, 12, 17 to 22, blk 1, Junction Homestead	$ 10
Saml H Rounds to Sarah Rounds	E Valencia, 80 s 16th, s 70x87	Gift
S I C Swezey to Wm N Staley	Se Dow pl, 171 sw 2d, sw 28x110:6	5,000
Conrad Weller to Babete Weller	Nw Post and Hyde, n 37:6x68,6	200
Jos S Alemany to Timth Sheehan	S Pt Lobos av, 100 w Wood, w 25x125	725
Albert Ross to S B A Prestat	S Jersey, 80 w Diamond, w 27:6x114	300
G McWilliams to Anna M Miles	N Valley, 105 e Noe, e 25x114	250

Saturday, November 17th.

Y C Wait and wf to Jno T Hill...	All int in J S Manson Estate.....	29,250
C G Moxley to Jno S Moxley.....	W Van Ness, 71 n Oak, w 82;9x23.....	100
Same to Same.....	Nw Fell and Franklin, w 137:6 x n 120..	200
M R Roberts to J C Reis.....	Sw Front and Pacific, s 61:8, w 137:6, n 5, e 8, n 66:8, e 137:6 to beginning.....	3,380
Buena Vista Hd Ass to F E Luty..	S 21st, 105 e Noe, e 50x114.....	640
J C Robinson to Maggie Robinson	Lot 8, blk 12, College Homestead.....	300
Mary Shepherd to Ed Gravier....	S Minerva, 565 e Orizaba, e 175x125.....	100
Edw Gravier to Geo W Tyler.....	Same.....	25
Mary Shepherd to Same	S Minerva, 390 e Orizaba, e 175x125.....	150
Henry Hinkel to Charlotte Wolf..	N 23d, 56:6 w Bartlett, w 24x80.	4,200
Wm Hale to Jereh Miller.....	Se California and Webster, s 55x82:3....	5
Jereh Miller to D H Haskell.....	Same.....	5,500
Gabriel V Castro to Jas Adams...	Portion of W A bd by Green, Steiner, Bay of S F and Presidio Reservation, excepting blks 401, 402, 472, 417 to 420 395 to 400.....	1
W McKenzie to A C Corbett.....	Nw Howard, 85 sw 4th, sw 75, nw 137:6, ne 90, s 223, sw 15, se 114:6 to beg.. .	3,902
Thos Magee to Patk Parroll.....	S Fell, 110 e Laguna, e 27:6x120.....	2,900

Monday, November 19th.

Geo Edwards to W S Edwards...	W Noe, 76:6 n 23d, n 25x105.....	$1,450
Same to Jereh Sheehy.....	W Noe, 101:6 n 23d, n 25x105.....	1,000
Chs Ruppel to W R Cunningham	Commencing 228 n 24th, 100 e Church, e 50 x s 114.....	885
Wm Herges to J Tammeyer	Se Mission av, 250 s 17th, s 25x105	3,000
Wm H Lyons to Wm Sharon.....	Se Jessie, 137:6 ne 3d, ne 85, se 40, ne 32:6, se 25, sw 57:6, se 15, sw 60, nw 80 to beginning.....	81,000
Alex B Grogan to Sarah Lane....	Sw 9th, 200 se Market, se 25x80.....	8,000
Wm Hollis to Laurence Kelly....	E LeRoy pl, 160 n Sacramento, n 1x70..	50
John Connell to Jno H Wise.....	Lots 25, 26, 27, blk 2 5, O'Neil & Haley Tract.....	5
Bartlett Doe to Egbert Judson....	Und ¾ of Potrero blk 168.....	19,851
Wm H Lyon to John Harrold....	14 deeds division of partnership property, and W H Lyon assigns all his int to Isaac L Lyon, $62,250.....	.....

Friday, November 9th.

Chas Buchner to Jno Cardoza....	S Garden, 250 n w Bryant, nw 25x75....	$3,500
Francois Veyrat to Celina Veyrat	Lots 74, 75 Gift Map 4	100
Thos Fallon to Geo Edwards.....	W Fair Oaks, 183 n 22d, n 61x117:6.....	5
I Friedlander to Saml G Beatty...	W Jones, 87:6 n Eddy, n 50x137:6.....	31,000
A S Baldwin to Mary E Baldwin .	N Geary, 24 e Jones, e 38:6 x n 77:6.....	Gift
Julia Bornemann to G Edwards..	Se 17th and Douglas, s 75x125.....	5
Wm H Graves to C F Webster...	E Mission, 132:3 s 24th, s 35:3xne 135:1¼	100
Andrew Birrell to Elkan Shreer..	S Sutter, 25 e Octavia, e 25x110.....	6,250
Jno T Barry to B J Shay.....	Ne Sansome and Pacific, n 137:6x68:9...	500
Wm Matthews to Mat Matthews..	N Sutter, 100 w Lyon, w 22x100.....	Gift
A W Stone to John Bergin.....	Lot 25, blk 297, Pleasant View Hd Assn	320
R C Johnson to Anna Kittredge..	W Front, 20 s Washington, s 40x68:9...	5
T J Fitzgerald to J F Liston.....	S Green, 177:6 w Hyde, w 27:9x77:6	4,500
H H Ralston to Clinton Gurnee .	S cor Stanford and Brannan, sw 80 x se 156:3.....	1
Sylp'na Rushmore to D Gallagher	Sw Geneva, 220 se Brannan, se 55x64...	2,300
A H Doscher to Jno B Messing...	Nw Folsom, 100 sw 8th, sw 25x90.....	1
Johanna Doscher to Same.....	Same.....	4,730
Jas Strathern to Margt B Searles.	N Ellis, 90 w Buchanan, w 90x125.....	10
Wm A Searles to H Lippmann...	" " " w 25x100.....	2,200
Patk Kelly to Jno Flaherty.....	S 20th, 50 w Dame, w 24:10x125; part of lot 50, blk 27, Fairmount Tract.....	400

Saturday, November 10th.

Sav and Ln Soc to L Dwyer.....	N 20th, 205 w Church, w 50x114.....	$ 750
Peter Dean to Fielding Burnes...	N 22d, 90 e Valencia, e 35, n 60:10, w 35:1 s 50:6 to beginning	4,200
Moses Heller to Martin Bassett...	S 24th, 150 w Castro, w 80x114.....	1,000
Carmi Reynolds to E B Koons....	N 26th, 180:6 w San Jose av, s 30x32....	2
H Ahrens to Max J Bechtel.....	Und ¼ n Pine, 200 w Larkin, w 133x137:6	20,000
Jas P Kerr to Chas A Chapin.....	E Valencia, 130 s 25th, s 65x117:6; also, lot 3 and per of 6, blk 180, Univ Hd..	5,000
Nev'a Bk of S F to Ang Hemme..	Sw Clay and Van Ness, w 123x127:8....	29,000
Thos P Browne to Lucy Browne..	Lots 27 to 23, Gift Map 1.....	1

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

The Steamships of this Company will sail FROM SAN FRANCISCO, during the year 1877, as follows:

From Wharf, Corner First and Brannan Streets.

Hour of Departure, 12 Noon.

For Yokohama and Hongkong.

On the 1st of every month,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers of the MITSU BISHI Co. for HIOGO, NAGASAKI and SHANGHAE.

For Sydney and Auckland, via Honolulu.

January 3.	*March 28.*	*June 20.*	*September 12.*
January 31.	*April 25.*	*July 18.*	*October 10.*
February 28.	*May 23.*	*August 15.*	*November 7.*
			December 5.

FOR NEW YORK, VIA PANAMA.

On the 16th and 30th of every month,

Taking Passengers and Freight for MEXICAN, CENTRAL AMERICAN and SOUTH AMERICAN Ports; for WEST INDIA Ports; for LIVERPOOL, LONDON and SOUTHAMPTON; for ST. NAZAIRE and for HAMBURG, BREMEN and ANTWERP.

For Victoria, B. C., Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia and Portland.

On the 10th, 20th and 30th of every month.

NOTE.—April 1 and July 1 coming on Sunday, the China Steamer will sail April 2 and July 2.

NOTE.—September 16 and 30, and December 16 and 30 coming on Sunday, the Panama Steamers for those dates will sail September 15 and 29, and December 15 and 29.

NOTE.- May 20, June 10, September 30 and December 30 coming on Sunday, the Victoria and Puget Sound Steamers will sail May 19, June 9, September 29 and December 29.

WILLIAMS, BLANCHARD & CO., Agents.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 1, 1877.

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES,

—FROM—

Australasia, China, and Japan,

—TO—

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL

ALL RAIL ROUTE,

—VIA—

Central and Union Pac. R. R. Line,

Is now in complete running order from

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD.

THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY,

Making prompt connection with the several Railway Lines in the Eastern States, for all the Cities of the

United States and Canada,

Connecting at NEW YORK with the Steamer Lines to

ENGLAND, FRANCE,

AND ALL

EUROPEAN PORTS.

Through Time Going East.

From San Francisco to Omaha, 4 days and 6 hours; to Chicago, 5 days and 6 hours; to New York, 6 days and 20 hours.

Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from San Francisco to New York and intermediate points. These Drawing Room Cars by day, and Sleeping Cars by night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the Passenger while en route—combining the elegance of a private parlor, and all accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished chamber, with comfortable couches, clean bedding, etc. A competent Porter accompanies each Car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

Children not over Twelve Years of Age, Half-Fare—Under Five Years of Age, Free. 100 Pounds of Baggage per full Passenger, Free. Fifty Pounds of Baggage per half Passenger, Free.

Through Ticket Office: Oakland Ferry Landing, Foot of Market Street, San Francisco.

S. H. H. CLARK,
Gen. Supt. U. P. R. R.

A. N. TOWNE,
Gen. Supt. C. P. R. R.

THOS. L. KIMBALL,
Gen. Pass. Ag't, Omaha, Neb.

T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Pass. Ag't, San Francisco.

Advertisements of the Leading Business Houses in San Francisco.

INSURANCE AGENCY OF
HUTCHINSON & MANN
NO 314 CALIFORNIA STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AGENTS FOR THE

Girard Ins. Co	Philadelphia, Pa.	New Orleans Ins. Ass'n	New Orleans.
Union Ins. Co	Galveston, Texas	St. Paul F. & M. Ins. Co	St. Paul, Minn.
Home Ins. Co	Columbus, Ohio	Atlas Ins. Co	Hartford Conn.
People's Ins. Co	Newark, N. J.	Revere Fire Ins. Co	Boston.
National L. I. Co., U. S. A.	Wash'n, D. C.	Trade Ins. Co	Camden, N. J.

Capital Represented, Twelve Millions.

POLICIES ISSUED ON DESIRABLE PROPERTY AT FAIR RATES. LOSSES EQUITABLY ADJUSTED AND PROMPTLY PAID.

HUTCHINSON & MANN, General Agents,
314 California street, San Francisco.

May 6.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA.

Principal Office, 406 California Street, San Francisco. Cash Assets, January 1, 1877, $595,291; Liabilities, $5,952; Surplus for Policy Holders, $589,339. J. F. Houghton, President; Geo. H. Howard, Vice-President Charles R. Story, Secretary. R. H. MAGILL, H. H. BIGELOW, General Agents.

DIRECTORS.—San Francisco—Geo. H. Howard, John H. Redington, J. F. Houghton R. B. Gray, Robert Watt, John Currey, L. L. Baker, W. F. Whittier, C. C. Burr, E. M. Root, W. H. White, J. L. N. Shepard, W. M. Greenwood, George S. Mann, Cyrus Wilson, W. T. Garratt, C. Waterhouse, A. P. Hotaling, A. Block, A. K. P. Harmon, G. S. Johnson, W. O. Wilson, A. W. Bowman, H. L. Dodge, Charles R. Story. Alameda County Branch—V. D. Moody, Chauncy Taylor, A. C. Henry, Robert S. Farrelly, Joseph B. Marlin, W. B. Hardy, T. B. Simpson. San Diego—A. H. Wilcox. Sacramento—Mark Hopkins, D. W. Earl, Julius Wetzlar, James Carolan. San Jose—T. Ellard Beans, B. D. Murphy, A. Pfister, J. H. Dibble, J. S. Carter, Jackson Lewis, Jacob Rich, John Auzerais, John Balbach. Stockton—H. H Hewlett, Chas. Belding, J. D. Peters, A. W. Simpson, H. M. Fanning. Marysville—D. E. Knight. Grass Valley—Wm. Watt, T. W. Sigourney. Portland, Oregon—W. S. Ladd, C. H Lewis, P. Wasserman, B. Goldsmith, D. Macleay. Virginia City, Nevada—John Gillig, Isaac L. Requa.

March 17.

LONDON AND SAN FRANCISCO BANK (LIMITED).

Capital, $5,000,000, of which $3,000,000 is fully paid up as present capital. Reserve Fund, $450,000. San Francisco Office, 424 California street; London Office, 22 Old Broad street. President, M. S. LATHAM; Manager, ARTHUR SCRIVENER; Assistant Manager, CAMILO MARTIN. London Bankers, Bank of England and London Joint Stock Bank; New York, Drexel, Morgan & Co.; Boston, Third National Bank. This Bank is prepared to transact all kinds of General Banking and Exchange Business in London and San Francisco, and between said cities and all parts of the world.

July 21.

THE ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN BANK (LIMITED).

422 **California street, San Francisco.—London Office, 3** Angel Court; New York Agents, J. W. Seligman & Co., 21 Broad street. Authorized Capital Stock, $6,000,000. Will receive Deposits, open Accounts, make Collections, buy and sell Exchange and Bullion, loan Money, and issue Letters of Credit available throughout the world.

FRED. F. LOW, IGN. STEINHART, } Managers.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, Cashier.

Oct 4.

MASONIC SAVINGS AND LOAN BANK,

No. 6 Post street, Masonic Temple, San Francisco, Cal.— Moneys received on Term and Ordinary Deposits; dividends paid semi-annually; loans made on approved security. This bank solicits the patronage of all persons. [Sept. 1.]

H. T. GRAVES, Secretary.

FRENCH SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY.

411 **Bush street, above Kearny, G. Mahe, Director. Loans** made on real estate and other collateral securities at current rates of interest.

ATTENTION, MINING COMPANIES!

RICKARD'S PATENT OXIDIZING AND CHLORIDIZING FURNACE, For Roasting Copper, Silver and Other Ores, prior to Leaching or Amalgamation!

The most striking advantages which it offers above all other recent inventions of this nature may be briefly summed up as follows: 1st. ITS CHEAPNESS—The cost of its erection (ex-royalty and freight) not exceeding $1,500, for a capacity to roast and chlorodize twenty tons per day, viz.: brick work, $1,000, and iron work, including blower, $500. 2d. Short time required for erection, viz.: 14 days, after providing all materials, with a sufficiency of labor. 3d. No expensive, heavy or complicated machinery being necessary, involving heavy freight to the district where it may be required, brick and clay, generally obtainable on the spot, being the chief materials required in its construction. 4th. No skilled labor or technical experience is necessary to work it, two ordinary laborers being sufficient to attend to it when in full operation. 5th. It does not easily get out of order, and is readily repaired by an ordinary mason or blacksmith when it does. 6th. The royalty, or license to use it, is exceedingly moderate, removing thereby all temptation to evade or infringe the patent. 7th. Calculating labor at $3 per day, and wood at $6 per cord, the cost of roasting is but little over $1 50 per ton (ex-salt when chlorodized), at these high California rates for labor and fuel. One of them is now in the course of erection by the Aztec Gold and Silver Mining Company, at their mill in the Aztec District, Santa Rita Mountains, Southern Arizona. At their office, 302 Montgomery street, rooms 14 and 15, a model may be seen, and working drawings, with all further information necessary to enable any ordinary mason to construct the furnace, may be obtained from COL. J. D. GRAHAM.

Pamphlets, with illustration and full description, sent on application. Nov. 24.

TEN PER CENT. FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS AT PAR.

The Sierra Flume and Lumber Company have mortgaged their large property—principally lands—to secure the payment of 1,200 Bonds of $500 each, running for one, two or three years, and bearing ten per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. Two hundred Bonds of either series are now offered for sale at par, to close this season's business. The remainder will be held for another year. The property cost over $1,400,000, and has produced the last six months $800,000 worth of lumber, at a cost of $400,000, most of which is stacked and drying, to be in readiness for sale, and for which there is a good market, both at home and abroad. Mr. Alvinza Hayward, being the chief owner, will give a written guarantee that the Bonds and interest will be paid at maturity. Merchants' Exchange Bank Stock will be taken in exchange at $75 per share. For Bonds and further particulars apply to

R. G. SNEATH, President S. F. and L. Co.,
Nov. 17. 423 California street, San Francisco.

OPENING OF RARE AND ELEGANT BOOKS

H. H. Moore takes pleasure in announcing that having re- turned from his annual purchasing trip to the great Eastern and European Literary Depositories, that he has received and now has open the largest assortment of ANTIQUE and MODERN LITERATURE ever before brought to this city, consisting of many old and rare books, and other novelties in literature. No one can fail to find the most acceptable HOLIDAY PRESENT for either old or young, male or female, amongst our varied stock. Gift Books in Great Variety. Call and examine our stock. [Dec. 16.] H. H. MOORE, 609 Montgomery street.

F. C. SNOW.] **SNOW & MAY'S ART GALLERY.** [W. B. MAY.

SNOW & MAY,

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Pictures, Frames, Moldings, and Artists' Materials.

21 Kearny St., near Market, S. F. Dec. 19.

A DEAD SHOT!—48 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 50!

Steele's Cough Mixture, a compound of Squills, Senega, Anise, and other well-known Vegetable Remedies. Prepared and sold by

JAMES G. STEELE & CO., Chemists and Apothecaries,
Nov. 10. No. 316 Kearny street, bet. Pine and Bush, S. F.

BAGS, TENTS AND HOSE,

NEVILLE & CO.,

113 Clay and 114 Commercial Streets,

SAN FRANCISCO. [May 24.

NEWTON BOOTH, C. T. WHEELER, Sacramento. | J. T. GLOVER, W. W. DODGE, S. F

W. W. DODGE & CO.,

Wholesale Grocers, corner Front and Clay streets, San Francisco. April 1.

1,000 SHARES OF STOCK IN THE PHŒNIX GOLD MINE FOR SALE.

The Mine is located in Amador county, Cal., on the great mother lode, near the old and famous Amador and Keystone mines; has an 80 Stamp Mill, Splendid Water Power, Canal and Timber Privileges, a 40-foot Ledge—explored to 1,100 feet in depth; has paid over 1 per cent. per month on par the past year, and with present developments should pay 2 per cent. hereafter for many years. The Mine has no debt. Capital Stock, 10,000 shares of $100 each, and the proprietor, Mr. A. Hayward, now offers 1,000 shares at par, with the option (to original purchasers and not transferable) of returning their stock to him, on ninety days notice—at the expiration of six months—at cost, and 10 per cent. per annum interest, less dividends declared. Merchants' Exchange Bank Stock taken at $75 per share.

Nov. 17.] Apply to R. G. SNEATH, Agent, 423 California street.

ASSESSMENT OF LANDS BENEFITED BY WIDENING DUPONT STREET.

Notice is hereby given, that a certified copy of the Assess- ment Book of the Real Estate which is subject for the payment of Principal and Interest upon "Dupont-Street Bonds," as directed by an Act of the Legislature of California, to authorize the Widening of Dupont street, in the City of San Francisco, "Approved March 23, A.D. 1876," has this day been placed in my hands for collection. The Laws in regard to the collection of the same will be strictly enforced.

WM. FORD, Tax Collector of the City and County of S. F.

San Francisco, October 22, 1877. Oct 27.

TAXES—TAXES—1877-78.

Notice is hereby given, that a certified copy of the Assess- ment Book of the Taxable Property of the City and County of San Francisco, Real Estate and Personal Property (Subsequent Assessment Book included), for the Fiscal Year 1877-78, has this day been received; that the State, City and County TAXES for said fiscal year are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 1, City Hall, and the Laws in regard to their collection will be strictly enforced.

TAXES will become Delinquent on the FIRST MONDAY in January, 1878, and unless paid prior thereto, Five per cent. will be added to the amount thereof.

WM. FORD, Tax Collector of the City and County of S. F.

San Francisco, October 22, 1877. Oct. 27.

MONTGOMERY AVENUE TAX.

Notice is hereby given, that a certified copy of the Assess- ment Book of Real Estate, which is subject to Assessment to defray expenses incurred by the opening of Montgomery Avenue, has this day been placed in my hands to collect Taxes thereon.

Said Taxes are for the Fiscal Year of 1877-78, and are now due and payable at the office of the undersigned, Room No. 1, City Hall. All Taxes remaining unpaid on the FIRST MONDAY of January, 1878, will have Five per cent added thereto.

WM. FORD, Tax Collector of the City and County of S. F.

San Francisco, October 22, 1877. Oct. 27.

THOMAS DAY,

Importer of every variety of Gas Fixtures, Crystal, Gilt, Steel and Bronze, and a full assortment of Marble and Bronze Clocks and fine Bronzes, also a full line of Plumbers' Goods. 122 and 124 Sutter Street, San Francisco. Jan. 27.

W. MORRIS. JOS. SCHWAB. J. F. KENNEDY.

MORRIS, SCHWAB & CO.,

Importers and Dealers in Moldings, Frames, Engravings, Chromos, Lithographs, Decalcomanie, Wax and Artists' Materials, 21 Post street, nearly opposite Masonic Temple, San Francisco. Feb. 4.

H. H. MOORE,

Dealer in Books for Libraries.—A large assortment of fine and rare books just received, and for sale at 609 Montgomery street, near Merchant, San Francisco Oct. 24.

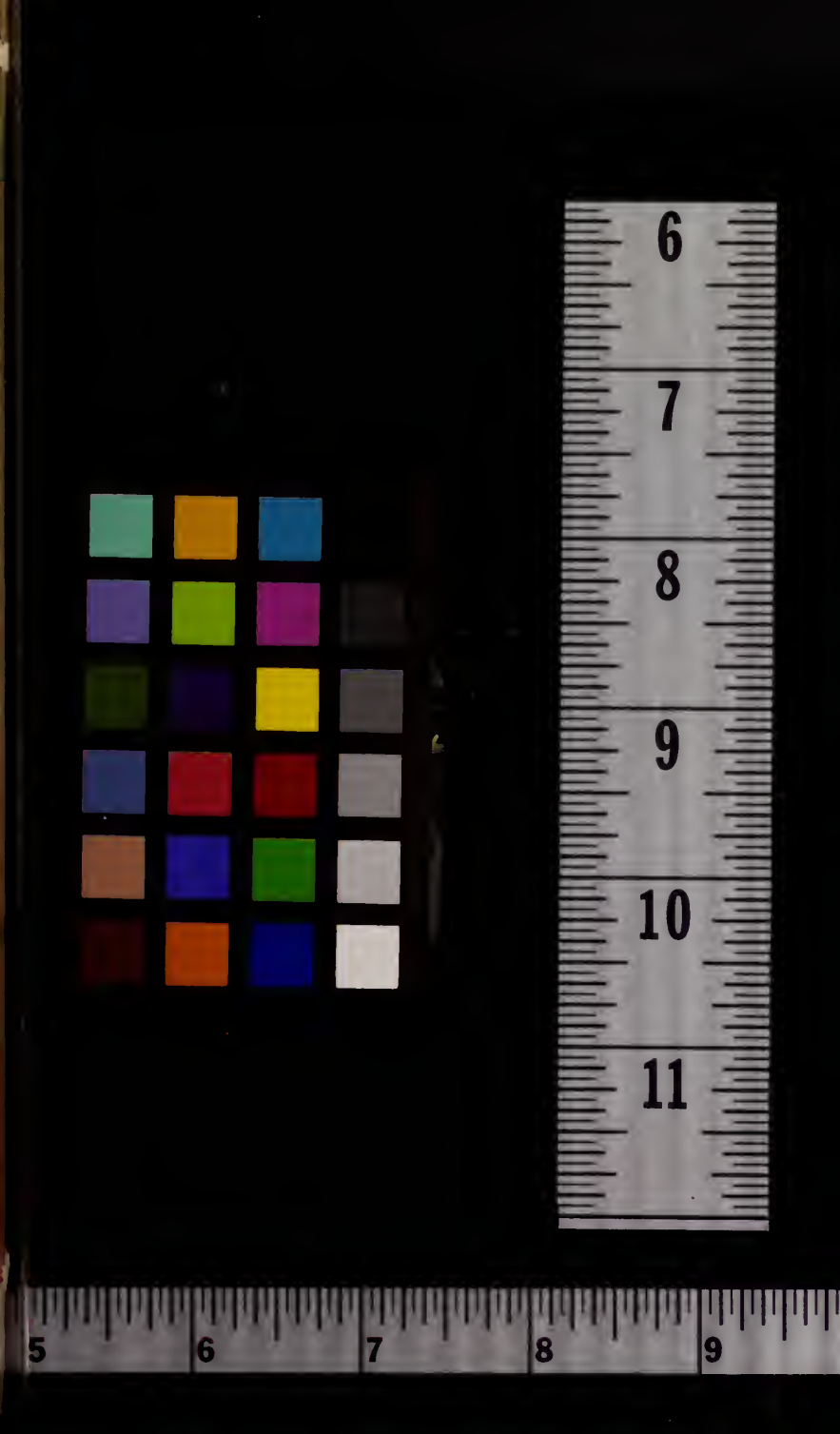
CASTLE BROTHERS.—[Established, 1850.]

Importers of Teas and East India Goods, Nos. 213 and 215 Front street, San Francisco. Jan. 13.

GRAND HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

JOHNSON & CO., Proprietors.

"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"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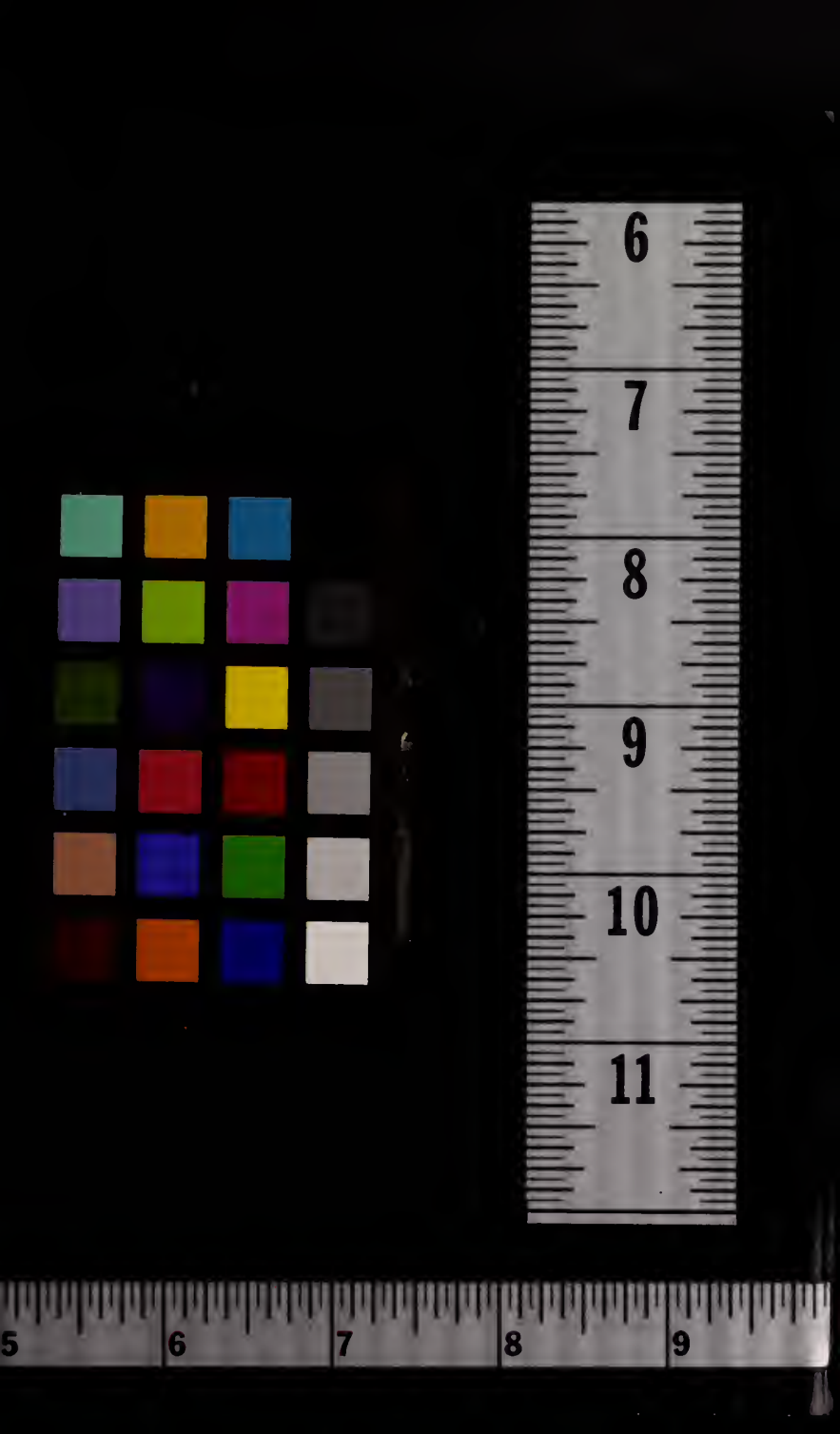
"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"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"WESTWARD
THE STAR OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY"